



See Barclay's translation of Brandt's Ship of fools; chap. "Of Adultery" (De adulterio) 2.

The Argument.

disq; & natiuis verborum structuris, facilliq; sententiarum iunctura, opus
absolui. Nostis iccirco incubrationibus votisq; , quisque Lector bene
precari velit, obsecramur.

The Argument.

Hereafter foloweth the Booke named The Ship of Fooles, of
the worlde, translated out of Latin, frenche and Doche into
Englishe, in the Coledge of S. Mary Obery, by me Alexan-
der Barclay, to the felicitie and moſte holeſome inſtruction of man-
kinde, the whiche conceynerh all ſuche as wander from the waie
of truth, and from the open path of holeſome vnderſtanding and
wiſedome, falling into diuers blindneſſes of the minde, fooliſhe
ſenſualities, and vnlawefull delectations of the body. This pre-
ſent Booke might haue bene called not inconueniently the Sa-
tyre (that is to ſay) the reprehention of fooliſhnes, but the new-
eltie of the name was more pleaſaunt vnto the firſt Authour to
call it the Ship of Fooles. For in likewiſe as olde Portes Saty-
riens in diuers Poeties conioyned, reſproued the ſinnes and vices
of the people at that time liuing, ſo and in likewiſe this our
Booke repreſenteth vnto the eyes of the Readers the ſtates and
conditions of men, ſo that every man may behold within the ſame
the courſe of his life and his miſgouerned maners, as he ſhoulde
beholde the ſhadowe of the figure of his viſage within a bright
Myrrour. But concerning the translation of this booke, I ex-
hort the readers to take no diſpleaſure for that it is not translated
worde by worde according to the verſes of my authour, for I haue
but onely drawen into our mother tongue in rude language the
ſentences of the verſes, as nere as the poſſitie of my wit will ſuf-
fer me, ſometime adding, ſometime detracting and taking awaye
ſuch thinges as ſemed me neceſſary and ſuperflue. Wherefore I de-
ſire of you readers pardon of my preſumptuous audacitie, truſting
that ye ſhall holde me excuſed if ye conſider the ſcarceness of my wit,
and my vnerpert youth. I haue in many places ouerpasseſſed di-
uers poeticall digreſſions and obſcurenes of fables, and haue con-
cluded my worke in rude language, as ſhall appeare in my transla-
tion. But the ſpeciall cauſe that moueth me to this my buſines is
to auoyde the execrable inconueniencies of idlenes, which (as ſaine
Bernarde ſayth) is mother of all vices, and to the better deriſion of
obſtinate men, deliting them in follies and miſgouernance. But
becauſe the name of this booke ſemeth to the Reader to procede of
deriſion, and by that meane that the ſubſtance therof ſhould not
be profitable, I will aduertise you that this booke is named the
Ship of Fooles of the worlde, for this worlde is nought els but a
tempeſteous ſea, in the whiche we daylye wander and are caſte in
diuers tribulations, paynes and aduerſities, ſome by ignorance,
and

Satira inter
pretatur re-
prehensio.

Ad Lectores

Speculum
ſultorum.

Columbo
ſep. B. 15.

The Argument.

and some by wilfulnesse, wherefore suche doers are worthy to be called fooles, since they giue them not by reason as creatures reasonable ought to do. Therefore the first aucthour willing to deuise suche fooles from wise men and good liuers, hath ordeyned vpon the sea of this worlde this present Ship to contayne these fooles of the worlde whiche are in great number. So that who redeth it partitely, considering his secret dedes, he shall not lightly excuse him selfe out of it, whatsoeuer good name that he hath outwarde in the mouth of the commonitie. And to the intent that this my labour may be the more pleasant vnto lettered men, I haue adioyned vnto the same the verses of my aucthour with diuers concordances of the Bible, to fortifie my writing by the same, and also to stoppe the enuious mouthes (if any suche shall be) of them that by malice shall barke agaynst this my business.

Epigramma in Narragoniam Iacobi Locher

Philomusi ad Lectores.

Ad Lectores.

N Auem stultorum iucundo scommate promsit
Brant, cuius celebris fama decusq; viget.

Homerus.

Quam Satyram vocitare queo, nam candida pangit
Munera virtutum, conterit atq; probum.

Efficere arguius vix hoc potuisset Homerus,

Qui lussit veterum praelia magna ducum:

Sydere sub fausto nascentia fata tulisti

Preceptor dulcis, doctiloquusq; comes:

Quos tibi concessit vernacula lingua lepores,

subtilatios veritam simplicitate modos.

Cum ire qui nostram cupitis conscendere nauem,

Transit ad hæsperium iam benè picta fretum.

Alter ad obliquos conuertat brachia remos,

Alter stultigerum candida vela gerit.

Cum ire, iam properat cursu compulsa triremis,

Et mare nunc medium carbasa nostra tenent.

In Narragonicam profectionem, Celestina

Sebastiani Brant.

*Celestina
Seb. Brant.*

H Oror adeste viri, quos nunc vocat Euris, eundum en
Stultorum in patriam carbasa plena volant.

Tendite Narragoniam properè, atq; ab littore funem

Rumpite, nec mora sit, vincta carina natat.

Illicet, obruimur, numerum sine fine videntis

Qui committatur, cum non capit vna ratis.

Nec reputate viam maribus duntaxat apertam,

Quin & foeminea est copia mixta viris.

Peruigil

Calonymus Seb. Brant.

Peruigil exegit noctes (mihi crede) perennes,
Qui nos collegit, composuitq; ratis
Et meritò, quis enim nostrum præsentia curat?
Præteritis vè dolet, quæ futura cauet.
Contemplator age hoc speculum, quicumq; cupiscis
Scire hominum vitas, interitusq; graues.
Nam qui se, vitamq; suam speculator in illo
Codice, non dicet se facile esse bonum.
Quòd si quis sapiens sibi se nunquam putet esse
Nos inter, cunctis se scias esse locis.
Ipse ego cunq; locum volui mihi querere forsan;
Inueni in quouis me fœdè fœpè loco.
Vera loqui deceat, rumpamur vilia stultis.
Illorum neque iurgia vana mouent.

The clamour to the fooles.

To Ship galantes the sea is at the full,
The winde vs calleth, our sayles are displayde,
Where may we best arize, at 1 in or els at full?
To vs may no haven in Englands be denyde,
Why tary we? the ankers are by wayde,
If any Corde or Cable vs hurt, let or hinder,
Let slip the ende, or els hewe it in sunder.

Returne your sight, beholde vnto the shore,
There is great number that sayne would aborde,
They get no roume, our ship can holde no more,
Haule in the Cocke, geue them none other worde,
God gide vs from rockes, quicksande, tempest and forde,
If any man of warre, wether or winde appeare,
My selfe shall trye the winde and hepe the Steare.

But I pray your readers haue ye no disdain,
Though Barclay haue presumed of audacitie
This ship to rule as chiefe master and captayne,
Though some thinke them selues much worthier than he,
It were great maruell for soch sith he hath be
A scholer longe, and that in diuers scholes,
But he might be captayne of a ship of fooles.

But if that any one be in suche manner case
That he will challenge the mastership fro me,
Yet in my ship can I not want a place,
For in euery place my selfe I ofte may see:
But this I leaue, beseeching eche degree

The Clamour to the Fooles.

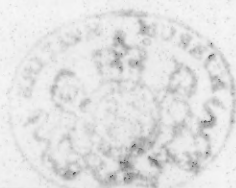
To pardon my youth and to bolde enterprise,
For harde is it duely to speake of every vice.

Non mihi si
lingua centū
fuit, ora; con-
tū, ferrea vox
omnes scelerū
comprehendere
formas: Omo-
nia stultorum
percurrere no-
mine possem.

For if I had tonges an hundred, and wit to sele
All thinges naturall and supernaturall,
A thousande mouthes and voyce as harde as stele,
And sene all the seven Sciences liberrall,
Yet coulde I neuer touche the vices all
And sin of the world, ne their branches comprehend,
Not though I lived vnto the worldes ende.

But if these vices which mankinde doth incoimber
Were cleane expelled, and vertue in their place,
I coulde not haue gathered of fooles so great a number,
Whose folly from them outchalet Gods grace:
But every man that knowes himselfe in that case,
To this rude booke let him gladly intende,
And learne the way his lewdenes to amende.

FINIS.



A imperial crown. And vnder her fete lay the picture of Time, that was in the seventh pageant. And aboue this eight pageant, was it writen as foloweth.

Eternitee.

Mapedeth not to boist, I am Eternitee,
The very name signifyeth well,
That myne empyre infinite shalbe,
Thou mortall Tyme every man can tell,
Art nothyng els but the mobilitie,
Of sonne and mone chaungyng in every degre,
When they shall leue theyr course thou shalt be brought,
13 For all thy pride and boistyng into nought.

In the nyynth pageant was painted a Poet sitting in a chayre. And ouer this pageant were there writen these verses in latin folowynge.

The Poet.

*Has fictas quemcunq; iuuat spectare figuras,
Sed mira veros quas putat arte homines.
Ille potest veris, animum sic pascere rebus,
Vt pictis oculos poscit imaginibus.
Namq; videbit vti fragilis bona lubrica mundi,
Tam cito non veniunt, quam cito pretereunt,
Gaudia laus & honor, celeri pede omnia cedunt,
Qui manet excepto semper amore dei.
Ergo homines, leuibus iam iam diffidite rebus,
Nulla recessuro spes adhibenda bono,
Qui dabit eternam nobis pro munere vitam,
In permansuro ponite vota deo.*

A rusul lamentacio (writen by master Thomas Adore in his youth) of the deth of quene Elisabeth mother to king Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the seventh, & eldest daughter to king Edward the fourth, which quene Elisabeth dyed in childbed in february in the yere of our lord. 1503. & in the 18. yere of the raigne of king Henry the seventh.

D **Q**ue that put your trust and confidence,
In worldly toy and frayle prosperite,
That so lyue here as ye should neuer hence,
Remember death and loke here vppon me.
Ensaumple I thynke there may no better be.
your selfe wotte well that in this realm was I,
your quene but late, and lo now here I lye.

E.iiii.

Was

A was I not bozne of olde woorthly linage:
was not my mother queene my father kyng:
was I not a kinges sere in marriage:
Had I not plenty of euery pleasaunt thyng:
Mercifull god this is a straunge rechenyng:
Rychesse, honour, welth, and auncestry:
Hath me forsaken and lo now here I ly.

If woorthip myght haue kept me, I had not gone.
If wyt myght haue me saued, I neded not sere.
If money myght haue holpe, I lacked none.
But O good God what bayleth all this gere.
B When deth is come thy mighty messangere,
Obey we must there is no remedy,
He hath he sommoned, and lo now here I ly.

yet was I late promised otherwyse,
This yere to liue in welch and delice.
Lo where to commeth thy blandishyng promyse,
O false astrolagy and deupnatrice,
Of goddes secretes makyng thy selfe so wyse.
How true is for this yere thy prophery.
The yere yet lasteth, and lo now here I ly.

C O byttill welth, ay full of bitternesse,
Thy single pleasure doubled is with payne.
Account my sorow first and my distresse,
In sondry wyse, and reckon there agayne,
The ioy that I haue had, and I dare sayne,
For all my honour, endured yet haue I,
More wo then welth, and lo now here I ly.

Where are our Castels, now where are our Towers,
Goodly Rychmonde sone art thou gone from me,
At westminster that costly worke of yours,
D Myne owne dere lord now shall I neuer see.
Almighty god vouchesafe to graunt that ye,
For you and your chldzen well may edefy.
My palyce bylded is, and lo now here I ly.

Adeu myne owne dere spouse my woorthly lord,
The faithfull loue, that dyd vs both combyne,
In marriage and peasable concorde,
Into your handes here I cleane resyne,
To be bestowed vpon your chldzen and myne.
Erst woe you father, I now must ye supply,

The

C The wordes of Fortune
to the people.

M Ine high estate power and auctoritie,
If ye ne know, enserche and ye shall spy,
That richesse, worship, welth, and dignitie,
Joy, rest, and peace, and all thyng fynally,
That any pleasure or profit may come by,
To mannes comfort, ayde, and sustinaunce,
Is all at my deuys and ordinaunce.

Without my fauour there is nothyng wonne.
Many a matter haue I brought at last,
B To good conclusion, that fondly was begonne.
And many a purpose, bounden sure and fast
with wise prouision, I haue ouercast.
without good happe there may no wit suffice.
Better is to be fortunate than wyse.

And therefore hath there some men bene of this,
My deadly foes and wzitten many a boke,
To my dysprayse. And other cause there nys,
But for me list not frendly on them loke.
Thus lyke the fox they fare that once forsoke,
C The pleasaunt grapes, and gan for to despy them,
Because he lept and yet could not come by them.

But let them wzite theyr labour is in bayne.
For well ye wote, myrth, honour, and richesse,
Much better is than penury and payne.
The neddy wretch that lingereth in distresse,
without myne helpe is ever comfortlesse,
A wery burden odious and loth,
To all the world, and eke to him selfe both.

D But he that by my fauour may ascende,
To mighty power and excellent degree,
A common wele to gouerne and defende,
In how blist condicion standeth he:
Him self in honour and felicity,
And ouer that, may forther and encrease,
A region hole in topyfull rest and peace.

Now in this poynt there is no more to say,
Eche man hath of him self the gouernaunce.

Let

A The mothers part also, for lo now here I ly.

Farewell my Doughter lady Margarete.
Goo wotte full oft it greued hath my mynde,
That ye should go where we should seldome mete.
Now am I gone, and haue left you behynde.
O mortall folke that we be very blynde.
That we least feare, full oft it is most nye,
From you depart I fyzt, and lo now here I ly.

B Farewell Madame my lordes worthy mother,
Comfort your sonne, and be ye of good chere.
Take all a worth, for it will be no nother.
Farewell my Doughter Katherine late the fere,
To prince Arthur myne owne chylde so dere,
It booteth not for me to wepe or cry,
Pray for my soule, for lo now here I ly.

C Adew lord Henry my loupng sonne adew.
Our lord encrease your honour and estate,
Adew my Doughter Mary bright of hew.
God make you vertuous wyse and fortunate.
Adew swete hart my litle Doughter Kate,
Thou shalt swete babe suche is thy destiny,
Thy mother neuer know, for lo now here I ly.

Lady Cicely Anne and Katherine.
Farewell my welbeloued sisters three,
O lady Buzet other sister myne,
Lo here the ende of worldly vanities.
Now well are ye that earthy folke flee,
And heuently thynges loue and magnify,
Farewell and pray for me, for lo now here I ly.

D A dew my lordes, a dew my ladies all,
A dew my faithfull seruauntes euery chone,
A dew my commons whom I neuer shall,
See in this world wherfore to the alone,
Immortall god verely three and one,
I me commende to thy infinite mercy,
Shew to thy seruant, for lo now here I ly.

Certain meters in english wozitten by master Thomas More in hys
youth for the boke of Fortune, and caused them to be printed in the be-
gynnyng of that boke.

C The

Of falshode, gile, and disceate, and suche
as folowe them.



The bayne and disceat full craft of alkeny,
The corrupting of wine and other marchaundise,
Teacheth and sheweth unto vs openly,
What gile and falshode men nowe do exercise,
All occupiers almoste suche gile deuise
In every chaffer, so: no fidelitie
Is in this lande, but gyle and subtiltie.



De falsarijs re-
rum omnium.

Valiant alchimi-
sts quoniam spe-
cies rerum trans-
mutari non pos-
sunt. Quisquis er-
go credit posse fi-
eri aliquam crea-
turam, aut in me-
lius aut in deterius
mutari, aut
transformari in a-
liam speciem, vel
in aliam similitu-
dinem, nisi ab ip-
so creatore per
quem omnia fa-
cta sunt, procul
dubio infidelis est
& pagano deterius.

Dwell of Muses, O pleasaunt castaly,
O susters nine with lowe benignitie,
I you beseeche my witte to multiplie
By hundred folde, and tonges of like plentie,
Graunt to me strength to write the subtiltie,
The fraude and disceat, which is by gilefull wayes
Among all craftes bled nowe a dayes.

Contra alchimistas.
vide textum in c.
episcopi circa finem
xxvi. q. v.

Without a hundred tonges, great wisdom and respite,
Continuall labour and study without ende,
None can their giles nor all their falshode write,
Nor all false fooles in balade comprehend,



The Ship of Fooles.



So many be that thus their liues spende,
That all the shippes ne galleys vnto Spayne,
For mightie Carakes can not them well contayne.

So they that are abroad fast about may range,
Rowing on the see, my selfe their lode and gyde,
In diuers countreis farre and landes straunge,
And spread their names about on euery side:
But diuerse are the sortes that the worlde wide,
In euery part doth infect and defile,
By fraudes fayned and false mischeuous gile.

*Prover. xi.
and. xxxi.*

Ecclesi. vi.

Ecclesi. xxxv.

Firste false loue disceaueth and doth greue
Both age and youth, both wilde and prodigall,
Learned and lewde, if that they it beleue,
For vnder his tongue is hid benim mortall:
Frendes and felowes fayning and false withall
Also shalt thou finde that of suche maner be,
To speake fayre wordes mingled with sotiltie.

*Prover. xij.
Ecclesi. viij.
and. xxxv.*

Suche in their heartes haue no fidelitie,
And often we see that wicked and false counsell
Discepueth many by false liberalitie,
Disceatfull wordes dissimuled as Gospell,
Doth many abuse and from their right expell,
And no meruayle, for almost euery man
To his priuate profite intendeth what he can.

*Prover. xij.
and. xxxv.*

None is that careth for common aduantage,
Thus common wealth sore falleth into decay,
But ouer all men are false of their language,
By lyes auayling them selues all that they may,
Brother begileth brother as we see euery day,
And the sonne the father disceaueth ofte also,
But though he can not yet is his minde therto.

*Prover. xij.
and. xxxv.*

No bondes of loue among men nowe doth bide,
False gile vs gideth, blinded is conscience,
And suche as within the cloyster doth abide
Fyle their religion oft by the same offence,
Fayning them saintes when they are in presence,
With hipocrisie paynting their countenance,
So cloking and hiding their ill misgouernaunce.



Some shine without, and as swete bawme they smell,
But yet their heartes are filled with fallenes,
And within the skin more ill then man can tell.

As gile and disceate iust men therwith to oppresse,
And wolues raiuising full of bntyrstinesse
Were shepes skinneres, shewing not that they be
fores within, shewing out simplicitie.

Ezech. xij.
Luke xij.
Prouer. xij.

By suche falshode they many one begile,
In bniust coyne is founde also abusion
And disceat, which doth all the worlde defile,
By clipping and washing, and like diminution,
Beside all this yet in many a region
Suche fooles studie to mingle and multiplie
Eche sorte of metall, men to disceauie therby.

✠✠✠✠✠
✠✠✠✠✠

And in their wretched riches to abounde,
They clip, they coyne, and that counterfayte metall,
And the right kinde of golde they oft confounde,
They sell p̄cious stones not true ne naturall,
But counterfayte, for true men to begile withall,
The coyne by falshode also ofte lacketh weight,
Thus ouer the world is nought but gile and sleight.

Jerem. v. e. vij.

What shall I write of gile and subtiltie
Used in weight, number, tale and measure,
Howe they bye with one large or weightie,
And sell by a lesse, their conscience is so obscure,
Marchauntes also in gyle them selues cure
By diuers wayes, making them to seme pleasant,
True men to disceauie that therein are ignorant.

Ecclesi. xij.

That which is nought they make seme good and fine,
But to touche a tauerners hye experience,
Howe lightly the knaue can brew a bowle of wine,
As who sayth that he hath the crafte and science,
To amende that thing that Gods hye prudence
Hath made perfite, but he his owne to saue,
By newe brewed wine men bringeth to their graue.

Virgilus lib. iij. Georg.

In no man is trust, for every man by gile
And priuie falshode hath suche a craftines,
His occupation by fraudes false to defile,
Reputing him selfe wise for suche disceatfulness:
Thus is there no craft, poore, riche, more or lesse,
But all are byholden with gile and subtiltie,
Which falshode causeth that many neuer thie

Prouer. xij.

But if I should tary so longe here to expresse
All the false wayes and gile done wrongfully,

✠✠✠✠✠
✠✠✠✠✠
✠✠✠✠✠

The Ship of Fooles.



In eche occupation and euery busines,
It were to longe, therefore I say shortly,
That he is happy which liueth perfittely
Worde of all fraude, but the truth to reposte,
In worde and dede but fewe be of that sort.

¶ The Lenuoy of Alexander Barclay.



Thou that haste to do with worldly busines,
Eythre occupation, in court or marchaundise,
Kepe cleane thy conscience, beware disceathfulness,
All fraude and gile take hede that thou despise,
Then shalt thou to wealth, riches and honour rise,
And if thou be false beware of pouertie,
Beside hell payne, for Christ saith in this wise,
That in his owne measure ech man shal serued be.

DE ANTICHRISTO.

Deutero. xij.
xxvi. q. v. in fi.

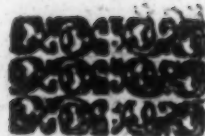
I Am nauem celeri cursu præmissimus altam,
Qua vehitur tacitis fraudibus acta cohors.
Nauis adhuc plures circum subsellia currunt
Stulti, qui cupiunt soluere vela manu:
Qui sint, & quales, quam plures fortè requiris,
Quos coner meritis dilacerare notis.
Pace loquar, ne fôrs verborum turba malorum
In tencram pergat tendere tela ratem:
Christicolas fallos, eféro, pseudoq; prophetas,
Qui Christi falso pectore sacra colunt:
Quiq; aliter sacras leges & dogmata versant,
Quàm textus planus edocet atq; sonat.
Clauigeri Petri nauem, lacerosq; rudentes
Frangunt, remigium dilaniantq; sacrum.
Fluctuat ergo ratis tumidas agitata per vndas,
In vastoq; freto naufraga vela iacent.
Interpres falsus, leges & pseudo propheta
Diuinis violant, contaminantq; fidem.
Nec sese tantùm falsis erroribus implent,
Nec propriam in faciem dogmata spurca vomunt:
Decipiunt alios, & legum semina spargunt
Passim, sed tales noxia poena manet.
Sunt nobis fidei lepido monimenta nigore
Præstita, quæ mentes saluificare queunt:
Planatq; sunt, verbis non interfusa dolosis,
Non fraudes legum pagina sacra tenet.
Multorum mentes trahit at nunc ambitiosi
Consuetudo mali, nominis atq; labor:
Quos & doctrinæ premit arrogantia partæ
Obscurant hominum pectora nuda malis.

Mathe. xxij.
Marke. xij.

ix. dis. ego. c. si. ad
sacro. xxij. q. ij.
heresis.
Actes. xxvj.
Proverb. xxx.
Marke. iij.
Mathe. vij.
Hiero. in prologo
Biblie.
xxvij. di. relatum
Apoca. xij.
ii. Thimo. iij.
ix. dis. quis nesciat
ii. Peter. iij.
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Scripturas

Whiche nought can do but without reason chat,
All others dedes by lewde tonge to distayne,
And if their bellies be full and cheekes fat,
Let Clarkes speake and they haue scoone therat,
They know no thing, yet would they sayne haue prayse,
And their owne dedes onely doth them please.



With suche fooles I ende my businesse
Which all thing blame and vtterly despise,
Yet all their life they passe in ydlenesse,
Or in their belly feeding in beastly wise:
But this I finde that no man can deuise
A thing so witty, so good and excellent,
Or yet so sure that may eche man content.

What worke is that that may eche man content,
No worldly thing, forsooth I trowe the same,
Though Virgill were a Poet excellent
Afoze all other, shining in laude and fame,
Yet some there were which did his workes blame:
Hierome with other Doctours certaynly,
Coude not their workes defende well from enuy.



Holde me excused, for why my will is good,
Then to induce vnto vertue and goodnes,
I write no lesse ne tale of Robin Hood,
Nor sowe no sparkles ne sede of vicioustnes,
Wise men loue vertue, wilde people wantonnes,
It longeth not to my science nor cunning,
Nor Philip the Sparow the Dirige to singe.



*¶ Thus endeth the Ship of Fooles, Translated
out of Latin, French and Duch, into Englishe,
by Alexander Barclay Priest, at that time Cha-
plen in the Colledge of S. Mary Otery in the
Countie of Deuon.*



Excusatio Iacobi Locher Philomusi.

Vertimus naues fatuas latinis
Versibus, plectro siquidē strepenti,
Cudimus normas modo perbenignas,
Plaudite musæ.

Gratias docto dabitis magistro,
Atq; doctori titulos merenti
Candidos, nostros legitis modos qui:
Plaudite musæ.

Ad salutare quoq; disciplinas,
Atq; sinceræ documenta vitæ,
Vertimus stultos numeris iocosus:
Plaudite musæ.

Non decus mundi, titulusq; clari
Nominis traxit, volucrisq; fama,
Ad salutare philomusa cantus:
Plaudite musæ.

Non honos, laudes, precium vè molle,
Nec fames auri philomusa traxit
Ad sacri fontes nemoris beatos:
Plaudite musæ.

Nil superborum cupimus virorum
Stemma, nec claros capitis corymbos,
Nec sacræ lauri cupimus corollam:
Plaudite musæ.

Qui leget nostri titulum libelli,
Gratias nullas referat libello,
Leuet sed Brant rogo perdisertum:
Plaudite musæ.

Præbuit nostris alimenta nymphis
Præbuit, & heroes tribuit beatos,
Atq; scriptorum venerandus auctor:
Plaudite musæ.

Gratiæ dulces, lepidæq; voces,
Et lepos blandus, lyricusq; neruus
Ex sinu illius fluitant scatentq;:
Plaudite musæ.

Sermo facundus, locuplesq; vena,
Stru. tilis candor, calamus latinus,
Nil sonat quod sit latio indecorum:

Sed modò diuos superos precamur,
Præbeant nobis veniam benignam,
Pinximus quòd sic fatuos inertes:
Plaudite musæ.

Me locus naui, fateor, requirit,
Calceos nondum fatuos remoui,
Stultus & non dum posui cucullum:
Plaudite musæ.

Sunt quibus nostræ placuere curæ,
Sunt quibus nostræ satyræ grauedo
Displicet, dextram veniam precamur:
Plaudite musæ.

Nostra sic fari didicit iuuentus,
Peruigil sudor neq; me disertum
Fecit, haud magnos capio labores:
Plaudite musæ.

Scriberem formas potius pedestras,
Sponte sed manant numeri canori,
Barbarum qui me faciunt poetam:
Plaudite musæ.

Gratulor nostræ siquidem iuuentæ,
Gratulor docto pariter magistro,
Qui mihi suaues tribuit camœnas:
Plaudite musæ.

Seculo nostro siquidem diserto
Gratulor, docte fileant Athenæ,
Et chorus vatum fileat latinus:
Plaudite musæ.

Iam fouet passim celebres poetas
Theutonum sydus gelidusq; Rhenus,
Laudibus quorum monimēta fulgent:
Plaudite musæ.

Quid magis fingit latialis orbis
Ritibus cultis, colimus platona,
Atq; sublimem colimus Maronem:
Plaudite musæ.

Ergo certatim teneris camœnis
Naui & pictæ rudibus figuris,
Et iuuentuti foueas precamur,

Alexander Barclay excusing the *rudenes of his Translation.*

THIS Booke, abashe thee thy rudenes to present
To men aduanced to worship and honour
By birth or fortune, or to men eloquent,
By thy submission excuse thy Translatour:
But when I remember the common behauour
Of men, I thinke thou ought to quake for feare
Of tonges enuious, whose venime may thee deare.

Tremble, feare and quake thou ought I say agayne,
For to the Reader thou shewest by euidence
Thy selfe of Rethorike priuate and barayne,
In speche superfluous and fruitles of sentence,
Thou playnly blamest without all difference
Both hye and lowe, sparing eche mans name,
Therefore no maruayle though many do thee blame.

But if thou fortune to lye before a State,
As King or Prince, or Lordes great or small,
Or Doctour diuine, or other Graduate,
Be this thy excuse to content their minde withall,
My speche is rude, my tearmes common and rurall;
And I for rude people muche more conuenient,
Then for Estates, learned men and eloquent.

But of this one poynt thou nedest not to feare,
That any good man, hertuous and iust,
With his ill speche shall thee hurt or deare,
But thee defende as I suppose and trust:
But suche Anthyristes as sue their carnall lust,
Whom thou for vice doest warply rebuke and blame,
Shall thee dispraise, emperishing thy name.

¶ An exhortation of Alexander Barclay.

BUT ye that shall read this Booke I you exhorde,
And you that are hearers therof also I you pray,
Where as ye knowe that ye be of this sorte,
Amende your life, and expell that vice away,
Slomber not in sin, amende you while ye may,
And if ye so do and ensue vertue and grace,
Within my Ship ye get no rowme ne place.

F I N I S.

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¶ Lenuoye.

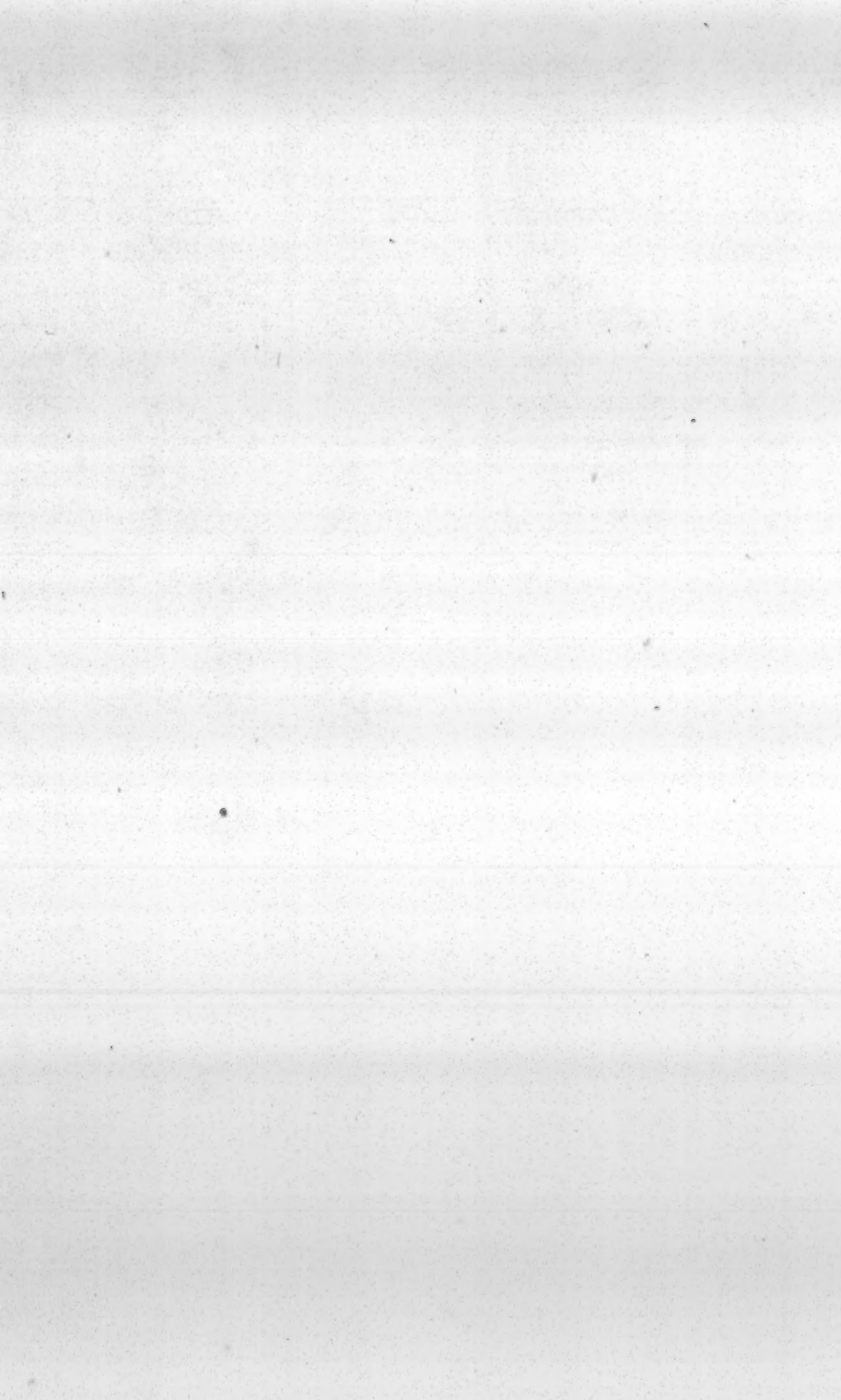


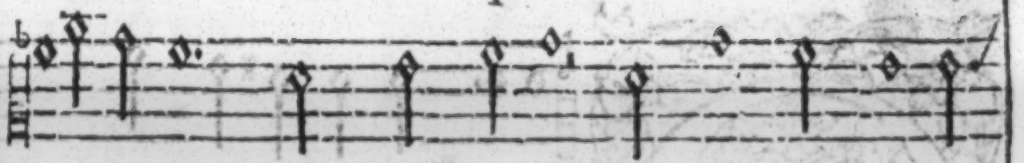
Rece forth rude volume, and recommed me,
To my derest frende experte in all science,
Praye hym at lasure the to ouerse,
And where in meter oz prose he fyndeth offence.
Of congrewe Englyshe, oz of perfecte sentence
Humble hym praye, that he wyl the coꝛecte,
Whyche in all his fautes is so cyꝛcumspecte.

¶ And shewe to hym foꝛther hys meryte to encrease,
The seconde volume is redy to him dyghte.
Praye hym he wyl not theresoꝛe wꝛth the sursease,
Tyll that thy felowe, he haue by hys in syghte.
And by hys science bꝛoughte into good plyghte
That to all readers it maye be delectable,
And to the hearers fruytefull and pꝛofytable.

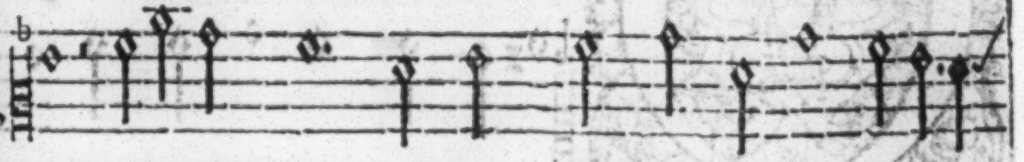
¶ And not to dysdayne my malyperte rudenesse,
That to hys payne I shulde thus boldelye sende,
Oꝛ hym to wyl to suche great busynesse,
So rude a woꝛke to coꝛecte and amende.
But shewe hym sothlye that all that I entende,
Is foꝛ to enhaunce hys prayse and greate laude,
As he shall knowe I truste wꝛthoute fraude.







It is a thing both good & mete, to praise the highest



lord, & to thy name O thou most hie, to sing in one



accoorde, to shew the kindnesse of y lord, betime ere day be light, & eke de-



clare his truth abroad, whē it doth draw to night.

¶



My soule geue laud vnto y lord, my sprite shal do th:



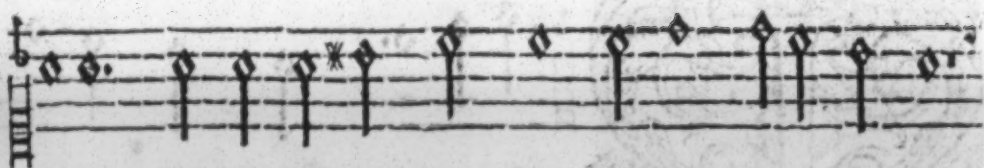
same, and al the secretes of my hart, praise ye his holy



name, geue thanks to god for al his gifts, shew not thy self vnkind, & suffer



not his benefits, to slip out of thy mind.



Come let vs lift vp our voice, & sing vnto the lord



in him our rock of helth reioice, let vs w one accord



ea let vs com before his face, to geue him thaks & praise, in singing psalms



into his grace, let vs be glad alwaies.



78 Medius. Another of J.H.



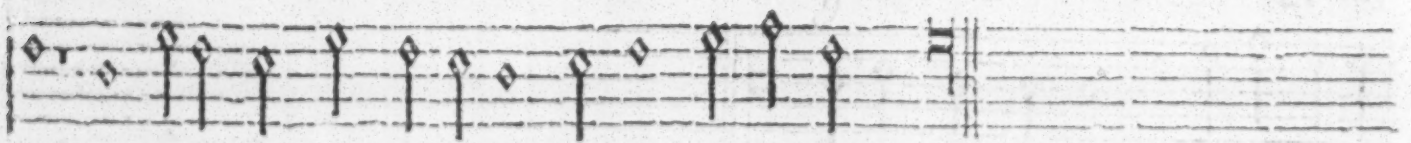
My soule geue laud vnto y lord, my sprit shal d



the same, and al y secrets of my hart, praise y



his holy name, geue thanks to god for all his gifts, shew not thy selfe vn-



dind, & suffer not his benefits, to slip out of thy mind.

MEDIVS.

of the whole psalmes in foure partes, whiche
may be song to al muscalle instrumentes, set forth for
the encrease of vertue: and abolishing of other
vayne and trifling ballades.

(¶¶¶)

Imprinted at London by John Day,
dwelling ouer Aldersgate, beneath
Saynt Martins,

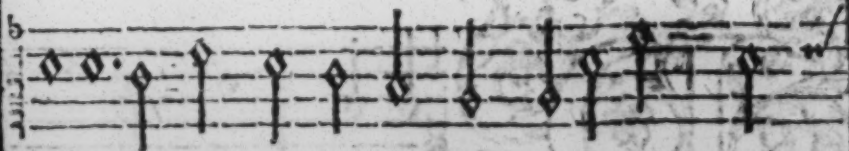
(¶)

*Cum gratia et privilegio Regie Maiestatis.
per septennium.*

1563.



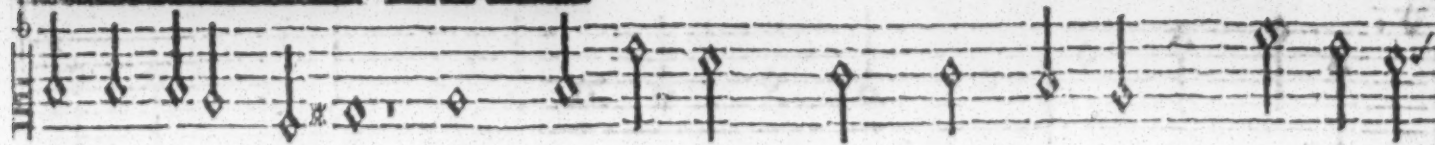
Medius Another of W.P. 71



Tēd my people to my law, & to my words



incline, my mouth shal speak strāge parables



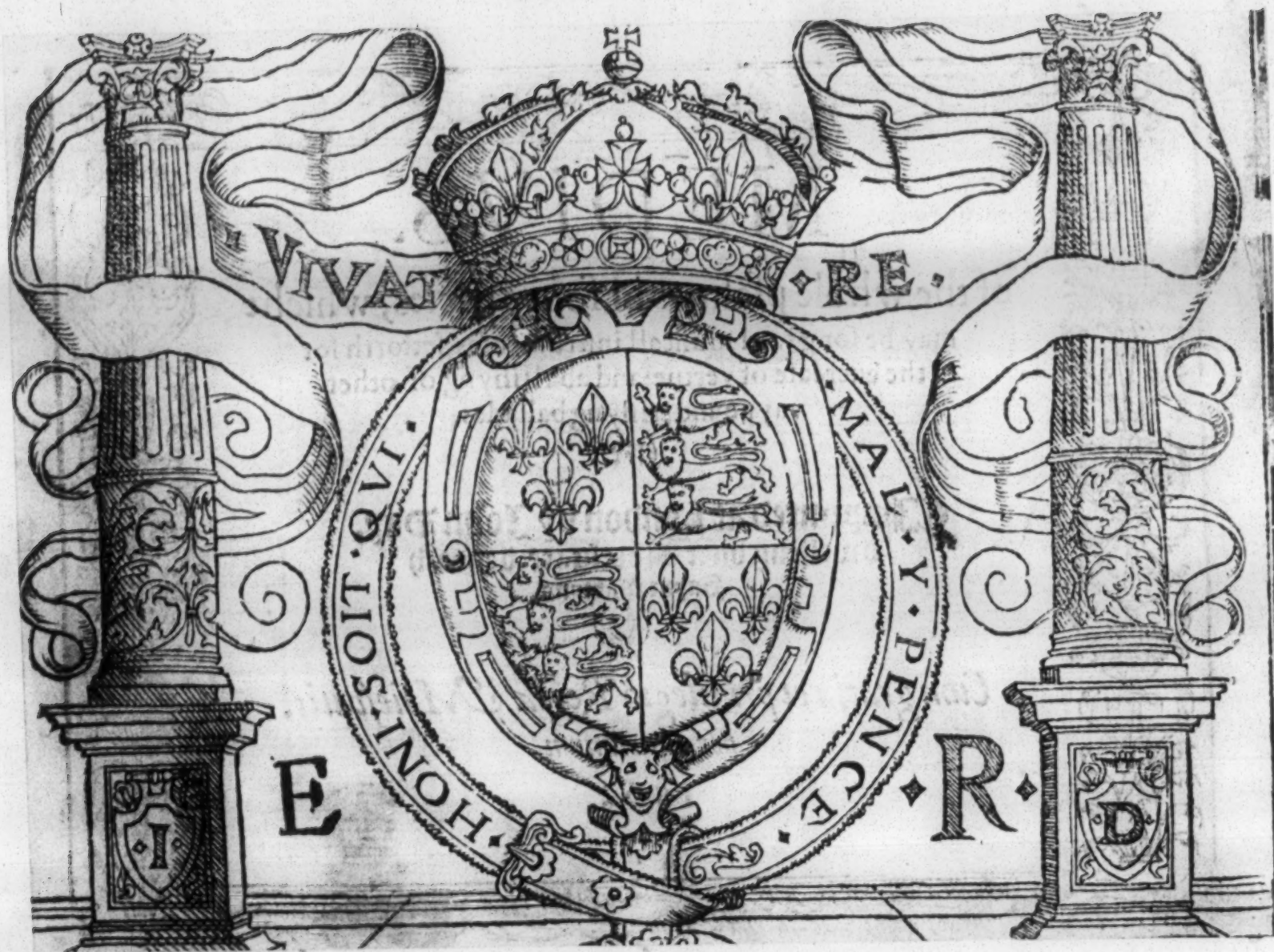
and sentēces deuine, which we our selues haue heard & learnd, euen of our



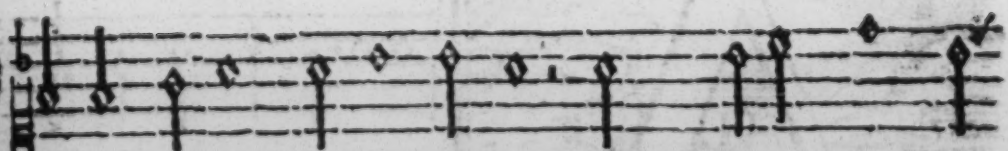
fathers old, and which for our instruction, our fathers haue vs told.

¶.iiii.

We



72 Medius The 81. psalme W.P



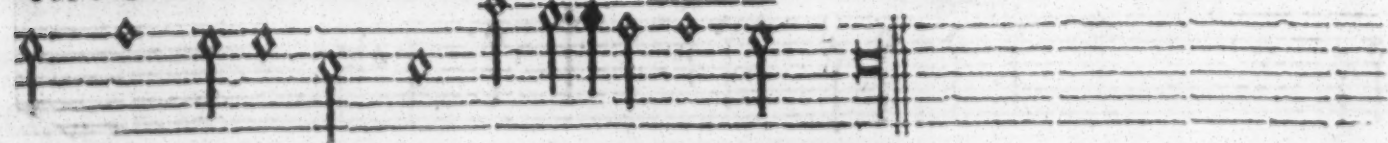
Be light & glad in god reioice, which is our strength &



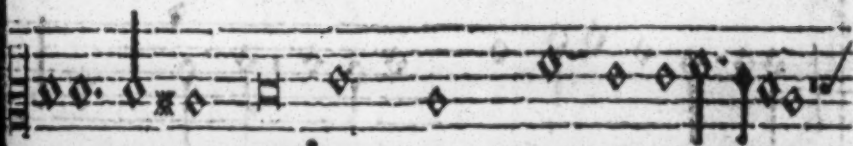
stay, be ioyful & lift vp your voice to Jacobs god I



ay, prepare your instrumēt's most mete, som ioyful psalme to sing, strike vp



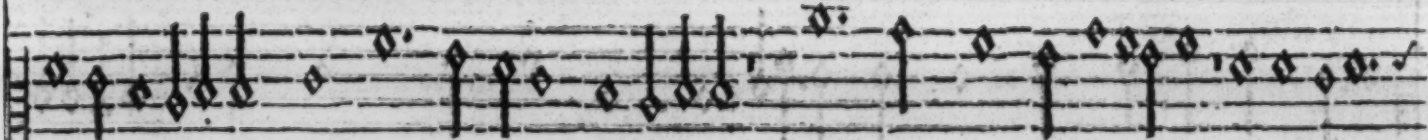
with harp & lute, so swete, on euery pleasaunt string.



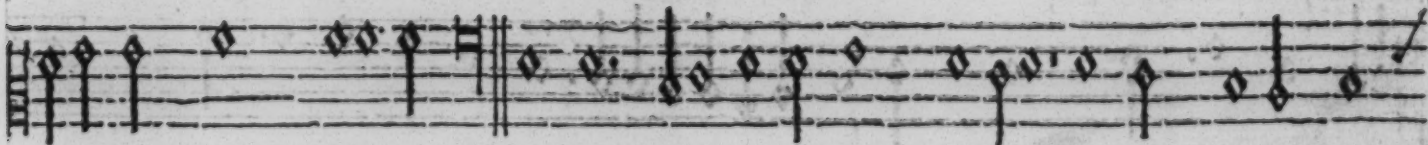
Emēber not O lord god, our old iniquities,



but let thy mercy speedily preuēt vs, for we be



very miserable, for we be very miserable, help vs god our sauioz, & for y glo-



ry of thy name, deliuer vs, be merciful & forgeue our sis for thy names sake,

U.i.

be



be merciful & forgive our sins for thy names sake, let not the wicked peop



say, let not y^e wicked people say, where is their god, where is their god, v



be the people and the shepe of thy pasture, we shal geue thanks vnto thee f



uers, we shal geue thanks vnto thee for ever, frō age to age we shal set for



To my much Honoured Friend, Mr. Robert Coleman, a true Lover of
MUSICK.

SIR:



A Musick sits *Queene Regent* in the Center of *Arts*, whereby she preserves an Harmonious Sympathy amongst them; so her studious Care, to continue that Unity, hath qualified her servants in severall degrees; some like *Seraphins*, sing *Hosanna* in the highest; others like *Angels*, charoll the Nativity of *Emanuel*. The Ayry Quire in their kind, warble Praises to their Creator, and Man in various Tunes, sets forth the Glory of his *Maker*: I could speake of the *Spherique Harmony*, and the generall *Musick* of the Creature, both sensitive and vegetative, whose tacit Voyces glorifie the *Lord* of their beings. But your better Knowledge (Worthy Sir) needs no Illustration of her Excellencies from me, you having so long been *Reſtor Chori*. Knowing therefore not only your perfection in this Art, but your Zeale to defend it; I have presumed to present you with some of her Servants *Endeavours*, not snatcht up at randome, nor catcht at with an uncivill and rude hand, but gathered with a reverend and carefull collection, to avoyd offence and scandall. And if that *Generall Good* I ayme at therein shall exceed my wishes, (being the *Mutual Society* of Friends in a *Modest Recreation*) I have catch't the happinelle of my *Desires*;

A 2

To all Lovers of Musick.



Hold it needlesse to boast the *Approbations* that have been formerly given by *Great Persons*, both to testifie and augment, the *Life and Honour* of this liberall Science, the earthly solace of mans soule; and in particular, to delights of this Nature, such as you shall find in this small Volumne, which I dare stile *Musickall*, and in themselves sweet and harmonious, and full of harmelesse Recreation, and to all that love and understand *Musick*, the true sence and value of them will so appeare; of which I boast not, further then you shall please to judge. As for the *Rounds*, they have, and may shift for themselves; so might the *Catches* too in these Times, when *Catches* and *Catchers* were never so much in request; all kind of *Catches* are abroad; *Catch that Catch may*, *Catch that Catch can*, *Catch upon Catch*, thine *Catch it*, and mine *Catch it*; And these *Catches* also, which I have now published by importunity of Friends, to be free for all mens catching; only my wishes are, that they who are true *Catchers* indeed, may catch them for their delight; and may they that desire to learne, catch them for their Instruction: But let those that catch at them with detraction (as that is a catching disease) catch only the fruits of their owne *Envy*. I am confident, they that cannot make better, cannot injure these, which your favourable Acceptance may make good to him that is your Friend,

JOHN HILTON.

A 3

Ad

fires; so being enricht by *That*, and your courteous patronizing of *These*,

You and I'll sing

a. 3. Voc.

On nobis Domine, non no-bis, sed no-mi-ni tu-o da glo-ri-am, sed no-mi-ni tu-o da Glo-ri-am. Non no-bis, &c.

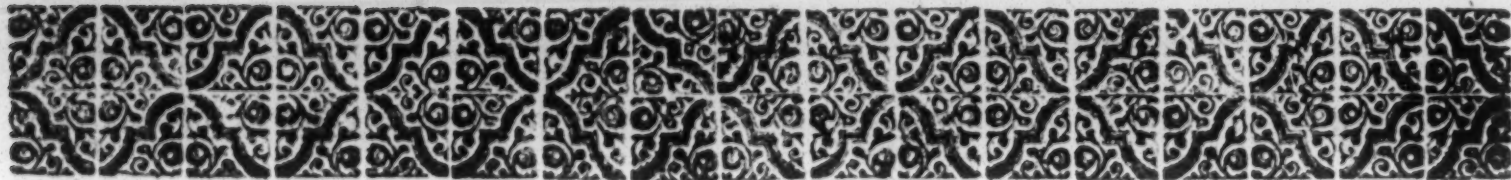
Yours, John Hilton

In Praise of M U S I C K.

MUick ! Miraculous Rhethorick ! that speak't sence
Without a Tongue ! Excellent Eloquence !
The love of thee, in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own :

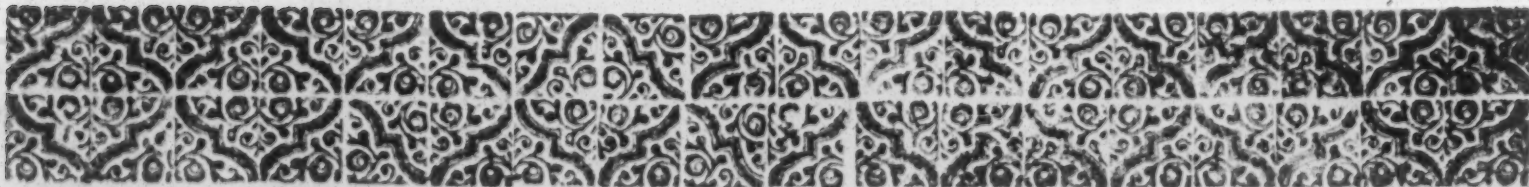
How easie might thy Errours be excus'd,
Wer't thou as much belov'd, as th' art abus'd ?
Yet although dull soules, thy Harmony disprove,
Mine, shall be fixt, in what the Angels love.

V. D.



Ad Lectorem.

Catches are Catches, be they better or worse,
And these may prove hopefull if not spoyl'd at Nurse :
It's therefore desired if any doe hale,
That the Iudicious may set right the Fault,
In time by this meanes, they may walke without Crutches,
And merrily please you for your Charge, which not much is.



Before hym/he spake to the Emperowre and sayde. My
 Lorde I wyl not shewe yowre fayre wordys for myn ex-
 cuse. But these greate woundis whiche I haue suffyrde
 for yowre loue / let them speke for me/and expresse also
 the greate loue and verey trewe harte that I haue euie
 owghte to yowre. And immediatlye the Emperowre re-
 ceuyd hym to grace/and shewyd hym greate sauowre
 euyr astyr. Also hit is rede in the firste boke of Japis of
 Philosophirs / of Iulye Cesar howe ther was an olde
 man lyklye to haue perished in a stryf vppon a daye / &
 whan he came before the iugis he prayde the emperour
 to come and helpe hym. And the Emperowre assygned
 one to helpe hym. To whome he answerde and sayde.
 O Emperowr Remembre I sawght my self for the in
 the batell of Alsye/and made no victoure/and disclosyd
 his woundis whiche he had there / and shewyd them
 to the Emperowre. Wherfore he went hym self perso-
 nallye and sped his besynes / and was sore ashamyd in
 hym self to be Reputyd not oonly prowde/ but also vn-
 curteys and vnlouynge. Wherof it is wrytten. He that
 labowrith not. et ethe not. And also the same Empero-
 sayth. He y labowrith not to be louynge to his knygh-
 tes. Cannot be fauourable to them / as it is sayde in
 lawde of the same Emperowre that he neuyr vside to
 saye. Goo ye/ but goo we/ for he was euyr partetaker of
 ther labowre as oon of them / and that was at all ty-
 mes of any iusardye.

Of the Lawdron and the Thayne
 Dialogo. xxiii.





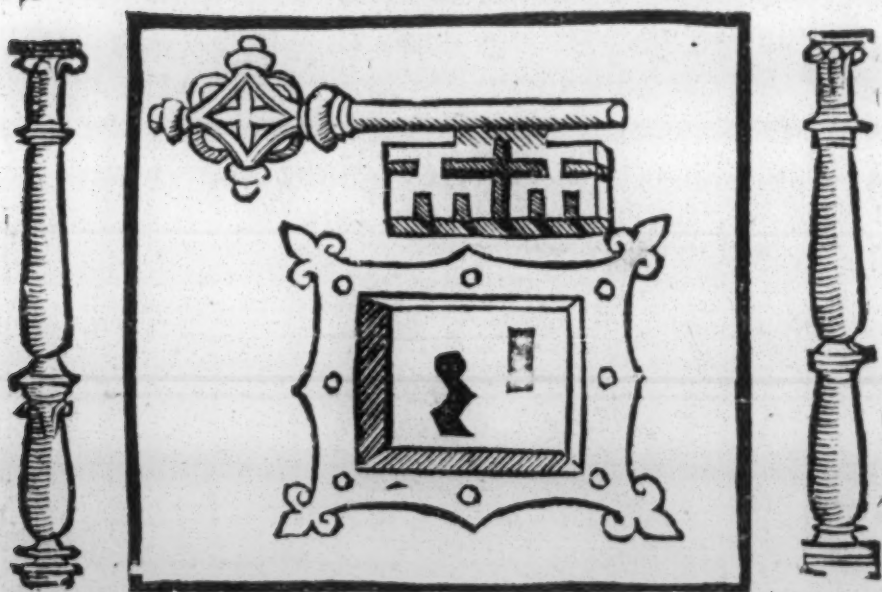
The chayne spake to the Lawdion vppon a tyme and sayde. **T**howe arte greatsye vnkynde for I bere the to the fire/and thowe daylye seesthyft many a goode mor sell and geuyt me ney parte to ete with the. **T**hy glotony is grete. for thou consumyst all and leuist me hungrie. **T**he Lawdion answerd and sayd. **T**hou seruyt me to my hurte. And therfore thowe arte not worthye to be rewarded/but rather to be punysht for thowe holdiste me vppe to the fyre/soe agayne my wyll and causiste my sydes to be brent and consumyd. And therfore yf my power wolde extende therto I wold gladly destroye y. But and yf thou be wyllfull to do me acceptable seruyce. Ordeyne to me thinges profitable and necessarye and not contrarie/and also he sayde.

Seruyce that is both good and profytable
Is louyd to all men and acceptable.

Therfore

ges. Thyd to the innocent whiche he hurtyth by hys
 false wytnesse. And therfore be the lawe a false wytnes
 set is bounde to make restitucyon of all suche goods as
 he hath causid his neybowre to lese be his false re-
 corde.

Of the Locke and the kaye.
 Dialogo. xxiij



kaye ther was somtyme. Which was
 verye goode/and plesantthe oppnde
 her locke/and also made it faste/in so
 moche that the patrone / and ownar
 therof reioycyd greatly therein. Up-
 pon a tyme thys Locke fel in froward
 mynde and grutchyd agayne the kay
 and sayde thus. O wylked creature why pursewyst

thow me thus continuallye dayly thow entrist in to my
bowellys and tourneyst my stomak vpppe and downe .
Dece of thy greef and trouble me no more / or elles I
shall caste the awaye or make the crokyd. To whome y
have answerde & sayde. Susty: thow spekest euyl. By
me thowe arte consecuyd in prosperite and defendid fro
thy enemyce. If thowe wylt be separate and departyd
fro me / thow shalt be destroyde and brokyn and cast a-
waye . But this notwithstandinge the locke was not
pleasyd but sodeynly stoppyd fast the hole / and wolde
not suffre the keye entry in to hym / and soo the owner
cowde not oppn the dore. wherfore he was angrye / and
in a sodeyn hete he smote of the locke / & brake it for cause
it wolde not oppn. wherfore the keye scornyd the locke &
sayde in this wise.

with thy frende that mayntaynith the.

Disorde thow neyir in noo degre.

BEware therfore to stryue or Varye with him that
thow lyuyste with famylyerly. For Seneca sayth
Nothinge is more fowle then to be at stryf and Varyaunce
with the hym that thowe louyd and bene conuersaunte
with . neuerthelesse they that desire to lyue pefceablye
with ther neybowris / shuld helpe to supporte them and
bere parte of ther charges as the Apostle wrytthe ad
Galat. vi. Every one of yowe bere the burdon of othir.
Cully also saith. Ther is nothinge but it maye be suf-
fyrde of hym that perfightlye louith his neybowre / as it
is rede in the Hystory scolastica. That antipater Jou-
meus whiche was fader of Herode the greate was sore
woundid in batell / with many dyuers greate woundis
in the Emperours seruyce / which he gladlye suffyrde /
for his sake. Notwithstandinge at laste he was falsely
accusyd to the Emperoure. and whan he was brought

Then suffer nature wth her operation
at her own pleasure to make generation
so I amonge so many colouris all
nature maye have one principall
singe as shall direct towards o^r entente
directyng to yo^r desired elemente
by the waye by colouris ye maye fynde
sols in your vocable you shall you fynde
many the colouris of colouris I maye saye
but the firste my principall
as for the colouris of the
by them to knowe your principall
but many colouris you maye see
so many colouris as in o^r sighte
before I fynde wythe and cleave
and unchangeable wythe appeare
Conspireinge the fowles of y^e bird
I wyll that answer to the
and teach the
by bynde of
wythe nature
to every proportion
as Crystall to the
floor of every thinge I ye
wth that ye wyll Crystall
singe colouris shall Crystall
wherefore Hermes sayde not
Ad perpetranda miracula rei univ^{er}sae
God shall so ordeyne sayde Hermes
to fulfill miracles of one thinge
Comen shew therefore can not fynde
the vertues of o^r stone exp^{er}dyng for every mynde
Smellyng maye helpe for yo^r entente
to knowe yo^r raynyng elemente
and be wyth colouris and testimonye
to knowe yo^r principall agent thereby

factus

and ye

thow me thus continuallye dayly thow entrise in to my
bowellys and tourneynt my stomak vpper and downe.

Dece of thy greef and trouble me no more / or elles I
shall caste the awaye or make the crokyd. To whome y
have answerde & sayde. Susteyn thow spekest euyl. By
me thowe art consueyd in prosperite and defendid fro
thy enemye. If thowe wylt be separate and departyd
from me / thow shalt be destroyde and brokyn and cast a-
waye. But this notwithstandinge the locke was not
pleasyd but sodeynly stoppyd fast the hole / and wolde
not suffre the keye entyre in to hym / and soo the owner
cowde not oppyn the dore. wherfore he was angrey / and
in a sodeyn hete he smote of the locke / & brake it for cause
it wolde not oppyn. wherfore the keye scorned the locke &
sayde in this wise.

with thy frende that mayntaynith the.

Disorde thow neyre in noo degre.

BEware therfore to stryue or varye with him that
thow luyste with, samelyerly. For Seneca sayth
Nothinge is more fowle then to be at stryf and varyaun-
ce with hym that thowe lound and bene conuersaunte
with. Neuerthelesse they that desire to lye pefseablye
with ther neybowris / shuld helpe to supporte them and
bere parte of ther charges as the Apostle wyrt the ad
Galat. vi. Euery one of yowe bere the burdon of othir.
Cully also saith. Ther is nothinge but it maye be suf-
fride of hym that perfightlye louith his neybowre / as it
is rede in the hystory scolasticall. That antipater Idu-
meus whiche was fader of herode the greate was sore
woundid in batell with many dyuers greate woundis
in the Emperours seruyce / which he gladlye suffride /
for his sake. Notwithstandinge at laste he was falsely
accusyd to the Emperour. and when he was brought

Then suffer nature wth her operation
at her owne pleasure to make generation
so y^e amonge so many coloures all
nature maye knowe one principall
singe at y^eall drake towards o^r entente
disordynge to y^e desired elemente
t^hys wyse by coloure y^e maye fynde
how in your vocable you shall you guide
many mo t^hinge of coloure & myghte wysest
but t^hys sufficeth my p^ryse to acquyte
at forfethe y^e coloure maye knowe y^e entente
by t^hem to knowe your principall agent
but many clarkes wonder how y^e maye see
so many coloure at in o^r stone wyllbe
before y^e p^ryte wyllbe and cleave
and unsingable wyllbe appear
Consideringe t^he felowes of y^e Inwardyng
I wyll t^hat answer to please y^e entente
and teache t^hem t^he t^hing y^e maye desire
by bynde of magick synge coloure wth date
wyse nature y^e of t^his condic^{ti}on
to every p^roportyon and every degree
as Crystall to y^e subject y^e forwrd
flor of every t^hinge y^e y^e upon grounde
wth t^hat y^e wyll Crystall see wonder
synge coloure salue Crystall t^herefore cease to haue
wysefore Hermes sayde not vnto us entente
Ad perpetranda miracula rei unius
Ode salue so orderd sayde Hermes t^he t^hinge
to fulfill myracle of one t^hinge
Comen p^rowth t^herefore can not fynde
t^he vertues of o^r stone exp^redynge for t^heyre mynde
Smellyng many helpe for y^e entente
to knowe y^e rangynge elemente
and be wyse coloure and testymonye
to knowe y^e principall agent t^herby

factus

and y^e

And ye wylle wolde by smellynge learne
of your principall agent how to discern
the white and blacke be colours in extremite
So of odours sweete and stynkyng be
but wylle that fygges knowe not by syght

So meane odours shall not by smellynge
be knowne of you tyme yf the cause wylle
for Nostylles be open at yf the fygges eye
therefore meane odours be not in certayne
Smellyd by nose at meane colours be seene
Hedye smell ^{it is not at clauke} ~~at clauke~~ ^{at clauke} ~~at clauke~~
the myde odour but only the last styncke
Ode fathys wylle by theire doctryne
of theire experyence wylle it not myne
that yf ye myde sweete sadowne & adolent
Egally wylle stynkyng to prone yf entent
the sweete shall be smellyd the stynkyng not so
the cause you maye learne nowe as ye go
the sweete smellyng the more sate more purer
And yf more small the stynkyng maye be
wherefore yt is in dyre more penetratye
and more extensyble and yf also to the
more acceptible at frende to nature
And therefore wylle be ye sweet
Odour yf the smellyng vapours resolved wylle seate
out of the substance by an indysible sweate
In the dyre sate pure extensyng
the sange the dyre and yf smellyng
the sapor of meate sange your tastyng
And at sange sange your syght
So odour sange smellyng by syght myght
the cause of odours to knowe yf ye delite
for the sange theto be requysite
first yf subtyl matter be obedyente
to the workyng of seate for to parte
by the same yf lykenes of the same sange

And gave every man a sword
And dwelt off hit many a
The port hope & no certeyn
Is sone as he had John call
Lyttle John was ready with a sword
And sayd hym to the to the
Now will I be jayled sayd Lyttle John
And toke the keye in hand
He toke the way to Robyn Hood
And sone he hymd vnto
He gave hym a good sword in his hand
His god ther with for to hope
And ther as the walls were lowe
And now said they the hope

6.40
 — m 9
 7



g. from Helias knyght of the
 Juane. D.

After that Gyarde the adme of Douthie
 and the soure Donce had been by
 ons within the cyte of ... they
 ted dyligently for to ... in to they
 tre. And euen as they ...
 ghty god that alway dooth for þe best ... that the
 debe wandred of theyr way. And in such wyse they
 to theyr waye in a place inhabitable ... that they w
 what to thynke. So it happened that ...
 es/paynes/and labours they arriued ...
 ell of Boulpon that the good Helias ...
 edpfe after the fourme & construccyon ...
 lyon towarde Dardayne. Wherfore Donce sayd to

An Epitaphie,
 Godlye Counsaill,
 fortable Cōfession,
 (Dartmouth ...)
 whiche Stept
 Christ the per
 of Grace.

M.D.LV

Madeby, F. ...
 Newport.

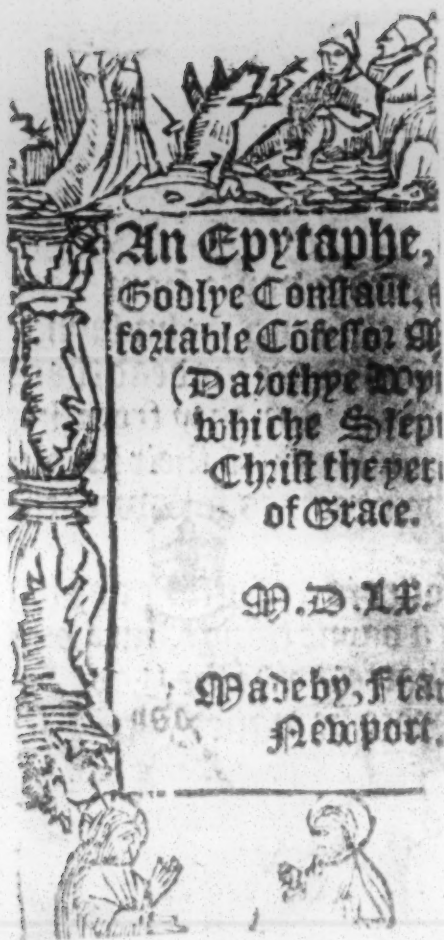


The hole indulgence of p^{do}
 graūter to blessed. s. Cozne
 lis is. vi. scoze yer. vi. scoze
 lēt. ii. M. ix. C. x. daies of
 p^{do} for euermore to edure,

And thus he began to sing
And sang off his head
The port he had
And sent to his wife
Myll John was led with a sword
And baynd to the
And will he be my lord
And took the key in hand
He took the way to Robin Hood
And found the green wood
He gave him a good sword in his hand
And he took with him to his
And then he was
And then he was



After that Gyarde the abbot of Saine
and the squire Donce had done theyr
ons within the cyte of Iherusalem they
ted dyligently for to retourne in to theyr
tre. And cuen as they were in the feldest
ghy god that allway dooth for þ best wolde that the
debe wandred of theyr way. And in suche wyse they
ro theyr waye in a place inhabytable that they wot
what to thynke. So it happened that after many
es/ paynes/ and labours they aryued nygh to the
bell of Boulyon that the good Helyas had newly m
edpye after the fourme & construccyon of the other
yon towarde Dardayne. Wherefore Donce sayd to



An Epytaphe,
Godlye Constant,
fortable Cōfessor &
(Dorothee) whiche Slept
Christ the per
of Grace.

M.D.XX.

Madeby, ffar
Newport.



The hole idulgence of p^{ro}
granted to blessed. s. Corne
lis is. vi. score yer. vi. score
let. ii. M. ix. C. x. xx. daies of
p^{ro} for euermore to edure,

oute countree layd the abbot. I trowe y it lacketh
 de. Certaynly my lordes sayd. Wonce / yet is this ca
 of the same countree of it named Boulyon / and
 that he y made it had intencion so to do. And af
 these wordes bycause the nyght came on / they went
 ed them in a byllage nyght ynough to the sayd ca
 they lodgys they sent for the curate of the byl
 wyte of hym in what place & in what countree
 re arnyed. Truly lordes sayd the curate. You haue
 crete forest of Dardeyne & ben presently arnyed
 the castell of Boulyon. Now sayd y abbot we ben
 untree y pe name / & it is well. CC. leges fro hens.
 outhe my lordes sayd the curate / I haue be in the
 ce y pe speke of. But for to declare you y trouthe y
 y pe haue seen is called Boulyon le restaure / y is to
 stozed. For that a noble & vertuous knyght named
 sone to the myghty kyngge Doyant / & of the quene
 rce his spouse went in a shippe byon the ryuer by y
 nge of a swanne / y soo ledde hym by aduenture to
 ue / where as he wanne a champ of batayle agaynst
 2 of Frankebourke / wherby the emperour made to
 ym in maryage the duchesse of Boulyon wherof ye
 In suche wyse y he was about. viii. yere there. And
 fter he retourned in to this realme of Aylefort by y
 ge of y swanne also sayd. And at his comynge he dy
 nake this castell & named it Boulyon as y other / &
 est about it dardeyne. And whan Wonce herde him
 he wyll well y he sholde haue certayne tydynge
 desyred / wherof he thanked our lordes / & than wout
 ge remblaunt he sayd to the curate. Good syr y kin



ard a voyce from heau
 with saynct John sayng.
 blessed are the dead that dy
 Lorde, for they from hen
 shall rest fro their labour
 eir woꝝkes followeth thei

ure is dysseitfull, and bet
 a bayne thinge, but a won
 at fearythe the Lord, the i
 eto be praised

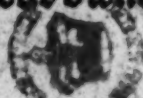


In this party sheweth the story that after that Mangys was returned agayne to his hermytage/ Reynawde was euer after sorow for hym and also for his wyfe. But he recomforted hymselfe as well as he myghte with his bretherne. A lōge whyle abode Reynawde with his bretherne makinge as good chere as he coude/ and wyte it that aboute that tyme deyed tholde duke Almon which lefte grete goodes to his childre/ but shortly to speke Reynawde departed & gaue all his goodes as well that he had of his owne as that was falle by the deth of his fader Almon vnto his bretherne except oonly that he reteyned for hymselfe the castell and towne of Mountawban/ and foude the wayes that they were al maryed

noble & ryche. Who sholde speke of the bretherne of Reynawde & of theyr dedes/ it were to longe to be couēted. Reynawde than dwelled longe at Mountawban with his children whiche he endoctryned & taughte in all good & vertuous maners as well as he coude. And theyr pīll that they were men/ and coude bere both sheelde and spere. And vpon a daye he hadde theym to the feeld on horsebacke/ and made to be brought there spere and sheldes for to assaye theymselfe/ and toke with hym twenty knyghtes/ whom whan they were comen in the feelde/ he made his children to iouste with. And ye ought to wyte that he two sonnes of Reynawde iousted as well as though they had be haunteynge the warre. x. yeres

& more. And whan Reynawde sawe
 that they dyde so well he called thes
 afore hym & afore the knyghtes and
 sayd to them. My fayr children than
 ked be our lord/ ye be talle men and
 well made of body/ It is now tyme
 that ye were made knyghtes/ wher-
 fore I wyll that ye go serue the kyng
 Charlemayne your souerayne lord
 whiche shall make you knyghtes/ for
 of more noble hande ye canne not be
 dowed to þ noble ordre of knyghtho-
 de. Syr sayd Symonet/ we are redy
 to fulfill your wyl in euery thyng þ
 ye comaunde vs. fader sayd yonnet
 ye saye well to vs/ for it is tyme that
 we folowe the warres/ but syth it is
 your pleasure to sende vs to Charle-
 mayne/ but it shal not be without grete
 cost. My sone sayd Reynawde/ care
 not for the cost/ for we haue good y-
 noughe/ grauntyng our lord/ for to
 bringe you there accordyng to your
 estate/ & I promyse you/ I shall sen-
 de you there or I be. vii. nyghte elder
 as honourably as ony wente thyder
 syn my tyme. fader sayd the childre
 we are redy to go whā it please you
 Whā Reynawde had sayd this to his
 children/ he wente home agayne to
 moustauban well ioyfull of his two
 sones that proued so well/ & whā he
 was within his castell/ he called his
 stywarde and sayd to hym. Stywar-
 de I comaunde you that ye araye my
 childre honorably & ryche of dyuer-
 se maners of clothynge & of thynges
 that longeth of theym/ for I wyll sen-
 de them to þ court of the kyng Char-
 lemayne/ for to be made knyghtes of
 hym/ & se that they go as honestly as

ony wente thyder this xx. yeres. My
 lord sayd the stywarde/ I shall well
 do your comaundement syth that it
 pleaseth you/ for ye haue ynough clo-
 thes full ryche of your owne of dy-
 uerse colours.



Whan the stywarde herde þ co-
 maundement of his mayster
 without ony taryenge/ he dy-
 de ryght well all þ was comaunded
 hym by Reynawde/ for he made to be
 redy many palfreys & coursers well
 barded & couered with ryche clothe
 of golde with belles of syluer & gyfte
 in grete plente/ & purueyd for two
 good harneyes all complete/ for spe-
 res & swerdes & for all other
 thynges as aperteyneth for the two
 yonge bachelers. Shortly to speke it
 was not possible to araye better two
 yonge squyres thā the two yonge so-
 nes of Reynawde were by þ puruey-
 aunce of his stywarde/ and whan all
 thynges were redy/ he brought them
 byfore his maysters. And whan Rey-
 nawde sawe this he was glad & sayd
 by god stywarde I conne you thāke
 that ye haue purueyd so well for my
 childre/ & Reynawde made. v. C. kny-
 ghtes well redy to bere copany to his
 sones. And whan they were all redy
 Reynawde called to his sones & sayd
 to theym. My fayre sones ye be well
 apoynted thāked be god/ & here is a
 fayre bende of noble men to bere you
 felawshipp/ & therfore ye shal now go
 to þ court of Charlemayne our gre-
 te kyng/ whiche shall make you gre-
 te chere and honour for my loue/ my
 children ye be of hye lynage & ryght
 noble/ & therfore beware þ ye do noo

e taken by the hyspyng of his onkyne
e oilcpe. and moost horrible traytour
Judas. And by the cruell persecucyon of
he Jewes. after many punycyons. they
halfemyng god. tofor Pilate cried ven-
rably. crucyfe. crucyfe him. and so vn-
der Pounce Pilate. he suffryd to be cru-
cyfed. and vpon the crosse he deyd in
his humanyte. and was entred or buri-
ed. And notwithstandynge. that his se-
pulcre or graue. was seelyd and lnyed. &
kept with knyghtes. yet the thyrde day.
by his godhede or dyuynyte. he rose in
his humanite. and at .xl. day enlewynge.
he ascended in to heuens: and sitteth the-
re att ryghte honde of his fader And he
fro thens. perspyghte god. and perspyghte
man. is to come. and to iuge. the lpyng-
ge and the deed / In the deed is vnder-
stonde the body whyche hath be mortall
And in the lpyngge is vnderstonde the
soule whyche is spirytuall and Inmo-
rall / Tofore this Iuge Cryste Jesus
whyche is god and man. lpytynge in his
throne of Jugement. all resonable creatu-
res shall stonde. And he shall sette alle
rightfull on his ryghte syde. and all vn-
rightfull on his lefte syde. and all shall
be Juged after theyr actes or dedes. and
after theyr thoughtes as they haue be-
gynned in theyr bodyes. well othe euill.
ennne the good shal haue blysse eternal
d all the euill accursed shal haue and

his fader and wyf the holy
god. one essence. and one vny-
te. g
Jesus also of his Infynyte & odmore
of his excellent pite. & of his moost plen-
teuouse mercy. suffryd paicently moost
horryble payne and passyon. and deth
in his humanyte. for to redeme al man-
kynde And for this his Indicible. or no-
able to be spoken. and Inenarrable
not able to be talkyd or tolde. giete e-
lent and myghety kyndnesse. he despy-
of man but this pett. sayeng thus. Gen-
me thy herte and it suffreth to me /
May yt thou loue almyghety god. thy
bileuest and trustest in god: And thy tra-
and stedfaste bileue is but a thyngge de-
wythoute good werkes / Herfore eue-
man and woman doo euer good dedes
and haue good thoughtes. and that in
langage be good: And in case that bi-
mayne fragilyte or frepless thou tresp-
ayenst the comaundement of almygh-
god: yet se that thou dispayre not for
good lord of his habundaunt grace he
the gyue a lawe for trespallours. in thy
present lyfe. that is to saye. contrycyon
confessyon and satisfaccyon / And eue-
ry resonable creature takynge this wo-
maye be sure. that almyghety Cryst Je-
sus very god and man is medyatour. a
his perspyghte humanyte to the fader
and moost blesyd and Inestymable dy-
uynyte or deyte for all mankynde.

and such name that is of god. it sheweth
 it or signifieth the godly essence or be-
 yng. or it signifieth the godly. or diu-
 ine perfectyon. or it sheweth the diuine
 or godly persones. The names signifi-
 cinge. or betokenynge the diuine essence
 or beyng. ben callid names essenciales.
 The names whiche betoken. or signi-
 fy the diuine. or godly perfectyon. ben cal-
 led names perreccionalles. The names
 shewynge. betokenynge. or specyfynge
 the godly or diuine persones. ben namyd
 personalles or vocinalles. Thyle thre
 maneres of names. be dyuyded in to ma-
 ny other maneres of names. whiche of
 necessitye. ben to be leynyd of thyle grete
 and cunnynge doctours of theologie. or
 of diuynite. whiche ben to vs or of ryght
 myghte to be. techers and prechers of the
 worde of god incarnat: and to shewe vs
 an example of good lyfe bi thei vertuous
 luyng. and euer to be stronge & mygh-
 ty and redy defendours of our cristen fa-
 ith and of holy chirche bi their excellent
 perfyghte science and cunnynge. It is
 veryghte necessary to vs that lyue in thys
 our cristen faythe. to truste truly. and
 stedfastly to beleue. that the sone of the
 fader of heuen. whiche is without begyn-
 yng. coeternall to his fader. and to the
 holy ghost: by the hoole consent of thys
 blessed trinite. and one vnyte and by
 the operacyon of the holy ghost. he entred

doo to me after thy worde. Thus the
 blessed sone of god. not leuynge or forsak-
 yng the godhede. toke mankynde vnto
 the godhede. and is perfyghte god. or
 with his fader in godhede. he is also per-
 fyghte man. and in his manhede. he is
 lesse than his fader is. And in his man-
 hede he is in hebrewe namyd Jesus: in
 the tonge greke he is callid Sothter: and
 in latin he is called Saluator. And eu-
 ery name of thyle thre. in our langage
 to saye a. sauour. // He is also namyd
 Emanuel. whiche name by Interpreta-
 cyon in our langage. is to saye god is
 with vs. After his moost blessed natyuite.
 proued in his humanite that he was per-
 fyghte god. for he cowde all science. w-
 out ony teacher. He also chaungyd pur-
 water in to wyne. He gaue syghte to the
 man that was borne blynde. He sayd o-
 penly to the Jewes and to the Pharisee
 J. whiche speke to you. am the begyn-
 nyng. He fedde many thousandes of pe-
 ople. wyth fewe looues of brede & wyth
 fewe fisshes: The wynde & the see obey-
 ed to his comaundment. He repled Sa-
 zar fro dethe to lyfe whiche was four
 dayes deed and stynkyng in his graue
 40 thyle. and in many moo excellen-
 tmyracles. he shewed that he is perfyghte
 god. // He also shewed that he is perfyghte
 man. for he ete and dranke and slepte
 and soo toke encrease in nature.

Receptes.	fo. iij.	Cremon.	fo. i
Reces & games.	fo. eod.	Cryal.	fo. i
Proclamacion.	fo. eodem	Macabouris and be	fo. i
Prophesiers.	fo. eodem	Wardes.	fo. e
Religious persons.	fo. eod	Weyghtes and meale	fo. i
Regratours.	fo. eodem	Welshemen	fo. e
Reteynours.	fo. eodem	Whytregate.	fo. i
Septuagye.	fo. eodem	Wyrtple and wyrtple	fo. i
Serche.	fo. xx.		
Shyppinge.	fo. eod.		
Surcouours.	fo. eod	Molles.	fo. eod
Towues.	fo. xxv.	Worsted yarne.	fo. e
		Yonge beastes.	fo. e



FINIS.

Imprynted at Lond
in Fleetestrete at the sygne of
the George by me Wyl-
lyam Wpdylton.



Privilegie.

De Keyserlyche Maesteyt heeft toeghe-
laten te moghen dit teghenwoordich
Boeck (Celestina ghenaeemt) drucken en
vercoopen al omme in zijne Maesteyts Lan-
den/sonder daer aen yet te misdoene. Ghege-
uen te Brussel den vierentwintichsten Decer-
ber. 1549.

Onderteecken
Jacuwer;

bes/ & by the stryf therof is brede
schynge & ache/ And somtyme
yeth by the place is stoppyt & ma-
de by gaderyng of grete humours
the place is haled & rente other
to harde other skronke other to
stered/ And therfore it is sayde
Hicis Ypocratis. in the smale ryb-
bey be wythout ache and sore/
yf they be nesthe and well com-
y every syde it is good/ And yf
y. or haue the crampe & be drawe
rs as it sayth in the crampe/ yf
only other grete wappynge and
in ony of theym it be tokeneth
d sorowe other raupnge &
that is sorowe & febrile &

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Will. m. Myddellon's devic.

p.

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10

Een Tragicomedie van Calisto ende Melibea / In de welke (byten haren playfanten ende tueten in) haen ver-
renten oft fprekboorden ende veel wonderlike waerfton-
ingen bysonder door fongt gefellen be-
toonen haer meekheit ghelyck als in eenen claren fpiegel dat
groot bedroch vanden pyn-
ftrykers van ontrooven dienaar-
ende vanden Coppelerflen.

Nv eerst nieu getranslateert vvt den Spaensche in onfer gemeinder Duytscher fpraken.



Thantwerpen/

By Heyndrick Heyndrick/ op onfer vrouwen herhof / In de Teliebloeme 1574.

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and fedeth his byrdes. ¶ And her ges waren white and feble. ¶ An Egle hath this propriete that whi lytteth on a tree and resteth and l dyth ofte his claws and dreyeth they waren soft and nashe/for hi claws in stede of fwerdes ether fi he claws be hurt and greuyd. I cyth not gladly vpon a stone Soe he. ¶ And whan he resteth he be and closeth in the claws to be li and laued wythout harme and g doth the Lyon and beestes wyth claws to be so kepte and laued i harme and greue. ¶ Also libro i sayth that hole footed foules fpygh but fewe ¶ And alle foules wyth



12

fro henceforth that we begynne to people this no-
 ble cyte/to þe entente that ihe be not waste nor boy-
 de but enhabyted of ladyes of grete excellence/for
 we wyll none other people. ¶ How fortunate
 shall þe cytezynes of our cyte be/for they shall haue
 no nede to haue dyede nor doubte to be dyslodged
 of theyr possessyon by straügers. for this is þe pro-
 ppyete of our werke þe owners shall not nede
 to be put out. And now there is a newe femeny-
 ne royalme bygon/but it is moche more worther
 than that other was. for it shall nede þe ladyes
 lodged here goo out of theyr lande for to conceiue
 ne bynge for the newe heyres to maynteyne theyr
 possessyon by dyuers ages fro lygne to lygne. for
 it shall suffice ynoughe for euer of them þe we shall
 put in it nowe/for this is þe destyne of them/þe they
 shall neuer dye. And without fayle they shall aby-
 de in the same age/beaute/and freshnesse/ be they
 yonge or olde that we shall put therein. And when
 we haue peopled it with noble cytezynes. Dame
 Justyne my syster shall come after þe shall bynge
 thyder þe quene /aboue all other women moost ex-
 cellent/accompanied w pyncesses of grete dygny-
 te / whiche shall enhabyte þe moost hyghe places &
 hyghe dongeons. for it is good reason þe when þe
 quene shall come thyder that she fynde the cyte gar-
 nysshed & peopled of noble ladyes that holde re-
 ceive her with grete worthyp as theyr souerayne
 lady & Emperesse of all theyr kynde/ yet what cyte-
 zyns shall we put there/shall they be vnstable wo-

men or detained / certaynly nay / but they shal be al
 worshypfull women & of grete auctoryte. For mo
 re fayre people ne more grete aray may not be in a
 cyte than good women & worshypfull. Nowe ry
 se leese frende / nowe put the in busynes and go be
 fore / and lette vs seke them.



There Epine asketh of dame ryght wysnesse yf y
 be true y these bokes & these men sayth y the lyfe of
 maryage is harde to bere for y occasyon of womē
 & to theyr grete wronge. And ryght wysnesse an
 swereth & begynneth to speke of the grete loue of
 women to theyr husbandes. Ca. xiiij.



Then in goynge to seke the fore
 sayd ladyes by y ordynaunce
 of dame ryght wysnesse / in go
 ynge I sayd these wordes / ma
 dame wout fayle ye & reason
 haue assoyled & concluded soo
 wel & so fayre my questyons &
 demannendes y I can not replie
 no more / & I holde me ryght well enfourmed of y
 y I sought. And by you two I haue lerned ynou
 ghe howe al thynges able ought to be done & ler
 ned / as moche in strengthe of bodyes as in wysdo
 me of vnderstandynge / & yf al bertues be possyble
 to be executed by women. But yet I pray you y ye
 wolde telle & certysye me / yf it be true y these men
 say / & so many auctours bereth wytnesse thughe
 the whiche I am in ryght a grete thought / y the ly

fe of þ ordre of maryage be to men heuy & enuyrou
ned of so grete tempest by þ blame & importunyte
of Women & of theyr rauenous grete / as it is Wry
ten in many bokes / & people ynowe wytnesse it.
and that they loue theyr husbandes and theyr com
pany so lytell / þ nothyng noyeth them so moche /
by þ Whiche to voyde suche incouenyences / many
haue counsayled þ Wyse men þ they mary not / cer
tefyenge þ fewe of them be true in theyr partye / &
also Walere Wryteth to Rupyhyn / & Theophrastus
in his boke layth þ noo Wyse man ought to take a
Wyfe / for there is but lytell loue ... woman / but
grete charge & Janglynge. And yf þ mā do it
þ better serued & kepte in his lyknes / more better
& more truely a true seruaunt shall kepe hym & ser
ue hym / & shal not cost hym so moche. And yf þ Wo
man be lyke þ husbände is in grete sorowe / & dare
not speke one worde nyghe her. And ynoughe of
suche thynges he telleth Whiche sholde be to longe
to reherce / Wherfore I say myne owne lady that yf
these thynges be true / these defaultes be so grete þ
all þ grace & vertues þ they may haue be brought
to nought and quenched. ¶ Answer. Certes dere
frende so as þ thyselpe hath sayd somtyme to þ pur
pose þ one may lede a procelle well at his ease that
pledeyth without partye. And I promyse the that þ
bokes that so sayth Women made them not. But
I trowe þ he þ wolde make a newe booke þ were
true of the debate of maryage & þ he were enfour
med of þ trouthe one sholde fynde other tydynge

Wlas dere frende howe many Women be there as
thou knowest thyselfe y vseth theyr Wery lyfe in y
bande of maryage by the hardnesse of theyr husba
des in more greter penaunce than they were escla
ues amonge the sarazynes. Ha god howe many
harde betynges without cause & reason/howe ma
ny bylanous wronges & outragious bondages
suffreth many of these good and worshypfull wo
men whiche all crye not out an harowe/and suche
y dye for hungre/and for myseale/& theyr husban
des ben at the tauerne/and in other dysolute pla
ces/

Women shall be beten at theyr
wyng home/and that shal be theyr souper. And
I say y these husbandes ben ouy thyngge so rowful
for the spokenesse of theyr wyues. I praye the my lo
ue where be they. And without that/ y I say more
to the/thou mayst knowe well y these sclaudres
sayd agaynst women who so saythe it they were
y be thynges founde & sayd of byolence & apenste
trouthe. For the husbandes ben maysters ouer the
women/ & not y women theyr maystresses/so they
wolde neuer suffre suche auctozite of theyr wyues
But I promyse the y all maryages be not mayn
teyned in suche contentes it were grete damage.
for there ben some that lyueth in peasyblenesse/lo
ne/and trouthe togyder/by that that y partyes be
good & dyscrete/and reasonable/though it be not
of euill husbandes. There ben ryght good / wor
shypfull/and wyse/and that the women that me
teyth with them lyueth as to the glory of y worlde

I did my self prouoke:
Therefore to trie and proue my wife,
I did my witts assaie:
And soz to byyng thesame to passe,
I sought the fittest waie.
Whiche was when lightsome *Phæbus* had,
his Chariot drawne to West:
And darksome night, bothe man and beast,
prouoked had to rest.
As I in slumbyng bed did lye,
daine Natures rest to take:
And that my wife I chaunst to spie,
twixt sleape and halfe awake.
I then began to sigh and sob,
with many a greuous grone:
The whiche she hearyng, straight did aske,
wherefore I made suche mone.
I vtterynge many freendly wordes,
betweene vs bothe that tyme:
At last my fained greefes to shewe,
I did my self incline.
And vnto her I thus beganne,
my louyng wife (O I)
In whom my trust and confidence,
doeth rest mooste stedfastly.
The onely co-fort of my care,
my helpe in deepe distresse:



luc.
ide:

But

Alas dere frende howe many Women be there as
thou knowest thyselfe þ vbleth they? Wery lyfe in þ
bande of maryage by the hardnesse of they? husbā
des in more greter penaunce than they were escla
ues amonge the sarazynes. Ha god howe many
harde betynges without cause & reason/howe ma
ny bylanous wronges & outragious bondages
suffreth many of these good and worshypfull wo
men whiche all crye not out an harowe/and suche
þ dye for hungre/and for mysease/& they? husban
des ben at the tauerne/and in other dysolute pla
ces/and women shall be beten at they?
pryue home/and that shal be they? souper. And
I say þ these husbandes ben ony thyng so odful
for the spokenesse of they? wyues. I praye the my lo
ue where be they. And without that/þ I say more
to the/thou mayst knowe well þ these sclaudres
sayd agaynst women who so saythe it they were
& be thynges founde & sayd of vyolence & ayenste
trouthe. for the husbandes ben maysters ouer the
women/& not þ women they? maystresses/so they
wolde neuer suffre suche auctoryte of they? wyues
But I promyse the þ all maryages be not mayn
teyned in suche contentes it were grete damage.
for there ben some that lyueth in peasiblenesse/lo
ue/and truthe togyder/by that that þ partyes be
good & dyscrete/and reasonable/though it be not
of euill husbandes. There ben ryght good / wor
shypfull/and wyse/and that the women that me
teeth with them lyueth as to the glory of þ worlde

to me thy Housband deare:
And thou a faithfull Wife hast been,
to me this many a yere.
Therefore thy iust request to graunt,
I maie not well denie:
Sith that thy long approued truth,
is needelesse now to trie.
Then bende to me thy trustie eares,
and soone I shall thee shewe:
The cause of my distressed harte,
whence all my greefe doeth growe.
This other daie, ah greefe (quoth I)
my lucklesse waie I tooke:
Unto my studie all alone,
my charge to ouer looke.
Whereas the Emprours sonne I left,
with care his booke to keepe;
But at my commyng found hym still,
at playe or els a sleepe.
Thus followyng fast his wanton will
while I did little saie:
He thought it small offence God knowes,
to loyter euery daie.
When I perceiued this abuse,
in hym so fast to flowe:
I gan to chide that he his tyme,
so vaine ly did bestowe.

But

be founde, eche man doeth knowe:
When stingyng Snakes, in gardens creep
where sweetest flowres growe.
Some me through lust, constrained at length,
a Ladies loue doeth craue:
Whiche beyng got with hatefull harte,
they vse her like slaue.
But I that craues thy freendly grace,
with faithfull true intent:
My wordes and deedes shall still agree,
till linyng life be spent.
And thus I ende my dolefull tale,
and secretes of my smarte:
And till I see thy face againe,
farewell myne owne sweete harte.

*Thy trustie true and faithfull freende,
Doeth vnto thee his letter sende:*

*Accept the same therefore deare dame,
Euen for his sake from whence it came.*

¶ Beyng falsely accused to his Ladie, by the subtil inuention of certaine flatterers: he desireth her, not to giue ouer greate credite therunto, protesting himself to remaine constant for euer.

A Las my deare, what neede you thus to die,
your truest freend, in sorowes so to lide:
Who bowes hymself to you, or none aliue,
by faithfull othe, that euer should abide.

But

and speeche, well gotten to the minde:
gone, and in their wonted place,
made with frowning brows I finde.
makes me muse, to talke a thyng so straunge:
so short, to seee suche sobaine chaunge.
se Report, amazed make you stande,
uttering tales, your fancie forth doeth leade:
not in haste, condemne not out of hande,
for you heare the poore Defendant pleade.
truer was, there is, or euer shall:
Christ himself, could haue good wordes of all.
with patience waite, till tyme my truehe doe trie,
in as you finde, doe so your verdit giue:
in wisdom seeke, their subtile sleighes to spie,
till that tyme, let me your seruaunt liue.
stormes of strife, shall moue my minde to starte:
making thee cheefe Distresse of my harte,
ache steadfast trust, and hope I haue in thee,
in set not thou thy seruaunt in disdaine:
inuidious speeche, thinke not the worst of mee,
from thy Faith, reuolt not backe againe.
shall I rest thy seruaunt iust and true:
e life doeth last, and thus my deare adue.

FINIS.

The Louer hauing aduenue, his Ladie,
craueth for pardon.

That I beleue assuredly they wyrt nothing but in
And I my selfe but lyttle more then. xi. yeares of age
An Englysh may borne also, by nature nothing sage
Onles shuld dedlyne from all my progeny
Whose myth theye mery worke, wyll shew and tellye
Syth my mother tongue I dyd well vnderstande
I had no maner of delight in storres of this lande
Whych beyng true in dede, no meruayle was at all
Though that my cuntrey womes actes, to mynde I can
yet hat there bene within my tyme for nede I colde the
That for the loue they bare to men, refused no kynde of
Theyr husbandes whylest in pryson lay, trasgressors of
Deseruyng in death for theyre offence, and beyng still
Haue pised to the pise, of the chych through and trust
As gree to chylde as they myght goe there in you may see
And neuer ceased vntyl they cam, vnto the rulers face
And meekely knelyng on the knees, obteyned had the
And set theyr husbandes free agayne who had none oth
To ende theyr lyues no kynde of waye but only by the
And in the tyme that Bullayne was, besegede wyth our
I know yet certayne that do lyue, that went out of our
Left theyr frendes & kynnsfolke eke to Bullayne toke th
vnto theyr husbandes & their louers, skant resting nio
vntyl they had accomplished theyr iourney with gree
where whē one found her husbād wel. iiii. found their lo
what heauy hartes had they, that founde theyr loue
Small ioye I thynke they wold haue had, an other
what teares were shedde by them, what syghinge fr
what sodayne sorow, heuynes, anguish, griefe
Suffred those poore soules, no pen can write
Nor hart can thynke nor wyrt deuyle, the lo

ning neuer compare it I may well,
there is therein, the fock therof can tell
two chinges if that the choise offree were to
of them they one I must chuse no remedie
with loue or els the plage to haue
I wold first chuse of both so god me saue
within a weeke releseeth all the payne
the harte tyll death doth ityll remaine
a loue might, accomplish nestores yeares
d thre hundred winter long, in authors as appears
duers time shuld fele the woe and smart
more heuye then the ledde lyeth at the louers harte
it may wel affyrme, which tryed haue the same
more as well as I, that coult it now no game,
ages well waued then yf men of stomock stoult
to intollerable I put you out of dout
uale it ys I promise you that womens febbles
beare out so well, their dolefull heauyness
tendrehartes were oft lyke for to brast
teares of water sault distilled from them fall
besydes they selfes with loue are oft certayne
more ppyt ys with vs there do reindine
there is perchaunce that will of me enquire
much that any man with loue is set a fire
with the same may or can take skath
to be a thing which chaunceth very rath
men and women loue, why do they disagree
geche to other, this daunger they may flee
unswered diuers wayes, and first of al by
what degre, so euer that he is

m 9
15

E. B. Carmen Sapphicum

VIn leui lector precio libellum,
Atq; thesaurum potius parare,
Qui Midæ gazas superat, Luculli
Diuitis aurum?

Ac docens te triplice sensa mentis
Eloqui lingua: eximias phrascsq;
Qui tibi ignaro Copiæ ministrat
Diuite cornu?

Hanc Higginii suscipe, volue, quære
Sume, compara, lege, verte librum,
Magna nam vobis minimo labore
Commoda reddet.



Thomas Churchyarde

Give learninge laude, that burnes like lampe, in dimme and darkest soyles,
Which precious Pearle shal shewe it selfe, and craues no forged soyles.
And where doth knowledge fauour finde, but where some vertues budde.
Dir fountaine runnes with gushing streames, and flowes like Nilus floudde.
Dir foes are frowarde minded men, whose blindnes cannot see,
The blasing beames and skilfull artes, of those that learned bee.
Wee reade that Kinges gaue place and fame, to Poetes graue and sage,
And such as could set forth good bookes, were like in euery age.
Dionisius ho- And such as could set forth good bookes, were like in euery age.
noured Plato. A tyrante honorde Plato sure, and with a triumphe great,
Vespasianus a Did seche him in, and made the man, to sitte neare Princes seate.
couetous king, In other king whose greedye minde, like glutton gapte for goulde,
gaue . 1500. To make good scholes and scholers both, great treasure giue hec woulde.
crownes yeare To euery maister that did teache, lo howe a sparinge hande
ly, to the may- Did singe forth fruite, in hope thereby, to frame a learned lande.
ster of euery A kinge whose conquest clapynde renowne, for one bare worke did reilde,
schole. Whose crownes of goulde then in one Campe, are men to fight a fælde.
Alexander. The selfe same Prince layde Homers workes, as pillowe for his hedde,
And for companion did he holde, this booke about his bedde.
Cæsars Com. The same that mightye Cæsar gaue, to learned men is knowne,
Who in his life at leysure wrote, a volume of his owne.
These proues are Of Kinges and Captaynes could I shewe, a swarme which knowledge sought.
to be founde, in Whose workes recoorde what vertues rare, maye resse in noble thought.
Chelidomus Ti- Then thinke the beste you lookers on, of those that taketh parnes,
gurinus Institu- Or please in place and playe a part, to shewe your cunnynge barnes.
tion of Princes. In idle heade maye soone finde faulte, but that no glozre is
Till better skill, with iudgement deepe, attempt to mende the misse.
The ladier doth deserue his hyer, a writers chiefe rewarde
Is that with comlye quiet woordes, his woordes ye do regarde.
Thus booke passe on, thowoe euery hande that can thee gentlye vse,
The wrangling heade, and hatefull house, thou freelye mayst refuse.
Since he ment well that set thee forth, where calmye windes do blowe,
Repayre and bid thy maister secke, in place where he shall goe
A patrone that doth learninge loue, and hates no giste of grace,
To keepe this booke from busy byaynes, that woulde this worke deface.
Which worke well waped the wyse will like, and such as learninge craue,
From Scholers penne and Printers shoppe, a schole of rules may haue,
For frenche and Latin as it faules, and as men list to looke,
I saye no more the worke it selfe, shal serue to prayse the booke.

FINIS.

This same is he/ Whiche by his bad counsell
 Callleth our prince/ to be to vs to sell
 Thys same is he/ Whiche rayleth deme and tax
 This same is he/ Whiche strapneth men on racks
 This same is he/ Whiche callleth all this war
 Thys same is he/ Whiche al our welth doth mar
 This is of cor'ns/ the veray dedly mall
 Whiche With these charges/ thus dothe oppres vs al
 Who hym displeth/ he beteth all to dust
 Thys same is he/ Whiche killith whom hym lust
 That all the deuyls/ of hell/ hym hence carry
 That we no lenger/ endure his tyranny
 Thys ys the honour/ and al the reuerence
 Spurn vnto them/ when they be frome presence
 But in suche honour/ who euer hathe delyte
 Whiche is fralldfull/ so faynt and vmpartyte
 I am nat a ferde/ to call hym mad i blynde
 And a very fole/ or els a lot of kynde

Coridon

Comix my frende/ thou spekest noll to playne
 I fere lest thys gere/ shall tourne vs vnto payne
 If any man be nere/ be styll a while i harke

Comix

I fere nat at all/ noll I am set on warke
 Besyde thys Coridon/ in court most parte doth dwel
 flateres and lpers/ Coriers of fauell
 juggelers and dezers and suche a schamful rable
 Which for a dynner/ lalld men no thyng laudable
 But men circumspect/ which be dyscrete and wyle
 Doth suche vayne/ lalldes vtterly despyle

And bitj. dayes they dwellyd styll
 Hauyng all the hyl at wyl
 Boccus was hethen and knew
 God that heuyn wrought
 He beleuyd all in ydolatre
 And in fals ymagere
 Sydrac beleuyd in the Trynyte
 Keepyng his comaundment with d
 The kyng Boccus where he pede
 His mamets with hym dede lede
 And vpon the eyghten day
 Upon the hyl wher they lay
 They warre clen don
 The kyng made redy a pauplyon
 And his goddes forth fet
 Eche one in his place set
 There were they set in molde
 Both of syluer and golde
 And among them there was one
 Rychest of them euerychone
 Of golde and syluer comly to se
 Hvest amon hem stode he
 Most had in honoure
 Among all that there boore
 Bestes the kyng forth gan caull
 To make sacryfyce with all
 He toke Sydrac by the hande
 With other lordes of his lande
 To the pauplyon they went
 The bestes were there present
 There very fat he toke truly
 Knyng hym with his knyfe redey

Belongs to the same
 like. Barclays etc.

From Brichas & Sadrack
 by J. Godfrey. n.d.

supportepon/ of right and equite
in defendynge the churche and comonte
other actis common or private
hich sounde to worshyp/ these make a state
suche true honour/ felbe prynces do desire
noure do they/ whiche in the court them serue
all almoste/ be of mysgouernaunce
or no good do they/ except it be by chaunce



Coridon


at the leste waye suche men reputed be
den of great honour/ amonge the comonte
Whyle suche walke in court or in strete
the man inclyneth/ whiche them doth se or mete
eithe the bonet/ a becke at euery worde
e man must nedys/ gyue place vnto my lord
his degre/ birth/ or promocyon
uche of the comons/ hane salutacion
shortly to say/ men do them more honour
han to the fygure/ of Chryste our sayour

Comix

as thou sayst/ forsooth my Coridon
harke what they say/ at last whan men be gone
they salute them/ in the deuyls name
d pray vnto god/ that they may dye with shame
so doth many/ by tourment and dolour
an fpyl fortune/ lyklyth on them to lour
suche as dothe stoupe/ to them before their face
ueth them a moche/ whan they be out of place
one dothe whysper/ soft in an others ere
sayth this spray is feller than

now that we shall fare
ylde countre where we are
ey all fourth wente
a great parlymente
as one that there spake 158
I tell you this Sydrac
lyth y kyng thys werke to begyne
ght vs here it for to wyne
hym may it nought
pose to ende be brought
ugh his enchauntment
with fyre hath brente
e lesse I rede that we
I that he delueryd be
in we haue that we sought
our countre a gayne brought
our purpose on our enmyes
all the kyng by my aduylse
m drawyn and haungyd to be
to our god he hath done felone
entyd to that conclucion
de to the kyng of iacyon
the kyng chose hym i. n
nost sagyst men
them to Sydrac go
that the kyng was wo
ould so be pryloned
yf he wyll my ioyney spede
or gyue the trespas
ne to my god was
ic answered truly thus


Myghty fader in heuen on yve
 One god and perſones thre
 That made bothe daye & nyght
 And after as it was thy wyll
 Thy nowne ſone thou ſente vs tyll
 In a mayden to lyght
 Syth the Jeroes that were wyld
 Hanged hym that was ſo mylde
 And to dethe hym dyght
 Whan he was deed the ſothe to ſaye
 To lyfe he roſe on the thyrde daye
 Throgh he hys owne myght
 Then to helle he wente anone 
 And toke out ſoules many one
 Out of that holde he hent
 Maugre the fendes that were bolde
 He toke the pryſoners out of holde
 With them to heuen he wente
 On his faders ryght hande he hym ſette
 That all ſholde knowe withouten lette
 That he was omnypotente
 And after wyſdome he was ſent
 That all ſholde kepe his commaundement
 And for to byleue in hym verray
 That is our ſauoure
 That bozne was of that blyſſed floure
 That hyght Mary I ſaye
 That ſhall vs deme withouten myſſe
 Some to payne and ſome to blisſe
 At mery full homes dave

The lady commaunded anone ſoone
 That the gates were vndone
 And byng them all before me
 For well at eaſe ſhall they be
 They toke theyr pages horſe and all
 Theſe two men wente in to the hall
 Ipomydon on knees hym ſet
 And the lady ſayde he gret
 I am a man of ſtraunge countre
 And praye you yf it your wyll be
 That I myght dwell with you this yere
 Of your nurture for to lere
 I am come out of ferre lande 
 For I herde tell before hande
 Of your nurture and your ſerupſe
 Is holden of ſo grete empyſe
 I praye you that I may dwell here
 Some of your ſerupce for to lere
 The lady behelde Ipomydan
 And ſemed well a gentyll man
 She knewe none ſuche in all her lande
 So goodly a man and well farande
 She ſawe alſo by his nurture
 He was a man of grete valure
 She caſt full ſoone in her thought
 That for no ſerupſe cam he nought
 But it was woſhypp her vnto
 In her ſerupſe hym to do

uppon ayn of right and couite
in the court of chauce and comonte
of the court of chauce and comonte
hich forde to worthe the in the state
suche true honour felbe pynnes do deeme
noure do they whiche in the court them seme
all almoste he of mysgouernance
or no good do they except it be by chaunce

Coridon

at the lesse waye suche men reputed be
den of great honour amonge the comonte
Whyle suche walke in court or in strete
the man indyneth whiche them doth se or mete
the the bonet a becke at euery worde
the man must nedys gyue place vnto my lord
the degree birth or promocyon
uche of the comons haue salutacion
shortly to say men do them more honour
han to the figure of Chyste our sayour

Comix

as thou sayst forsooth my Coridon
harke what they say at last whan men be gone
they salute them in the deuyls name
d pray vnto god that they may dye with shame
to doth many by tourment and dolour
an fpyl fortune lyketh on them to lour
suche as dothe stoupe to them before their face
ueth them a moche whan they be out of place
one dothe whysper soft in an others ere
saye this pray is feller than

now that we shall fare
ylde countre where we are
ey all fourth wente
a great parlymente
as one that there spake
I tell you this Sydrac
lyth & kyng thys werke to begyne
ight vs here it for to wyne
t hym may it nought
pole to ende be brought
ugh his enchauntment
with fyre hath brente
leasse I rede that we
that he despyred be
in we haue that we sought
our countre a gayne brought
our purpose on our enmyes
all the kyng by my aduylse
m drawyn and haungyd to be
to our god he hath done felone
entyd to that conclucion
de to the kyng of lacyon
the kyng chose hym ien
nost sayst men
them to Sydrac go
that the kyng was too
ould so be prysoned
yf he wyll my ioyney spede
or gyue the trespass
ne to my god was
ic answered truly thus

So giue and Joye for aye
Now Ihesu as thou bought vs dere
Giue them Joye this gest wyll here
And herken on a ryght
Some men loueth to here tell
Of doughty knyghtes that were fel
And some of ladyes byght
And some myracles that are tolde
And some of venterous knyghtes olde
That for our lord dyde fyght
As Charles dyde that noble kynge
That hethen downe dyde bynge
Thrughe the helpe of god almyghty
He wanne fro the hethen houndes
The spere and nayles of crystes woundes
And also the crowne of thorne
And many a ryche relyke mo
Maugre of them he wanne also
And kyllled them euen and mozne
The turkes and the paynyng bolde
He felled doune many a folde
Durst none stande hym befozne
Charles gan them so affraye
That the catuyes myght curse the daye
And the tyme that they were bozne





NOW Machamye þe turke vntrue
 To our lord crist Ihesu
 And to his lawe also
 Many crysten men slayne hath he
 And wane constantyne that noble cyte
 Wyth many townes mo
 He brente and slewe / aud leste none on lyfe
 Neyther man / chylde / ne wyfe
 To dethe he made them go
 youge Innocentes that neuer dyde gylte
 That false turke hath them spylte
 He played the kyng Pharao
 All the stretes of Constantyne

The lady commaunded anone soone
 That the gates were vndone
 And bryngge them all before me
 For well at ease shall they be
 They toke theyr pages horse and all
 These two men wente in to the hall
 Jpompdon on knees hym set
 And the lady sayde he gret
 I am a man of straunge countre
 And praye you pf it your wyll be
 That I myght dwell with you this yere
 Of your nurture for to lere
 I am come out of ferre lande
 For I herde tell before hande
 Of your nurture and your scruple
 Is holden of so grete empysse
 I praye you that I may dwell here
 Some of your scruple for to lere
 The lady behelde Jpompdan
 And semed well a gentyll man
 She knewe none suche in all her lande
 So goodly a man and well farande
 She sawe also by his nurture
 He was a man of grete valure
 She cast full soone in her thought
 That for no scruple cam he nought
 But it was worshyp her vnto
 In her scruple hym to do

There coude no man hys fote downe sette
 I gyue you knowlege Withouten lette
 But on a deed body
 The crysten men wente to wake
 The churches & our ymages they brake
 That were made of stones and tree
 The crucyfix of our sauoure
 They kest it downe With dysshonre
 And also our lady
 They slewe our prestes at the masse
 Goddes men had no grace
 They kylled them doune in euery stede
 Bothe preestes & clarkes they put to dede
 Within godes holy place
 The turkes kene with shelde and spere
 Our preestes before the hye aultre
 They ranne throught in a rage
 Many gan dye for crystes loue
 Angelles theyr soules bare aboue
 To blisse and moche solace
 Thus the turke the wecked quede
 Christen people he put to dede
 And lefte fewe vpon lyue
 The hethen cryed With grete dyspyte
 On mahounde and Mpychampte
 The turkes men full ryue
 There was none that durst on Ihesu crye
 But they were taken and slayne in hye
 Anone and hat byleue

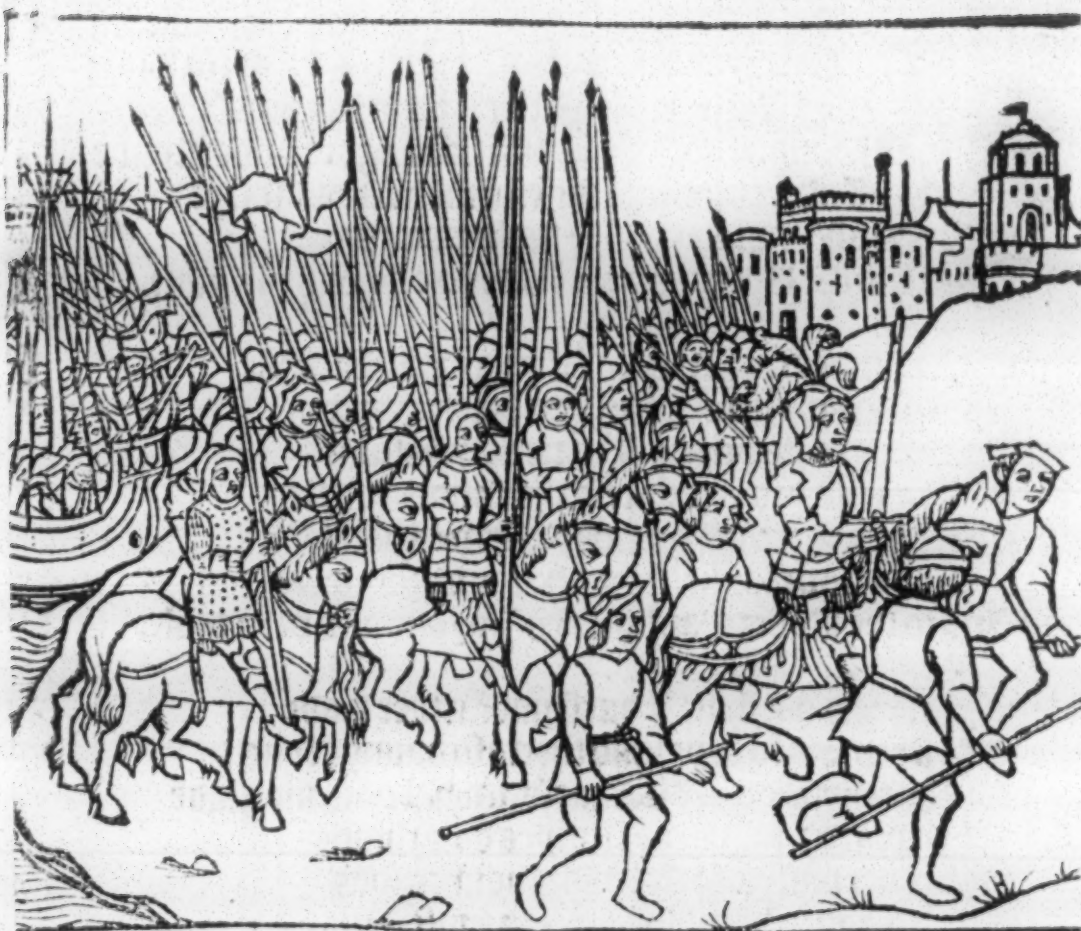
In this countrey he made dwell
 And at y^e wyll for to lye
 Of the cup ye shall set vpon
 And all your men with y^e shall be
 Ye may dwell here at your wyll
 But your betyng be full yll
 Madame he sayd graunt me
 He thanked the lady courteysly
 She commaunded hym to merye
 But o^r he sate in ony fere
 He salued them bothe grete and small
 As a gentylman holde in hall
 All they sayd soone anone
 They sawe neuer so goodly a persone
 He so lyght ne so glad
 He none that so ryche araye had
 There was none that sate nor yede
 But they had meruayle of his dede
 And sayd he was no lytell syre
 That myght shewe suche atyre
 Whan they had eten and grace sayd
 And the table awaye was layd
 Up than arose Jpomydone
 And to the buttry he wente anone
 And his mantell hym aboute
 On hym looked all the reute
 And euery man sayd to other there
 Wyll ye se the proude squyere

19

Well than there is no reason therof why
 But because he is the thyng omnipotent
 And is in him self so suffycient
 And nedyrth the helpe of no nothyr thyng
 To the helpe of hys glorious being
 But euery other thyng hath nede of his ayde
Mary that is very trowth & well sayde
 And lykwyse y thyng that hath most nede
 Is the thyng that is most wretched
 So suffycyency is euer noblenes
 And necessity is euer wretchednes
 And he that hath more nede of that thyng
 For the pseruacyon of hys lyuyng
 Then his felow hath his felow must ned^e be
 By thys same reason more noble than he
 What than. **I**d. by the same reason it puieth lo
 ye be but captyf & wretched both two
 And by the same reason pue **I** shall
 That **I** am the noblyst man of vs all
 For **I** haue nede of no maner thyng
 That ye can do to help of my lyfuyng
 For euery thyng whereby ye do lyf
I norysch it & to you both do gyf
I plow **I** tyll & **I** ster the ground
 wherby **I** make the corn to habounde
 whereof ther is made both drynk & bred
 wyth the which dayly ye must nedis be fed
I norysch the catell & fowlys also
I ysch & herbis & other thyngis mo
 fell herr & woll whych the bestis do bere
I norysch & preserue which ye do were
 which yf ye had not no dowl ye shuld
 Starue for lak of clothis because of colde
 So both you shulde die or lyue in necessity
 If ye had not confort & help of me
 And as for your fyne cloth & costly aray
I cannot see whi ye ought or mai
 Call your self noble because ye were it
 which was made bi other menis labour & wit
 And also your dilicate drinkis & viand
 Bi other menis labours be made so pleasand
 Therefore mayster marchaunt now to you **I** sei
I can not see but **I** am able
 Lyf wythout you or your p

If thou canst answere my reason do
 That can I well doo. ¶ Then go to sole go to
 I say the comyn well of euery land
 In fete of marche. unt dysle doth pryncypally stand
 For if oure comoditees be vtteryd for nought
 In to strange landis and no ryches brought
 Wyder therefore / we shuld come to beggary
 And all men dryffyn to lyf in mysery
 The we noble marchauntis that in this reame be
 What a grete welth to thys land do we
 We vtter our wares & by theyrs good chepe
 And bryng them hyder that grete pffet
 And pleasure dayly comyth to this regyon
 Too all maner people that here do won
 Forthermore ye see well w your eyes
 That of strayne landis the comodytees
 We haue such neede of them that be there
 That in no wyse we may them for bere
 As oyle sylkis frutis & spyces also
 Golde syluer pryn & other metallis moo
 All drammys & druggys longyng to physyke
 Whych men must needes haue when they be seke
 Whych in thys reame can not well grow
 Our cōtreys is to colde & not hote I now
 W out whych thyngis we shulde lyfe in mysery
 And oft tymes for lak of them we shulde dye
 And I spende my studi & labour continually
 And cause such thyngis to come hyder dayly
 For the comfort of thys land & comen welth
 And to all the people grete pffet & helth
 And for such noble dedys reason wyll than
 That I ought to be callyd a noble man
 And nother of you both that here now be
 In noblenes may accompare w me
 Now well hit by goddes body well hit
 Of one that hath but lyttyll wyt
 Answere me one worde furst I pray the
 What is the noblest thyng that can be
 What saist thou therto thi self let see
 Is not y the noblyst thyng in dede
 That of all other thyngis hath lest neede
 As god which reynith etern in blyss
 Is not he the noblest thys
 Yes mary no man in r
 ¶ Is
 I can that deny

Thou art not honest I tell the playnly
To make any quatrel here so sodaynly
To pturb our comunycatyon
Here ye may se syres by goddys passyon
Two proude folys make a crakkyng
And when it comyth to poynt dare d no thyng
Our comyng hyder & our entent
 ys not to fyght but by way of argument
Euery man to shew hys oppinon
To see who coude shew the best reason
To proue hyin self noble & most gentylman
By god all the reasons syth ye began
That ye haue made therof be not worth a fly
No syr I pray he than tell me why
Ifurst as touchyng noblenes I say
Ther is nother of you both dyd pue or lay
Ony of your actys wherby that ye
 Shulde in reason pue you noble to be
Or therby deserue any maner praylyng
But all the effect of your arguyng
To proue your noblenes was but only
Of the deddys & ar of your auncestry
And of the act that your auncestours dtd before
 ye at the noblec neuer the more
If as touchyng my self I dare make com
Of as noble dedys as he hath any done
For I am & haue ben one of the cheualry
At the comaundement of my prynce euer redy
And euery tyne of warr haue be captayn
And leder of a .M. men or thwayne
 w hors & harnes spere and sheld
 e Jopdyd my body in euery felde
 of my landys haue spende lyberally
 ept a gretche house continually
 p to ponysh theuys & brybers alwey
 ete tranquylte of my contray
 naister marchaunt wyl neuer take labour
 for your pff and lucoure
 e. marchaunt
 yth you a taunt
 n answere well
 de Tak Jouell
 so substancyally
 able to reply



Capitulum. CC. xix.



Allyan Duke of
Normandy Surna-
med Cōquerour Bast
Sone of Robert / The
vi. Duke of that sayde
re / and neuewe vnto Edwar-
fessor as before is shewed /
Domynton ouer this Realme
de. The. xv. daye of October
of our Lordes Incarnacion
the. iv. yere of y^e firste Wynt-
er of France / And was
synge of the same vpon Criste
fellowynge of Aldredus
of y^e rike / For somoche as
Stigandus Archebischop
was then absent

lande / He betoke the gydyng the
his brother the Bysshop of Bayon
in Lent folowynge sayled into No-
dy / and led with hym the Chiefrul
England / For doute of sturryinge
me of his absence / amonge the whi-
ii. Erles Morcarus & Edwyf R
of Northumberlande and Mercy
re. ii. with also Stigandus and E-
re Ethelynge. ¶ To the whiche S-
dus Wyllyam shewed great reuei
countenaunce of fauoure / but all p-
to great discymulacion after as w-
wed by the depyryng of the say-
gandus & prysonnement of hym in
chester Towne by a longe terme
son. In the nexte Wynter whan
am had sped his besynesse in No-
dy / He retourned into England
and sette a newe



Direly haken my hande/my pen warily vnde
 Forweryed and tyed/seynge this werke so longe
 The Auctours so Rare/and so ferre to Culle
 Dymme and derke/and straunge to vnderstonde
 And ferre oute of tune/to make trewe songe

The Storpes and yeres/to make accordeant
 That it to the Reder/myght shewe trewe and plesaunt.

But vnder correccion/all thyng may be borne
 And so I remytte it/to suche as been experte
 Prayinge to theym/as I haue done befozne
 To fauoure and correcte/so that vnder couerte
 Of theyr proteccion/this maye shewe aperte
 Holsome and playne/fruytefull and profytable
 And to the Reders/and herers Joyous and delectable.

For were nat that/I durst nat farther wade
 The streame is so depe/and therto so daungerous
 But one thyng there is/that somewhat doth me glade
 The great daunger/and storpes doughtous
 Been ouer passed/so that moze bounteuous
 The Auctours been/and moze manyfestly
 The storpes folowynge/they doon certyfy.

Wherfoze as befoze/to you I dyd promyse
 This. vii. partenowe I woll take on hande
 Besechynge alwayes/in moost humble wyse
 The welle of bountie/that flowe mooste odozande
 By whose humylytie/man firste comforte fande
 And was redemed/from his Captiuytie
 This parte to synge/he/she wyll myn helper be.

And bynge to ende/this werke that I haue take
 On hande to wryte/only of entent
 To bynge to lyght/and for it shulde nat shake
 The olde honoure/that to Englande was ment
 Of famous wryters/whiche haue theyr duytes sent
 Vnto theyr folowers/all byces to subdue
 Honoure to meynstayne/and to exalte vertue.



There after foloweth the story of Duke William Conqueror

Et se ta viande est de grant pris
 Beware the oz thou arte nat wyse
 Garde toy ou tu nays pas sage
 Speake no worde styll ne lowde
 Ne parle mout ne bas ne hault
 Of pease and curtesy loke that thou speake
 De payr et courtoysie garde que tu parles
 And at the table make good chere
 Et en la table fays bonne chere
 And loke thou rowne nat in any yere
 Et garde toy de descouter en nulle ozeille
 And with thy fyngers thou touche noz tast
 Et avec tes doys tu ne touches ne tastes
 They meet and loke thou make no waste
 Ta viande et te garde que tu ne la degastis
 Loke thou neither laugh ne grynne
 Garde que tu ne ris ne rechignes
 If thou mysse speke thou mayst do synne
 Se tu mesparles tu peulx fayne peche
 For many wordes be nat commendable
 Car plusieurs parolles ne sont poynt conuenables
 And in especial at thy maysters table
 Et en especial a la table de ton maystre
 Take hede thou spylle neither meate noz drynke
 Garde que tu ne gastes ne boyz ne menger
 But set it downe faire and styll
 Mays met la bas bel a cop
 Kepe the clothe fayne before the

B.iii.

①

The Wicked Child.

yet to my Soone I praye God to sende
 Because therunto me Nature doth bynde:
 Though he hath offended, a better ende,
 Then Cupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde.
 And nowe I shall longe euer anone,
 Tyll some of those quarters come rydynge byther,
 Unto the which my Sonne is gone,
 To knowe how they do lyue togyther.
 But I am fastynge, and it is almost noone
 And more than tyme that I had dyed:
 Wherfore from hence I will go soone,
 I thinke by this tyme, my meate is burned.



12. 11. 1040 R
 12. 11. 1040 R

Where the Wyche man goeth out, and in
 cometh the yongman his sonne with the
 yongwoman, beyng both married.

From the Morality of "The disobedient child" p. by J. Colville

Ne mors poynt ta viande may's la trenche nette
 Be well ware that no dzoppe be sene
 Garde toy bien que nulle goutte sayt veue
 whan thou eatest gape nat to wyde
 Quant tu menges ne baille poynt trop large
 That thy mouthe may be sene on euey syde
 Que ta bouche ne soyt veue de chascune coste
 And sonne beware the of one thyng
 Et filz garde toy dune chose
 Blowe nat on thy meate/ne in thy dzynke
 Ne soufle poynt en ta viande ne en ton boyze
 And if thy lord dzynke at that houre
 Et se ton seigneur boyt a celle heure
 Dzynke thou nat but hym abyde
 Ne boy poynt may's attens se
 Be it at euen o: be it at none
 Soynt au vespere ou soit a nonne
 Dzynke thou nat tpyl he haue done
 Ne boye pas tant quil ayt fait
 Upon thy trenchour no fylthe thou se
 Dessus tot trenchouer nulle o: dure ne boy's
 It is uat honest I tell the
 Il nest pas honest ie te le dis
 Ne dzynke nat behynde no mannes backe
 Ne boy poynt derriere le dos de nul homme
 In no maner wyse/en nulle maniere ne gypse
 For if thou do thou arte to be dyspraysed
 Car se tu le fays tu es a despraiser

And be neuer to hastye
 Et iamays ne soyés trop hastye
 Caste nat the bones in to the floze
 Ne iecte pas tes os en layze
 But lay them fayre on thy trenchoure
 Mays couche les beau sur ton trenchouet
 Kepe clene thy clothes befoze the
 Garde ta robe nette deuant toy
 And syt the styll what so happen
 Et te tiens assys quiconque surutenne
 Tyll grace be sayd vnto thende
 Jus ques le graces soyent dictes en la syn.
 Loke the moze worthyer than thou
 Regarde le plus digne que toy.
 washe afoze the and that is thy pzoze
 Laue deuant toy et cela est ton profit
 And spytte nat in thy basyn
 Et ne crache poynt en ton basbyn
 My swete sonne whan thou wasthest therin
 Mon doulx filz quant tu auras laue dedens
 Arise vp softli and styl/leues toy sy en pays et quot
 And iangle neither with Jacke ne Gylle
 Et ne iangle poynt avec Jacquet ne Gullet
 But take thy leaue of thy lorde louyngly
 Mays prens congie de ton seygneur amouresment
 And thanke hym with thyn herte hyghly
 Et le mercie de ton cueur haultement
 And all the gentyll men in the same manere
 Et tous les gentils hommes en celle maniere
 And the maystres in lyke wyse

(3)

The Disobedient Child.

yet to my Soone I praye God to sende
 Because thereto me Nature doth bynde:
 Thoughe he hath offended, a better ende,
 Then Cupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde.
 And nowe I shall longe euer anone,
 Tyll some of those quarters come rydynge byther,
 Unto the which my Sonne is gone,
 To knowe how they do lyue togyther.
 But I am fastynge, and it is almost noone
 And more than tyme that I had dyed:
 Wherfore from hence I will go soone,
 I thinke by this tyme, my meate is burned.



J. n. 1247 94
 1247 1247 R

Where the Kyche man goeth out, and in
 cometh the yongman his sonne with the
 yongwoman, beyng both married.

Et les maystres pareillement.
 And bere the so that thou haue no blame
 Et port toy ainsy que tu naves blame.
 And than men wyl saye here after
 Donques les hommes diront icy apres
 That a gentyllman was her.
 Que vng gentill home estoit icy
 And he that dispiseth these thynges
 Et celuy qui despysle ces choses.
 He is nat worthy without lesynge
 Il nest poynt digne sans faylle
 Neuer at good mannes table to sytte
 Jamays a table de bon homme se soy.
 Ne of wo:shyppe for to wytte
 Ne dehomeur pour enscayoy.
 And therfore childzen for charite
 Et pour ce enfans pour charite
 Loue this boke thoughe it lyttell be
 Hymez ce liure combien petit soyt
 And praye for hym that made it
 Et pries pur celuy que le fist
 To lyue and dye amonge his frendes
 A viure et moury parmy les amys
 And neuer to come amonge the fendes
 Et iamays de venir entre les dyables
 The whiche ben in the pytte of helle
 Les quelx sont au fons denfer.
 But in his last ende in heuen for to dwell
 Mais en la fin en paradyse pour demourer.

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my meate in thy mouth he is
 ups que ta viande en ta bouche est
 Drynke thou nat forgette nat this
 Ne boye pas ne oublie pas cecy
 Eate thy meat by small morcelles
 Menge ta viande par menus morceaulx
 Fyll nat thy mouthe as dothe glouttons
 Ne amplys pas ta bouche comme font gloutons
 Pyke nat thy tethe with thy knyfe
 Ne cure pas tes dens avecques ton couteau.
 whyle thou eatest by thy lyfe
 Tant que tu manges par ta vie
 And whan thou hast thy potage done
 Et quant tu as de ton potage fayt
 Out of thy dyshe put thy spone
 Hors de ton escuelle boute ta cuiller
 Noz spytte thou nat ouer the table
 Ne crache poynt outre la table
 Noz there on / for it is nat commendable
 Ne dessus caril nest pas couenable
 Lay nat thyne elbowe noz thy fyst
 Ne touche poynt ton coude ne ton poyng
 Upon the table / at the whiche thou eatest
 Desses la table en la quelle tu manges
 Bolke nat as a bone were in thy throte
 Ne route poynt comme se vng otz fust en ta gorge.
 As a choyle that cometh out of a cote
 Comme vng villayn que vient hors dung tas
 for that shulde be great bylanye
 Car cela sera grant villayne



The Disobedient Child.

yet to my Soone I praye God to sende
 Because therunto me Nature doth bynde:
 Though he hath offended, a better ende,
 Then Cupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde.
 And nowe I shall longe euer anone,
 Till some of those quarters come rydyng byther,
 Unto the which my Sonne is gone,
 To knowe how they do lyue togyther.
 But I am fastyng, and it is almost noone
 And more than tyme that I had dyed:
 Wherefore from hence I will go soone,
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Where the Kyche man goeth out, and in
 cometh the yongman his sonne with the
 yongwoman, beyng both marryed.

Ne eate au taleir/attes et mege,
 Ne hast thy full scruple
 Jusque. Ne tu ayes ton playne seruitce.
 Touche n. meale in no wyse
 Ne touche poynt aux viandes en nulle guyse
 Ne nat thy breade to thynne
 Ne coupe pas ton payn trop tenue
 Ne to thycke but betwene bothe
 Ne trop espes maps entre deulx
 The morzell that thou begynnest to touche
 Le morceau que tu commences a toucher
 Cut it cleane and nat to moche
 Coupe la netet non pas trop
 Cast it nat out of thy mouth
 Ne le iecte pas hors de ta bouche
 But nat thy fyngers in thy dyshe
 Ne mis poynt tes doys en ton escuelle
 Neither in meat of fleshe ne fylshe
 Ne en viande de chay? ne de poisson
 But nat thy meate in the salte
 Ne mis poynt ta viande en ton sell
 Ne in to the seller that it holdeth
 Ne en la saliere que le sustient
 But lay it fayre on thy trenchour
 Mais la couche beau sur ton trenchouer
 Before the and that is honoure
 Deuant toy et cela est honoure
 Dyke nat thy eares nor nolethpylles
 Ne cure poynt tes oreylls ne tes nazylles
 And if thou do/me wyl say thou canst of choyles

The Disobedient Childe.

Hereupon cometh it, that at markettes and fayres
 A husbnde is forced to bye many woares.
 Yet for all this hath my foolyshe Sonne
 As wyse a weddocke, without any wytte,
 Despyrge his fathers mynde and oppinion,
 Harped a wyfe for hym most vnkytte,
 Supposyng that myght to be everlastyng,
 Which then at the fyrste was greatly pleasynge.
 How they two wyl lyue, I can not tell,
 Wherto they maye trust, they haue nothynge
 My mynde giveth me, that they wyl come dwell,
 At length by their father, for wante of luyng,
 But my Sonne doubtles, for any thyng that I knowe
 Shall reape in such wyse as he dyd sowe,
 True he shall fynde, that hypponactes dyd wyte
 Who sayde with a wyfe are two dayes of pleasure

From her childhood I fynde that she fled
 Office of woman and to wode she went
 And many a wilde hertis blood she shed
 With arowis brood that she to hem sent
 She was so swift that she anon hem hent
 And whanne that she was elder she wolde kille
 Lions likerdis and hem al to rent
 And in her armys welde hem at her wille
 She durste wilde bestis demys seke
 And venne in the mounteyn al the nyght
 And slepe vnder awussch and she coude eke

Se how he nappeth se for colkis bones
 How he wol falle from his hors attornys
 Is that a cook of london with myschaunce
 So hym comfort he knoweth his penaunce
 For he shal telle a tale to m. p.
 Al though it be not worth a hotel kep

He thou cook god he god geue the sow
 With the to slepe he the morow
 And fleen al might or art thou drunk
 al might With som quene y Bonke
 ist not holde by the
 is ful paal & n

Caxton

640

23

640

Here begynneth the Fran- keleyns tale.

In Armouike that called is Butayne
 ere was a knight / y loued & dyd his payne
 ferue ladies in his beste wyse
 many a labour / & many a great empuse
 for his lady wrought / er she were wonne
 she was one the fayrest vnder sonne
 eke therto comen of hys kynrede
 at wel vnneth durst this knyght for drede
 her his wo / his payne / and his distresse
 at the laste / she of her worthynesse
 namely for his meke obeysaunce
 h suche a pyte caught of his penaunce
 at priuely she fyl of his acorde
 take him for her husbonde & her lorde
 such lordship / as me haue ouer her wpues
 for to lede in the more blysse her lyues
 his fre wyl / he swore her as a knyght
 it neuer in al his lyfe / day ne nyght
 shulde he take vpon him no maistrpe
 yne her wyl / ne kysse her ielousye
 her obey / and folowe her wyl in all
 my souer to his lady shall
 ne that the name of soueraynte
 it wolde he haue / for shame of his degre.

She thonked him / & with ful great hys blesse
 She sayd: sir / sythe of your gentylnes
 ye profred me to haue so large a rapine
 Ne wolde god neuer bytwypt be two
 As in my gyfte / were eyther werre or mysse
 Sir / I wol be your trewe humble wyse
 Haue here my trouthe / tyl that my hert breste
 Thus ben they bothe in quiete and in resse
 For one thyng sirs / safely dare I seyne
 That frendes / eueryche other must obeyne
 If they wol longe holden companie
 Loue wol not be constrayned by maystrye
 Whan maistrpe cometh / the god of love anon
 Beateh his wynges / and farewel he is gon
 Loue is a thing / as any spryte free
 Women of kynde despren lyberte
 And not to be constrayned as a thrall
 And so done men / if I sothe say shall
 Loke who that moste pacient is in loue
 He is at his auantage al aboue
 Pacience is an hys vertue certayne
 For it venquisheth / as these clerkes sayne
 Thynge that rygour shal neuer attayne
 For euery worde me may not chyde or play
 Lerneth to suffre / or els so mote I gone
 ye shall it lerne / whether ye wol or none
 For in this world certayne no wyght ther

THE

o w^oded man be so hardy to assayle
his patience/in truste to fynde
his doer/for in certayne he shal sayle.

Disoyle wyues/ful of hys prudence
t no humylite your tonge naye
let no clerke haue cause ne dysgience
to write if you a storie of suche meruayle
of Gylde/patient and kynde
st Chechysface swalo we you in her entrayle

Folowth Ecco/that holdeth no sylence
ut euer answereth at the countre taple
et he not adassed for your innocence
ut sharpely taketh on you the gouernayle
upanteth wel this lesson in your mynde
or comen profyte/sythnesse it may auayle

Ne dredeth hem not/doth hem no reuerence
or though thyn husbade armed be in mayle
he arrowes of thy crabbed eloquence
shal perce his brest/ and eke his aduentayle
relovspe eke/loke thou him bynde
and I shal make him couche as doth a quaille

If thou be sayre/there folke ben in presence
hem thou the visace/and thou runarouse

But thing that wol not be/let it be fyll.

Here endeth the wordes of our hoste
and here foloweth the Fran-
keleyns prologue.

These olde gentyll Britons in her da-
Of dyuers auetures maden layes
Rymed first in her mother tonge
Whiche layes/with her instrumetes they so
Dr els reden hem for her plesauce
And one of hem haue I in remembraunce
Whiche I shall say/as wyllpyng as I can
But sirs/bicause I am a borell man
At my begynnyng first I you beseeche
Haue me excused of my rude speche
I lerned neuer rhetorike certayne
Thing that I speke/mote be bare and pla-
I slepte neuer on the mounte of Pernafo-
Ne lerned neuer Marcus Tullius Cicero
Coloures ne knowe I none/withouten d-
But suche coloures as growen in the me-
Dr els suche as men dyen or paynte
Coloures of rhetorike/ben to me quaynte
My spyrite feleth not of suche mynere
This is my tale/if ye wol it here.

Here endeth the Frankes

vers.

A vniuersall memoriall of

Which; let be true, are they the better then:
 May rather the worse if so they be not good,
 For why they stayne the bewty of their blood.

Howe would we mock the burdenbearing mule
 If he would brag he wer an horses sunne,
 To presse his pride (might nothing els him rule)
 His boast to proue, no more but byd him runne:
 The horse for swiftnes hath his glozy wanne,
 To which the mule could neuer the more aspyre
 Though he should probe that Pegas wer his sire.

Each man may crake of that which is his owne,
 Our parentes vertues theirs are and not oures:
 Who therfore will of noble kinde be knowen
 Mught shine in vertue like hys auncestors,
 Sentry consisteth not in Landes and Towers,
 He is a Churle though all the world be his
 He Arthurs heyre, if that he liue a mys.



For vertuous life doth make a gentilman
 Of her possessour, all be he pooze as Job,
 Pea though no name of Elders shew he can:
 For proof take Merlin whose father was an hob,
 But who so settes his mind to spoyle and rob,
 Although he cum by due descent fro Bute,
 He is a Chozle, vngentle, vile and bzute.

Well thus dyd I for want of better wyte,
 Because my parentes noughtly brought me vp:
 For gentle men (they said) was nought so fyt
 As to attaste by bolde attemptes the cup
 Of Conquestes wyne, wherof I thought to sup:
 And therfore bent my selfe to rob and ryue,
 And whome I could of land and goodes depzyue.

For Henry the fourth did the vsurpe the crowne,
 Despoiled the king, with Mortymer the heyre:
 For which his subiettes sought to put him downe.
 And I while Fortune offered me so fayre,
 Did what I might his honour to appeyre:
 And toke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
 Enticte therto by many of Merlynes tales.

For which, such Idle as wayte vpon the spoyle
 From euery parte of Wales vnto medrew:
 For lostryng pouth vntaught in any toyle
 Are redy aye all mischefe to ensue.
 Through help of these so great my glozy grewe,
 That I despyed my King through lofty hart,
 And made my warre on all that toke his part.

See how I toke lord Reinold Grey of Rythen,
 And him enticte my daughter to espouse:

And so vntaunfomed held him still, and I the
 In Wygmore land through battayle rygozous
 I caught the right heyre of the crowned house:
 The Erle of march sye Edmond Mortymer,
 And in a dougeon kept him prysoner.

Than all the marches longing vnto Wales
 By Syberne west, I did invade and burne:
 Destroyed the townes in mountaynes & in vales
 And with rich spoyles did homward safe retorne
 Was none so bold durst once agaynst me spurne:
 Thus prosperously doth fortune forward call
 Those whome she mindes to geue the sozest fall.

Whan I came had brought these tidinges to the kin
 (Although the Shottes that bered him right soze)
 A mighty army agaynst me he did bring:
 Wherof the French King being warned afoze,
 Who mortal hate agaynst king Henry boze,
 To grebe our foe, he quicklye to me sent
 Twelue thousand Frenchme armed to war & bent.

A part of them led by the Erle of Marche
 Lord James of Burbon a valiaunt tried knight
 Withheld by winds to wales ward furth to march
 Toke land at Plymmouth priuelye on a night:
 And whan he had doen all he durst or might
 After that a mayny of his men wer slayne
 He stole to Chyp and sayled home agayne.

Twelue thousand other in Shylford did arise,
 And came to me, than lying at Denbigh
 With armed welche men thousandes double fiue:
 With whome we went to Worcester wel nigh,
 And there encampde vs on a mounte on high,
 To abyde the king, who shortly after came
 And pitched his field on a hill hard by the same.

Ther eyght dayes long oz hostes lay face to face
 And neyther durst the others power assayle:
 But they so stopt the passages the space
 That bitayles coulde not come to our abayle,
 Wher through constrained our hartes bego to fayle
 So that the Frenchmen shrancke away by night
 And I with mine to the moztaines toke our flight.

The king pursued vs, greatly to his cost,
 From Hilles to wuds, fro wuds to valeys playne
 And by the way his men and stuf he lost.
 And whan he see he gayned nought saue payre
 He blewe retreat, and got him home agayne:
 Then with my power I boldly came abroad
 Taken in my cuntrey for a very God.

recto

Unfortunate Englysh princes.

Our master Chaloner had ended this so eloquent a tragedy, and to all Princes a right notable and worthy instruction, we paused having passed through a miserable time full of piteous tragedies. And seeing the reyne of Henry the fourth ensued, a man more prosperous although not untrobled with warres both of outforth and inward enemies, we began to serch what Princes were fallen therein, wherof the number was not small: and yet because they examples wer not innche to be noted for our purpose, we passed ouer all the Maskers (of whome King Richardes brother was chiefe) whiche wer all flaine and put to death for their traiterous attempt. And finding Owen Glendour next, one of fortunes owne whelpes, & the Percies his cōfederates, I thought them vnmete to be over passed, and therfore sayde thus to the silent company: what my masters is every man at once in a browne studye, hathe no man affeccion to any of these stories: you minde so much some other belike, that these do not mooue you: And to say troth there is no special cause why they should. Howbeit Owen Glendour because he is a man of that countrey whence (as the welchmen beare me in hand) my Petigre is discended, although he be but a slender prince, yet rather then he should be forgotten, I wyll tell his tale for him vnder the prauilege of Martin hundred: which Owen comming naked out of the wilde mountaynes, like the Image of death in all poyntes (his dart onely excepted) so sore hath famine and hunger consumed him, lamenteth his infortune after this maner.

Howe Owen Glendour seduced by false prophesies toke upon hym to be prince of Wales, and was by Henry then prince thereof chased to the Mountaynes, where he miserably dyed for lacke of foode.

I pray the Baldwyn sith thou doest entend
To shewe the falles of such as clymbe to hie,
Remember me, whose miserable ende
May teach a man his vicious life to flie:
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on her I crie,
My body and fame she hath made leane & slender
For I pooze wretch am serued Owen Glendour.

A Welch man borne, and of a gentle blud,
But ill brought up, wherby full well I fynd
That neither byrth nor lynage make men good
Though it be true that Cat will after kynde:
Fleshe gendzeth fleshe, so doth not soule or mynde,
They gender not, but fowly do degender
Whan men to vice from vertue them doo render.

Each thing by nature tendeth to the same
Wherof it came, and is disposed lyke:

Down sinkes þe mould, up moūtes the fiery flame
With hozne the hart, with hose þe horse doth strike
The Wolf doth spoyle, the luttel Fox doth pyke,
And generally no fith, flesh, fowle, or plant
Doth any property that their dame had want.

But as for men, sith severally they have
A mynd whose maners are by lerning made,
Good bzinging up alonly doth them save.
In vertuous dedes, which w their parentes fade.
So that true gentry standeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleshy line:
For blud is Brute, but Gentry is diuine.

Experience doth cause me this to saye
And that the rather for my contrey men,
Which vaunt and boast them selves aboue the daye
If they may sleayne their stocke for worthy men:

Whiche

Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay farre the worse if so they be not good,
For why they stayne the beuoty of their blood.

Howe would we mock the burdenbearing mule
If he would brag he wer an horses sunne,
To presse his pride (might nothing els him rule)
His boast to proue, no more but byd him runne:
The horse for swiftnes hath his glozy winne,
To which the mule could neuer the more aspyre
Though he should proue that Pegasus wer his sire.

Each man may crake of that which is his own,
Our parentes vertues theirs are and not oures:
Who therfore will of noble kinde be known
Ought thine in vertue like hys auncestors,
Gentry consisteth not in Landes and Towers,
He is a Churle though all the world be his
He Arthurs heyre, if that he liue a mys.

For vertuous life doth make a gentilman
Of her possessour, all be he pooze as Job,
Yea though no name of Elders chew he can:
For proof take Merlin whose father was an hob.
But who so settes his mind to spoyle and rob,
Although he cum by due discent fro Bute,
He is a Chozle, vngentle, vile and brute.

Well thus dyd I for want of better wyte,
Because my parentes noughtly brought me vp:
For gentle men (they said) was nought so fyt
As to attaste by bolde attemptes the cup
Of Conquestes wyne, wherof I thought to sup:
And therfore bent my selfe to rob and ryue,
And whome I could of land and goodes depzyue.

For Henry the fourth did the vsurpe the crowne,
Despoyled the king, with Mortymer the heyre:
For which his subiectes sought to put him downe.
And I while fortune offered me so fayre,
Did what I might his honour to appeyre:
And toke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entiste thereto by many of Merlynes tales.

For which, such Idle as wayte vpon the spoyle
From euery parte of Wales vnto me drew:
For loytryng pouth vntaught in any toyle
Are redy are all mischefe to ensue.
Through help of these so great my glozy grew,
That I despyed my King through loftry hart,
And made sharp warre on all that toke his part.

See luche, I toke lord Reinold Grey of Rythen,
And him enforst my daughter to espouse:

And so vnraunsomed heid him still, and sithen
In Wylmoure land through battayle rygozous
I taught the right heyre of the crowned house:
The Erle of march syz Edmond Mortymer,
And in a dongeon kept him prysoner.

Then all the marches longing vnto Wales
By Syberne west, I did invade and burne:
Destroyed the townes in mountaynes & in vales,
And with rich spoyles did homward safe returne.
Was none so bold durst once agaynst me spurne,
Thus prosperously doth fortune forward call
Those whome she mindes to geue the sorest fall.

Whan fame had brought these tidinges to the king
(Although the Skottes that vexed him right sore)
A mighty army agaynst me he did bring:
Wherof the French King being warned afoze,
Who mortal hate agaynst king Henry bore,
To greue our foe, he quickly to me sent
Twelue thousand Frenchmen armed to war & bent

A part of them led by the Erle of Marche
Lord James of Burbon a valiaunt tried knight
Withheld by winds to wales ward furth to march
Toke land at Plymmouth priuelye on a night:
And whan he had doen all he durst or might
After that a mayny of his men wer slayne
He stole to Chyp and sayled home agayne.

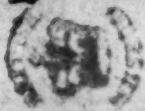
Twelue thousand other in Mylford did arise,
And came to me, than lying at Denbigh
With armed welthe men thousandes double fyue:
With whome we went to Worcester wel nigh,
And there encampes vs on a mounte on high,
To abyde the king, who shortly after came
And pitched his field on a hill hard by the same.

Ther eyght dayes long or hostes lay face to face,
And neyther durst the others power assaye:
But they so stopt the passages the space
That bitayles coulde not come to our abayle,
Wher through constrained our hartes bego to fayle,
So that the Frenchmen chranke away by night,
And I with mine to the mountaines toke our flight.

The king pursued vs, greatly to his cost,
From Hilles to wuds, fro wuds to valeys playne:
And by the way his men and stuf he lost.
And whan he see he gayned nought saue payne
He blewe retreat, and got him home agayne:
Then with my power I boldly came abroad
Taken in my cuntrey for a very God.

Immediately

to al Princes a right notable and wurtthy instructiō, we paused:
 having passed through a miserable time ful of piteous tragedie.
 And seing the reyne of Henry the fourth ensued, a man more prosperous,
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Howe Owen Glendour seduced by false prophecies toke upon hym
 to be prince of Wales, and was by Henry then prince thereof
 chased to the Mountaynes, where he miserably
 dyed for lacke of foode.

I pray the Baldwyn sith thou doest entend
 To shewe the falles of suche as clymbe to hie,
 Remember me, whose miserable ende
 May teach a man hys vicious life to fle:
 Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on her I crie,
 My body and fame she hathe made leane & slender
 For I pooze wretch am sterbed Owen Glendour.

A Welch man bozne, and of a gentle blud,
 But ill bzought up, wherby full well I fynd
 That neither byrth nor lynage make men good
 Though it be true that Cat will after kynde:
 Flethe gendzeth flethe, so doth not soule or mynde,
 They ge der not, but fowly do degender
 Men ag to vice from vertue them doo render.

Each thing by nature tendeth to the same
 Wherof it came, and is disposed lyke:

Dow sinks & mould, up moites the fiery flame
 With hohne the hart, with hofe & hofle doth strike
 The Wolf doth spoyle, the suttle Fox doth pyke,
 And generally no fish, flesh, fowle, or plant
 Doth any property that their dame had want.

But as for men, sith severally they have
 A mynd whole maners are by lerning made,
 Good bzinging up alonly doth them save
 In vertuous dedes, which w their parentes fade
 So that true gentry standeth in the trade
 Of vertuous life, not in the fleshy line:
 For blud is Brute, but Gentry is diuine.

Experience doth cause me thus to saye
 And that the rather for my contrepoyse,
 Which vaunt and boast them selves above the day
 If they may strayne their stocke for wozthy men

Philogamus



Gyue place ye Poetes fine
how doubtie now a chynne
For nowe y Muses vnye
So Sacred ad Divine
In Darnase holy Hyll
Haue wrought thery worthy wyll
And by thery goodly skyll
Uppon that myghty Mountayne
In Hellycons fountayne
(That alwayes doth remaine
Synce Pegase made r flowe
As by your bokes is shewen)
Haue washed thery face
That slept vnder the Eagle
That forke thery wyll
Who after that anone
As he had sene the Muses
Newe Poetry he vles
And yours he cleane refuses.

Ally

For

PHYLO gamus.

Probably by Shelton.

To guyde both top and tayle
And not the course to fayle
So thys our Doct inaye
wythout a stopp or stave
In cunnyng wend the way
Aswel by dark e as day
And netter go astray
Yf yt be as they saye
O Doct rare and Recent
Dedecorate, and indecent
Insolent and insensate
Contentyng and condensate
Obtused and obturate
Obumbrate, obdurate
Sparryng no Priest or Curate
Crueltyan or Curate
That be already married
And from theyr bowe bene harped
Wherto the scrypture them carted
They myght aswel haue tarped
I sweare by the north doore hood
That stowte was whyle he stood
That they had bene as good

To

To haue solde theyr best blew hood
For I am in suche a moode
That for my power and parte
Wyth al my wyt and arte
Wyth whole intent and harte
I wyl so at them batte
That some of them shal farte
Before they feele it smarte
Coude not these bloods be pleased
Wyth mens wyues to be eased
And in their daughters seased
As wel as the other greased
Though thus they had not pleased
In fayth they shalbe feased
For I set to my hand
In fyght wyth them to stand
By water and by lande
By grauell and by Sande
And by the salte sea stonde
Beholde here is a wand
To beate them back and bone
I throw a thyng alone
To make these gallantes groue

and

That secretly yet lurches
None suche amonge the Turkes
Nor Saracens can be founde
The Gospellers to confounde
Hys wordes are so well bound
And buylded on suche grounde
As cannot wel decay
Tyl the sande be washed away
He is skyled so wonderously
In the science of Masonrye
Wherfore I wyl not spare
Hys learning to declare
Although wyth mychle care
Because I want the wayes
Thys Poete for to prayse
And fame vpon hym rapse
That floweth in these dayes
Wyth the suche excedyng Eloquence
And Superfluous Sappence
Imbute wyth Insuffycence
Of learning and Intellygence
Whose wrytynges are laudable
So new founde and not able

PHYLO gamus.

Probably by H. C. M.

For wakynge sodenly
He wrote ryght worthely
Suche kynde of Doctryne
As neuer one of you
Had hearde or sene tyl now
He wrote I tel you playne
An Antygraphe full mayne
None suche on thys syde Spayne
Antipus to suppressse
And clerly to compesse
Wherem he sayueth no lesse
But that yf God were dead
He myght be rased in B read
Wherfore ye Doetes al
And clarkes bothe greate and smal
Submyt your selues ye shal
And downe b. fore hym fall
And neuer nor to tye
For you coulde not deuyse
So greate an interpyse
As thys new poet dyd
Whose connyng is yet hyd
And many other workes

That

Praising these Muses Sacre
Wyth Hellicons Lauacre
To washe me by theyr ayde
To do as I haue saide.

✽ The prayse of the Poete.

O Poete so impudent
Whych neuer yet was studente
To thee the Goddess prudente
Minerva is illudente
Thou wyrttest thynges dyffuse
Incongrue and confuse
Obscure and obtuse
No man the lyke doth vse
Among the Turckes or Jewes
Alwayes inuentynge newes
That are incomparable
They be so fyne and stable
Lyke as a Shyppe is able
Wythout Ancre and Cable
Roother Mast or Sayle
Bully Rope or Mayle
In wynde or weather or Mayle

To

To haue solde they best blew hood
 For I am in suche a moode
 That for my power and parte
 Wyth al my wyl and arte
 Wyth whole intent and harte
 I wyl so at them darre
 That some of them shal farre
 Before they feele it smarte
 Coude not these bloods be pleased
 Wyth mens wyues to be eased
 And in their daughters seased
 As wel as the other greased
 Though thus they had not pleased
 In fayth they shalbe seased
 For I set to my hand
 In fyght wyth them to stand
 By water and by lande
 By grauell and by Sande
 And by the salte sea stonde
 Beholde here is a wand
 To beate them back and bone
 I throw a thyng alone
 To make these gallantes groue

And

That secretly yet luckes
 None suche amonge the Turkes
 Nor Saracens can be founde
 The Gospellers to confounde
 Hys wordes are so well bownd
 And buylded on suche grounde
 As cannot wel decay
 Tyl the sande be washed away
 He is skyled so wonderously
 In the science of Masonrye
 Wherfore I wyl not spare
 Hys learning to declare
 Although wyth mycke care
 Because I want the wayes
 Thys Poete for to prayse
 And fame vpon hym rayse
 That floweth in these dayes
 Wyth the suche excedyng Eloquence
 And Superfluous Sappence
 Imbute wyth Insuffycence
 Of learning and Intellygence
 Whose wytynges are laudable
 So new founde and not able

A.iii.

I

PHYLO gamus.

Probably by Shelton.

To guyde both top and taylor
And not the course to faylor
So thys our Doct inaye
woythout a stopp or staye
In cunnynge wend the way
Aswel by dark e as day
And netter go astray
Yf yt be as they saye
O Doct care and Recent
Dedecorate, and indecent
Insolent and insensate
Contentyng and condemlate
Obtused and obturate
Obumbylate, obdurate
Sparynge no Prest or Curate
Cruellyan or Curate
That be alreedy inatryed
And from theyr bow bene barped
Wherto the scrpyture them carted
They myght aswel haue tarped
A sweate by the north doore hood
That stowte was whyle he stood
That they had bene as good

To

To haue solde theyr best blew hood
 For I am in suche a moode
 That for my power and patte
 Wyth al my wyt and arte
 Wyth whole intent and harte
 I wyl so at them Darre
 That some of them shal farte
 Before they feele it smarte
 Coude not these bloods be pleased
 Wyth mens wyues to be eased
 And in thei daughars seased
 As wel as the other greased
 Though thus they had not pleased
 In fayth they shalbe seased
 For I set to my hand
 In fyght wyth them to stand
 By water and by lande
 By grauell and by Sande
 And by the salte sea strond
 Beholde here is a wand
 To beate them back and bone
 I throw a thyng alone
 To make thes gallantes groue

And

I tell you wythout fable
 That no man vnder skye
 Can prayse them worthely
 They shewe them selues so fayer
 That none can them appayer
 And therfore now beholde
 And see how well he coude
 Describe them that are bolde
 To marry being sworne
 To kepe them chaste before
 Making theyr bow a scoone
 And takyng to them wyues,
 Wyth them to leade theyr lyues
 But wyth these blooddes he stryues
 And out of to wne them dryues
 Wyth eloquent taracions
 And byolent veracions
 And earnest exprobracions
 Wythe instant insultacions
 And straunge denomyacions
 That none among all nacions
 Can shew suche learned fasthyons

As

Wyth al hys wyt and wyle,
 Wel wel for all ye smyle
 Certes I tel you treuth
 A lack yt is greate ruth
 That men wyl not beleue
 The gyftes that Muses geue
 Besyde all thys hys Symptery
 Vulcanus taught hym certainly
 Whether he wroughe right curpously
 As ye may se yt euidently
 Conteyned in the testymony
 And latter wylle of Heresy.
 For there he sheweth Doctry
 Hyghly professyng Romery
 Lo, now I say therfore
 Your bokes we nede no more
 They maye be rent and toze
 What though ye crye and roze
 We nede not now your loze
 For yf thys arte were drownd
 Agayne it may be found
 Euen by the very sound
 Of these new Poetes Tooles

They

And wylle our poetes ayde
 They shalbe so dismayde
 So fearefull and afrayde
 That downe they shalbe layde;
 As thynke as hoppers and hayle.
 Nowe wyl I them assaile
 And threashe them wylle my flayle
 To marre these married Priestes
 I fyghte wylle bothe my fystes
 Looke on the fraye who lystes.

✠ A Latten Clubbe, or
 Hurle Batte.

G O D D I n t e n t a t i
 E t S a t h a n a f i a t t
 S a t y r i c u s M o c a t i
 B a r b i s D e r i d u l a t i
 R o t i L e u i g a t i
 C o r o l l i s d e s i g n a t i
 Q u o s i e s s e m i n a t i
 M o l l e s e t P a r a t i
 M i t i s S t r u p p o d a t i
 P e t u l a n t e s M o e d i
 C u r p e s e t L i n d e d i
 M e r q u e S i g n e J e d i
 D e I n t e n t e s L e p i
 C e r t o p o s s e L e d i
 S i a c c e d i t a M o d i
 M e d I n t e n t e s R e b i d e

Quod

They be no smalle fooles;
 If they be red In scholes
 You may syt downe on stooles
 And so to take your rest
 As I suppose it best.
 But well ye thyncke I Geyst
 By cocke for all your lokes
 You maye claspe vp your hookes
 And then go kepe the rookes
 Or els wylle hangle hookes
 So fyshie and take some flookes
 For cleane your cleargy crookes
 And goeth homore on ryght
 Synce these beganne to wryght
 Ye haue no moze no might
 To flozyshe in theyr syght
 But thys I wylle you tell
 The Mason doth excell
 Wherfore he may full well
 Aboue all beare the Bell
 Wherfore wylle all my power
 I wylle eche daye and hower
 Aduaunce hys hygh honour


Praising

Herps & appulps hang on euery bologe
The heywarde blowith merely his hozne
& in euery feld cyppech the cozne
þ grappys hang on euery dyne
Swete is trebloue & fyne
Kynge alesaundre on moztowe aryst
The son drupeth away the myst
Forth they wenten in to inde
Bo matuaylles for to fynde
They fond many alaake & pyt
with treys & w thornis I see
& ther w in moche grene weede
water kzeilen & hyze reede
They sawe men w in ther I wpll auowe
& women allso many a thowe
Wusteld they weren as hoggus
& they stanke as don doggus
In the water they swame & yode
I potaynes hem loued to cte
All they leuen w rawe fysches
So they saapen that folke I wys
They plumptom as don ches deupdeppus
In the water at a few choppps
Than they plunt the water vnder
The folke ther of hard gret wonder
Forth went kynge alesaundre apert
wonders to se in þ desert
Forth he caketh his way euen est
In to a wonder fapre thyke forest
Ther found he a pull treys & fygers
Peris cypys & alpues
þ were. iij. l. feet lang
& ther was of soulys amery song
The schadow cast. ij. myle way
They were treys of gret noblay



Ther be syde wouten les
They found a water þæt her ganges
Ther in ben elys full strong
I LL. of fete they ben long
æ they haue armys tʒwo
Wʒich they wyʒke mocheʒl wos
Both knyghtes æ oʒf fauntes they flowe
æ in to the water they hym drowe
wonder fulke they ſpen all ſo
That beholdyʒ the weikyn all day too
All day they ſtond on don ſoot
And neuer ben werry ſo ſayth the booke
Ther to they delyghthim euer ſoo
That werry ne be they neuer mo
The kyng faſt euer went forth
In to the elt out of þæt north
As for as they for water myghth
Of wonders ne had they no moze ſyghth
þæt eny tale is of to tell
But of beſtes æ of wonders fell
The kyng let the way of the elt
æ be a truer he turned weſt
He ſawe a cytree hy of wall
That was both fayre æ ſtrong wʒ all
Theder they drowen las æ moze
Of betayllys him to a ſtoze
But the men of þæt cyte
weren well full of cruelte
They ran vnto her gates faſt
æ ſher him in gree haſt
Kyng a leſaundze æ his meyne
Lone æ bade hem of encre
But they ne wold vnſwar no worde
Nouther to man ne to lord
The kyng of his ſtede adowne lyghth

What folke him come from every lande
 From mede him came thousandes
 Of armed knyghtes right good men
 From capadoze wth outen moo
 Knyghtes to him come thousandes twos
 And fro assyre thousandes sex
 & than began his Dost to wep
 And from aumfryke thousandes. viij.
 The best knyghtes vnder heuen
 Co of pers self thousandes. viij.
 Noble men stowt & wyght
 Of babolopn & askolopn all so
 v. thousande withouten moo
 with. x. M. maydens of pryys
 & theder come the qweine of strychys
 That neuer were ouercome in fyghe
 But of alelaundze the good knyght
 And theder comen withouten a loyne
 ij. qwenys of macedoyne
 with. x. thousand to her baner
 Fayre maydynys & glade of chere
 y full wyght weren in batayle
 & comly in bed wth owten fayle
 Of the land of grece & inde all so
 xxx. M. him came too & moo
 So moche folke in on ferde
 was neuer yet sayen in medyll perde
 And whan the kyng this folke hadde
 In hert he was wonder glade


 Hyspyd his folke in y stounde
 In barges in holkys & in dromounde
 They drowell sayle & went northe
 To caratyne euen forthe
 The folke was warr of ther comyng

As men tolde of alefaunder þe kyng
They hadden castells ctreys & towne
Both in dalys & eke in downys
Lalcrapps they made & cast I nowe
In the hye way & vnder wood bowe
Kyng alefaunderes men for to sell
And him after þe he myght kyll
But þe all they drowen him away
In to derke dalys & depe vale
Alefaunder & his men to be gyle
Wher qwynce & her wyle
But alefaunder & his baronage
Ther they fonde ryght good ryuage
Whan they had rested him alyght
Than they went the land to vylet
They fondon narrow patthes & fen
In any a thousand of wyght men
Sone they fondon & fought to geder
As doth the chonder in rayne wedder
Ther was many a baner goode
Sone bathed in the red blode
Ther was many a good knyght slawe
And many a man was brought of daue
So forch they ferden in to the fen
That kyng alefaunder lost many of his men
The kyng anon let blowe an horne
To geder his folke him be foren
They blew an horne þe was knowe
His folkis fast theder kan drawe
Of herdellys & treys they made flozys
& so they wenton in to the mozys
And ther they foughton & fast they slowe
No thoudes than were I nowe
& ther they token all the men
That they had founde in the fen

And went vp to the wall ryght
For to looke what they dede
& they were redy in y^e stede
As we fynde wyrt in the booke
They plyght him downe wth a croke
And layden on him wth staf & swerde
The kyng was of his lyl aserde
That he ne wylt wher he was
But yet he keuerd neuer the las
Vnder his scheld he came hym were
& wth his swerde styfly he sterre
He layed hem on wth all his mayne
& he slowe on arowe. iij. desen
And mawgre the hedes of them all
He set his bake agens a wall
The folke to him gret saught pat
Wth swerd are & eke wth staf
They wth ther weponys soze him hurt
Hys woundes bled & soze he dyd smere
Than he gronted as doch abooze
& delyd many a dynt full soze
He smote of some boche hed & arme
& some the legges hit was non harme
He slewe an. L. in a throwe
That at his fet they layen arowe
The p^{ri}ys of y^e cyte saue ali this
And roode to him well fast I wys
He come fleyng wth a speze
& kyng alelaundze thow dyd bere
& call him downe to y^e grounde
The kyng souned for y^e wounde
And anou himself dyd adawe
And that spere out he dyd drawe
He turnyd aseyne & fyghe began
And ther he slowe that like man

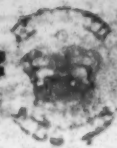
That bare him throu w his launce
The kyng was in an hard chaunce
Schot w an arow he was alsoo
vnder the brest to mochell woo
He lepe on foote w swerde of stele
And kan hym were Dody well
vnneth vpon his feete he stode
For he had blede so mochell blode
a y folke layed on so soze
Bothe behynde & eke befoze
In the ost without a delwe ther was
y men kyled syr perdycafe
vpon the wall he gate on hys
And his lordys turment he spe
He lept adownr of the wall
Amonges the kynges somen all
a with his swerde scharp a grounde
He gaf him many a dedly wounde
x. men a cher to spue
with his swerde he bzought of lyue
But forsoch ne had he come
The kyng had owther be dede or nome
where fore kyng alelaundze then
Loued perdycafe befoze all men
He made him his eyre swythe
Of all grece be his lyue
The kyng be come holl a lyght
a fast aseyne his son kan fyght
A trewly perdycafe fepned nought
But as a wood man he fought
y Dolt as y tyme without was
a they aspyed all y case
They haue bzought gynys to the wall
In schort tyme they were set vp all
They haue broke the wall in allowe

¶ ouer daylys & ouer kleue
To taratpne wth strepth they drens
The pryncpall cyte þ^{er} ther was
In all the land of magog as
The wayes weren so strepth & by le
þ^{er} no n hors be. xx. myle
Ne myght come the cyte nere
For to put him dangere
& they all day his folke to drowe
Her blode they dranke her flesh they gnou^{nt}
So blake they weren as eny broude
The selue peple of þ^{er} lande
Eeth they hadden as polow as waye
And her bodys were grene as eny kere
They were as rouze as eny bere
And mowethed lyke amere
They eten snakys & paddis brode
& þ^{er} them thoughte mere full goode
& all maner of wozmes they yete
& men & bestes all qwyke they fete
Euerich of him lyggyth bo othere
The son be the moder the suster be the broder
So comune they ben all I wys
Non ne woot who his fader is
All the nacponys of þ^{er} lande
Weren fall in to ther hande
xxij. kynges from gog
Come anon to magog
Myght no man tell euen
That folke but the kyng of heuen
Than was the kyng soz^{er} in say
No batayle myght he yef ther þ^{er} day
But here & there besker myschyng
& þ^{er} was all to his lesyng
He sayde al þ^{er} he had I won

In the world vnder the son
 He ne hpld his worth apere
 But he myght wynn & wezen ther
 And but he myght him sle anon
 & ouer come him euerychone
 For þei they comen in ohter contre
 & haue mere & drynke greet plence
 All the nacyonys of mydelzerde
 They wyl dystroy with dynt of swerde
 & ere the peple men shold hit se
 Ther of well seker myght they be
 Therfore I me be thenke streyght
 with wyllys q'wynnysle o' w' dysseyghe
 wher thow the world delouer be myght
 O the fowle & wekked wyght
 He toke his lordes w' him anon
 & went to an yle callyd se lpon
 And ther were sarsonys many & wylle
 þ' maden offeryng & sakryfyle
 And so fast kan they to kryn & grede
 That from heuen him come rede
 How they shold him dystroy
 That they ne schold this world anoy
 Nor in this world do no more greuance
 Now arysyth good romauns



Land be twene Egept & inde
 In good bookes allso men fynde
 In an yle of water they won
 And contenauns of man they schon
 For they won in the water I wys
 As doth the neker o' the fyshes
 Clay they haue in þ' lande
 As towe as leder I wonderfonde
 Ther of they maken bowze & hall



He had they don so verament
The snow had keuerde her tentes
But as god wold ther come atayne
& a lyghtnyng I dar well sayne
Hys was all so lyght & klere
As all the feldees on fyer were
From heuen as hit were fyer brynd
Hit fell adowne in to her hand
Ther ne was no man so hardye
But they were aferde sekerly
Anon after as hit was godes wyl
The nyght be come fayre & styll
Kyng aleisaundre y was so hend
He dyd anon his fyres tende
Than fonde he deede for kolde
v. l. knyghtes y weren holde
y layen in the valey be lowe
Ther were they keuerde in the snow
y kyng let his knyghtes bery
was he nothyng in hert mery
All her golde nor her ryches
Saued him not fro dystres
The kyng reumeued his tentes in hast
& went toward the see faste
Kyng aleisaundre bade his men tho
Aray ther shypys & goo ther too
Fromoundes galys & eke barge
w ther vytable they sholdel charge
& soo they dyden wouren chest
& they sayled forth euen Est
The .xx. day they come to I perayne
& ther thay fond a woll'fayre towne
But .vij. myle the land ys long
& ther they fond men full strong
And .iiij. myle hit was of bryde

The kyng of þy land byd he feede
He made wiche alefaundre pise
& gaf him gret pise nachelese
In that land groweth no whete
Nor nother corne but spyrre swete
Ther of they made all her brede
And dranke wyne whyte & red
Euerych man & woman eke
Of þy land þy is so swete
With gold & seluer & perylous ston
They ben klothed euery chone
Hyt is hostlers folke in euery plase
Welchmen & gysly of faste
The kyng had w him many agestynge
Of mete & drynke & moche thyng
For ther moze in to the este
Ther was nothyng but wylde best
iiij. he ded nedders & dragonys
Cygris gryppys & eke lyons
Amaner folke ther is I founde
That men klepen the see hounde
The nedders bredyth the perylous stonys
& lystynyth now all at onys
In schynnyng of the son bygyht
He turneth his wombe euen pright
& as he lyeth in the hot son
With the heere the wombe schynnyth than
& conserueth of the son sper
Therow nature of the wynd & eyre
Yet the eyre be of dyuers ble
For soch so schall the stonys bee
Suche is the nedders kendllyng
Perylous stonys forth to byng
Jacynnyes picottes & cryzelitys
Da furnys amozondes & margarytes

The leter sayd this wout fayle
The thred day he shold haue batayle
On the thred day that came
Kyng alelaundre his armur name
& armed him tynly & well
So dyd his peple euetpdell
So dyd kyng porrus & all his ost
& come to batayle w gret boist
Ther were displayed many a baner
Of rich selke & of gould wyre
& ther was many a fayre stede
And many a knyght good at nede
Ther was moch ryll iustynge
So was ther many fayre defendynge
& kyng alelaundre w his meyne
Of kyng porrus he gate the gre
Kyng porrus yeld to his hande
& to his wyl all his lande
Kyng alelaundre was of hert ourteys
He graunted kyng porrus loue & pece
Now ben thes knyghtes well at on
And soo be her men everychone
Now is porrus & all his parde
They ben kyng alelaundre meyne
Than went kyng porrus as I fynde
w kyng alelaundre ouer all inde
For to schew him of all thing
Of men & bestis moche maruelynge
He halp to wyne in to his hande
All the nacyonys of y lande
Now o2 ye goo eny forther moze
ye shall here a wonder boze
pef ye wyl herkyn her to well
Hit is in kyng alelaundres ppsyll



Arystotell in bookys as I fynd
Alesaunder sent out of inde
How kyng porus had an hall
That was fayre & ryche with all
All the peters þ beren þ hows
Of massy gold they were prespos
The heyghe was meten thez with men
iiij. skore of fecte hit was & ten
And ther of was euery chappeler
Of red gold both fyne & klere
þ wallys weren full ryche also
with plate of gold about be goo
That was enche chyke ouer all
Thus was an hall full ryall
Betwene the pelouris hyng a vyne
All sad gold & eluer fyne
Of pur ed gold eych let was als
This skore is not holdon fals
This was no vyne made of iape
Of fyne cristall was euery grape
& of emeraunde the riche stonys
Fayre be set for the nonys
The chamburis weren full fayr & byghe
Ther in myght come no wyght
For stonis þ weren soo prespos
Endendyd w gold about the hows
Of margarytis & charbocke ston
Euery cramber well fayre schone
All her chamburis & her houis
were be set w fayre floures
Of euery portrayed of fayre entayle
whyte as melke withonten fayle
þ braces weren wonder fyne
Of attred was kleped Ebemyn
The thze shynyd as byghe as golde

A Pleasant BALLAD of TOBIAS:

Wherein is shewed what wonderful Things chanced to him in his Youth; and how he wedded a young Damosel that had had Seven Husbands, but never enjoyed their Company, being all Slain by an Evil Spirit. *To a pleasant new Tune.*

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



In Nineve old Toby dwelt,
An aged Man and blind was he,
And much affliction he had felt,
Which brought him unto misery:
He had by Anna his true Wife,
One only Son and eke no more,
Which was the comfort of his life,
And he by him did set great store:
He brought him up so vertuously,
In true obedience and in awe,
And every day he did apply,
To fear the Lord and keep his Law:
Upon a time it came to pass,
He call'd his Son to him with speed,
And thus to him these words did frame,
My Son, quoth he, thou know'st my need,
Thou must unto Gabael go,
To Raguel's house in Media-land;
For I did lend him long ago,
Ten talents on his only band.
My Father dear, Tobias said,
At your command straight will I go;
How shall I get the mony paid,
Seeing the Man I ne'er did know?
Take then the writings here with thee,
Which is sufficient to be seen;
And get a Guide to go with thee,
Since thou the way hast never been.
A Guide Tobias soon had got,
An Angel in the shape of Man,
Which thing he did not know, God wot,
The Lord had so appointed then.



Tobias with his blessed Guide,
Went on his journey thus with speed,
Until they came to Tigris-side,
At the fair flood they did abide:
Tobias would go wash him there,
By reason of the Summer's heat,
A mighty fish put him in fear,
Which leapt out of the waters deep.
Cut up the fish, the Angel said,
And keep the liver, heart, and gall,
To do the same be not afraid,
Great cures there shall be done withal.
When this was done, away they went,
And coming near their journey's end,
We'll lodge to night, the Angel said,
With Raguel thy Father's friend:
He hath a Daughter fair of face,
And also of a vertuous life;
And when we come unto that place,
I'll speak that she may be thy Wife.
Why Azarius then (quoth he)
For so they did the Angel call,
I wis she is no Wife for me,
Swift Death doth all her Lovers fall.
Seven Men to her have married been,
Which in her love did take delight;
When her bed-chamber they had seen,
They had not lived half the night:
A wicked Spirit loves her so,
He will not suffer any Man,
Which her into the bed to go,
But works his death do what they can.



The Angel said, Good courage take,
 For so it shall not be with thee,
 For such perfumes I will thee make,
 The wicked Spirit away shall flee.
 To Raguel's home away they run,
 Where Sarah met them, fair and bright,
 And after salutations done,
 She brought them to her Father's sight.
 Great cheer there was, and down they sat,
 And all for young Tobias's sake;
 And after long and pleasant chat,
 Betwixt them two a match they make;
 By Moses Law they married were,
 The Bride's bed-chamber prepar'd likewise;
 When young Tobias came in there,
 The tears fell down from Sarah's eyes.
 A pan of coles he brought with him,
 The Fish's heart and liver there;
 Within the fire he did cast in,
 Which cast a savour every-where:
 And by that sweet and pleasant smell,
 The wicked Spirit was displac'd:
 Within that room he could not dwell,
 And therefore out he went in haste.
 In bed they laid the beautiful Bride,
 The chamber-door was shut therefore;
 Young Toby lying by her side,
 Whom he did think to see no more:
 And therefore Raguel in the night,
 For him before had made a grave;
 And to his Wife he wept and said,
 There is no means his life to save.
 One of the Maidens send (quoth he)
 To see how all the matters stand,
 And if so be that dead he be,
 He shall be buried by my hands.
 This Maiden joyful news did bring,
 Tobias is alive, (quoth she.)
 When Raguel heard of this thing,
 He did rejoyce exceedingly.

For joy he made a solemn feast,
 The bridal fourteen days they kept,
 There came many a friendly Guest;
 In sorrow now no more they slept.
 Azarius went straightway,
 Unto the feast Gabael brought;
 Rejoycing at his marriage-day,
 And paid the money that he ought.
 But yet old Toby and his Wife,
 Did all this while in sorrow dwell,
 They thought their Son had lost his life,
 And nothing could their grief expel;
 His aged Mother every day,
 Did watch the high-way-side;
 And for his welfare oft did pray,
 No meat nor drink she could abide.
 But when the wedding ended was,
 Young Toby with his lovely Bride,
 To Nineve did homewards pass,
 With Goods and Chattels on each side;
 But Toby and his Angel bright,
 Before his Wife made haste to go,
 For to prepare all things aright,
 His lovely Bride to welcome ho.
 His Mother watching in the way,
 Full soon espied her tender Son;
 Rejoycing at that happy day,
 She told her husband he was come:
 Whereat old Toby tumbled out,
 For he was blind and could not see;
 Young Toby with the Fish's gall,
 Rub'd both his eyes immediately.
 Whereat the whiteness of his eyes,
 Incontinent did fall out quite;
 So that before he did arise,
 He had again his perfect sight:
 Great joy there was, and down they sat,
 Young Toby told his Father all;
 Who went to meet his lovely Bride,
 With joy and mirth that was not small.

1511

The Rarest BALLAD that ever was leen,
Of the Blind BEGGER's DAUGHTER of Bednal-Green. R

IT was a blind beggar that long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter most pleasant and bright,
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.
And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet seeing she was but a beggar his heir,
Of ancient house-keepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.
Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say,
Good father and mother, let me go away,
To seek out my fortune where-ever it be;
The suit was then granted to pretty Bessie.
Thus Bessie that was of beauty most bright,
Then clad in gray russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.
She went till she came at Stratford near Bow,
Then knew she not whether nor which way to go,
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.
She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the high-way,
And at the king's arms entertained was she,
So fair and well-favour'd was pretty Bessie.
She had not been there one month to an end,
But master, and mistress and all was her friend,
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straight-way in love with pretty Bessie.
Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love they extol;
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.
The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,
She shew'd herself courteous, but never to coy;
And at their commandment still would she be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.
Four suitors at once unto her did go,
They craved her favour, but still she said, No;
I would not wish gentlemen to marry with me:
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.
The one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came to her disguised in the night;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.
A merchant of Lond. whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal;
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessie.
And if thou wilt marry with me, quoth the knight,
I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight,
My heart is int'acted by thy fair beauty,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessie.
The gentleman said, Come marry with me,
In silks and in velvet my Bessie shall be;
My heart lives distressed, O hear me, quoth he,
And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessie.
Let me be thy husband, the merchant did say,
Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay,
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessie.
Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say,
My father and mother I mean to obey,
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessie:
To every one this answer she made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,
This thing to fulfil we all do agree,
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie?
My father, quoth she, is plain to be seen,
His name blind beggar of Bednal-green,

That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the good father of pretty Bessie:
His marks and his tokens are known full well,
He always is led with a dog and a bell,
A silly old man, God knoweth is he,
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessie.
Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for me;
Nay, quoth the inholder, my wife shall not be;
Alas (quoth the Gentleman) a beggar's degree,
Therefore face you well, my pretty Bessie.
Why then (quoth the knight) hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by y weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.
With thee to thy father forthwith will I go;
Nay soft, (quoth his kinsman) it must not be so,
A beggar's daughter no lady shall be,
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie.
And soon after this, by break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessie away;
The young men of Rumford so sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessie.
As swift as the wind to ride they where seen,
Until they came near to Bednal-green;
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessie:
But rescue came presently over the plain,
Of else the knight for his love there had been slain.
The fray being ended, then straight he did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessie:
Then speak the blind beggar, Altho' I be poor,
Rail not against my child at mine own door;
Though she be not deckt with velvet and pearl,
Yet will I drop angles with thee for my girl;
And then if my gold will better her birth,
And equal the gold that thou lay on the earth.
Then neither rail nor grudge thou to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be:
But first I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that thou drop shalt be all your own.
With that they replied, Contented we be;
Then there's (quoth the beggar) for pretty Bessie,
With that an angle he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angles full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropt again:
So as the place whereas he did sit,
With gold was covered every whit:
The gentleman having dropt all his store,
Said, Beggar, hold, for I have no more,
Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
Then marry my girl, quoth he to the knight,
And here, quoth he, I'll throw you down
A hundred pound more to buy her a gown.
The gentlemen all that this treasure had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bednal-green;
And those that were her suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore:
Thus was their Bessie matcht to a knight,
And made a lady in others' despite;
A fairer lady there never was seen,
Than the beggar's daughter of Bednal-green.
But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what brave lords and kins. thither was prest,
The Second Part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight,
Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed to a young knight,
All the discourse thereof you may see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.



Within a gallant palace most brave,
 Adorned with all the cost they could have,
 This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
 And all for the love of pretty Bessie.
 All kind of dainties and delicacies sweet,
 Was brought to their banquet as was thought meet,
 Partridge, plover, and venison most fine,
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.
 This wedding thro' England was spread by report,
 So that a great number did thither resort
 Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
 And all for the name of pretty Bessie.
 To Churchmen went this gallant young knight,
 His bride followed aft' r like a lady most bright:
 With troops of ladies the like was ne'r seen,
 As went with sweet Bessie of Bednal-green.
 This wedding being solemnized, then
 With music performed by skilful men,
 The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,
 Each one beslading the beautiful bride.
 But after their sumptuous dinner was done,
 To talk and to tell on a number begun,
 Of the blind beggar's dau'ghter most bright,
 And what with his dau'ghter he gave to the knight:
 Then spake the nobles, Such marvel have we,
 The jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.
 My lords, quoth the bride, my father so base,
 He's loath with his presence these states to disgrace.
 The praise of a woman in question to bring,
 Before her own face were a flattering thing:
 We think thy father's baseness (quoth they)
 Might by thy beauty be clean put away.
 They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar with a sicken cloak,
 A velvet cap and a feather had he,
 And now a musician forfooth he would be:
 And being led to from catching of harm,
 Said, Please you, he rams Husk of me,
 A long I'll sing you of pretty Bessie.
 With that his lute he twang'd straightway,
 And thereon began most sweetly to play,
 And after a lesson was plaid two or three,
 He straved out his song most delicately,
 A beggar's daughter did dwell on the green,
 Who for her beauty may well be a queen,
 A blith bonny lass, and dainty was she,
 And many one called her pretty Bessie.
 Her father had no goods nor no lands,

But begged for a penny all with his hands,
 And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
 Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie;
 And if any one her birth do disdain,
 Her father is ready with might and with main,
 To prove she is come of a noble degree,
 Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessie.
 With that the lords and company round,
 With hearty laughter was ready to sound;
 At last said the Lords, Full well we may see
 The bride and the beggar's beholding to thee.
 With that the bride all blushing did rise,
 With the fair water all in her bright eyes,
 Pardon my father, grave nobles (quoth she)
 That through blind affection thus doeth on me.
 If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
 How may he be proud of this happy day;
 Yet by his countenance well we may see,
 His birth with his fortune did never agree;
 And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee betwixt,
 And look that the truth to us thou do say,
 Thy birth and thy parentage what it might be,
 Even for the love thou bearest to pretty Bessie.
 Then give me leave, you Gentles each one,
 A song more to sing and then I'll be gone;
 And if that I do not win good report,
 Then do not give me a groat for my sport:
 When first our King his fame did advance,
 And fought for his title in delicate France,
 In many places great perils past he,
 But then was not born my pretty Bessie.
 And in those wars went over to fight
 My a brave Duke, a Lord and a knight,
 And with them young Monford of courage so free,
 But then was not born my pretty Bessie:
 And there did young Monford with a blow o' th' face
 Lose both his eyes in a very short space;
 His life also had been gone with his sight,
 Had not a young woman come forth o' th' night,
 Amongst the slain men her fancy doth move
 To search and to seek her own true love,
 Who seeing young Monford there gashing to lie,
 She saved his life through her charity;
 And then all our viuals in beggars attire,
 At the hands of good people we then did require;
 At last into England, as now it is seen,
 We came and remained at Bednal-green.
 And thus we have lived in Fortune's despite,
 Though poor, yet contented, with humble delight,
 And in my old years a comfort to be,
 God sent me a daughter call'd pretty Bessie.
 And thus, you nobles, my song I do end,
 Hoping the same no man doth offend:
 Full forty long winters thus I have been,
 A silly blind beggar of Bednal-green.
 Now when the company had every one,
 Heard the strange tale in long he had shown,
 They were all amazed, as well they might be,
 Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.
 With that the fair bride they then did embrace,
 Saying, You're come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise of a high degree,
 And thou art worthy a lady to be.
 Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,
 A happy bridegroom was made the young knight,
 Who lived in joy and felicity
 With his fair lady, pretty Bessie.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

L O N D O N :

Printed by and for W. Onley; and are to be sold by
 C. Bares, at the Sign of the Sun and Bible in Pye-corner.

King and Northern Man:

Shewing how a poor *Northumberland* Man (Tenant to the King) being wronged by a Lawyer (his Neighbour) went to the King himself to make known his Grievance.

To the Tune of, *Slut, &c.*

Licens'd and Enter'd.



IDrive away the weary day,
a book I chanced to take in hand,
And therein I read assuredly,
a story as you shall understand :

Perusing many a History over,
amongst the leaves I chanc'd to view,
The books name and title is this,
The Second Lesson, too good to be true.

There read I of a *Northumberland* Man,
that was born and brought up in the King's
He paid twenty shillings rent a year
to the King, as I do understand :

By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
that with his farm was not content,
But over the poor Man still hang'd his nose,
because he did gather the King's rent.

He told him he his lease had forfeit,
and that he must there no longer abide :
The King by such Loons hath mickle wrong done,
and for you the World is broad and wide.

The poor Man pray'd him for to cease,
and content himself, if he would be willing,
And pick no vantage in my lease,
and I shall give thee forty shilling.

It's neither forty shilling, nor forty pound,
if warrant thee, can so agree thee and me,
Unless thou yield me thy farm so round,
and stand to my courtesie.

The poor Man said, I may not do so,
my wife and my Beards will make ill work ;
If thou with my farm wilt let me go, [mark.
thou seem'st a gude fellow, if give thee five

The Lawyer would not be so content,
but further i'th' matter he means to snell :

The Neighbours had the poor Man provide his
and make a submission to the K. himself. [rent,

He gat a humble staff on his back,
a jerkin, I wot, that was of grey :
With a good blew bonnet, he thought it no lack ;
to the King he is ganging as fast as he may.

He had not gone a mile out o' th' Town,
but one of his Neighbours he did espy ;
How far is't t' th' King, for thither i'm bound ;
as fast as ever I can hie.

I am sorry for you, Neighbour, he said,
for your simplicity I make moan,
He warrant you, you may ask for the King,
when nine or ten days journey you have gone.

Had I wist the King had wond so far,
ife never a sought him a Mile out o' th' town
He's either had sought me, or we'd ne'r ha' come near,
at home I had rather ha' spent a crown.

But when he came to the City of London,
of every Man he for the King did call :
They told him, that him he need not to fear,
for the King he lies now at the White-hall.

And with 'spring of Furies in the City,
because he had never been there before,
He lay so long a bed the next day,
the Court was remov'd to Windsor that morn.

You ha' lay too long, then said his Host,
you ha' lay too long by a great while ;
The King is now to Windsor gone,
he's further gone by twenty mile.

I think I was curs'd, then said the poor Man,
if I had been wise I might ha' consider,
Belike the King of me has gotten some meer,
he had ne'r gone away, had not I come hither.

He fled not for you, then said his Host,
but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may :
Besure it will require your cost,
for look what is past the King will pay ?

Thou'lt have an Attachment laid our King
charge all that thou seest take thy part.
Till he pay thee a hundred pound,
besure thou never let him start :

If any seem against thee to stand,
besure thou come hither straightway.

So, marry, is that all ise get for my labour,
then I may come trotting every day.

Thou art hard of belief, then said our King,
to please him with letters he was willing,
I see you have taken great pains in writing,
with all my heart ise give a shilling.

I'll have none of thy shilling, said our King,
Man, with thy money God give thee win,
He threw it into the King's botom,
the mone lay cold next to his skin.

Weshrew thy heart, then said our King,
thou art an Earl somerhing too bold ;
Dost thou not see I am hot with Botwling,
and the mone next my skin lies cold.

I never wist that before said the poor Man,
before like time as I came hither,
If the Lawyers in our Country thought 'twas cold,
they would not heap up so much together.

The King called up his Treasurer,
and bad him fetch him twenty pound ;
If ever thy errand lye here away,

I'll bear thy charges up and down.

When the poor Man saw the Gold down rendred
for to receive it he was willing :

If I had thought the King had had so mickle g old
weshrew my heart, i'de ha' kept my shilling.

The poor Man got home the next Sunday,
the Lawyer soon did him espy ;

O Sir, you have been a Stranger long,
I think from me you have kept you by.

It was for you indeed, said the poor Man,
the matter to the King, as I have tell :
I did as my Neighbour put into my head,
and made a submission to him my sel.

What a De'il didst thou with the King, quoth Lawyer,
could not Neighbours & Friends agree thee & me :

The De'il a Neighbour or Friend that I had,
that would have been such a Day's Man as he :

He has gin me a letter, but I know not what they call't,
but if the King's words be true to me
When you have read and perused it over,
I hope you'll leave, and let me be.

He has gin me another, but I know not what too,
but I charge you all to hold him fast,
Till he pay me an hundred pound
I will go tye him fast tull a post.

Marry God forbid, the Lawyer said,
then the Attachment was read before them there,
Thou must needs somerhing credit me,
till I go home and fetch some mear.

Credit, nay that's it the King forbid,
he bade if I got thee I should thee kape
The Lawyer paid him an hundred pound
in ready mone e're he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus,
from troubling poor Men they would cease ;
They'd either shew him good cause why,
or else they'd let him live in peace.

And thus I end my merry song,
which shews the plain Man's simpleness,
And the King's great mercy in righting wrongs
and the Lawyer's fraud and wickedness.

But when he came to Windsor Castle,
with his humble staff on his back,
Although the gates wide open stood,
he laid on them till he made 'um crack.

Why say, pray friend, art mad quoth the Porter,
what makes thee keep this air to day?

Why, I am a Tenant of the King's,
who have a message to him to say.

The King hath Men enough, said the Porter,
your message well that they can say.

Why, there's not a Knave the King doth keep,
shall ken my secret mind to day:

I were told ere I came from home,
ere I got hither it would be dear bought,
Let me in, I'll give thee a single penny.

I see thou wilt ha' small, ere thou do it for nought.

Hamercy, said the Porter then,
thy reward is so great I cannot say nay:
Ponder's a Nobleman within the Court,
I'll first hear what he doth say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
he said he would shew him pretty sport,
There's like a Clown come to the gate,
as come not these seven years to the Court.

He calls all Knaves the King doth keep,
he raps at the gates, and makes great din;
He's passing liberal of reward,
he'd give a good single penny to be let in.

Let him in, then said the Nobleman,
Come in fellow, the Porter gan say;
If thou come within thy self, he said,
thy staff behind the gate must stay;

And this Cuckold's cur must lig behind,
what a Deel, what a Cur hast got with thee?
The King will take him up for his own sel,
He warrant when as he doth him see.

Wellswen thy limbs, then said the poor Man,
then maist thou count me a fool or worse,
I wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
for want of money he may pick my purse.

Let him in with his staff and dog, said the Lord,
he gave a nod with's head, and a bend with's knee,
If you be Sir King, then said the poor Man,
as I can very well think ye be:

For as I was told ere I came from home,
you'r goodliest Man that e're I saw before,
With so many jingle jangles about one neck,
as is about yours, I never saw none,

I am not the King said the Nobleman
fellow, though I have a proud coat.
If you be not the King, help me to the speech of him,
you seem a gude fellow, I'll give you a Goat.

Hamercy, said the Nobleman.
thy reward is so great, I cannot say nay;
I'll go know the King's pleasure, if I can,
till I come again besure you say.

Here's like a saying, then said the poor Man,
belike the King's better than any in our Country
I might a gane to the farthest nuke i' th' house,
neither Lad nor Loon to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,
he said he could shew his Grace good sport,
Here's such a Clown come to the gate,
as came not this seven years to the Court.

He calls all Knaves your Highness keeps,
and more then that, he terms them worse,
He'll not come in without his staff and dog
for fear some Bankrupt will pick his purse.

Let him in with his staff, then said our King,
that of his sportme may see some:
We'll see how he'll handle every thing,
as soon as our match of bowls is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a room,
and through many a gallery gay;
What a deil doth the King with so many houses,
that he gets them not fill'd with corn and hay?

At last they spied the King in a garden,
per from his game he did not start;
The day was so hot, he cast off his doublet,
he had nothing from his waist but his shirt.

Lo ponder's the King, said the Nobleman,
behold, follow, so here he goes:
Believe's he's some Anthrifer, says the poor Man,
that has lost his money, and pawn'd his cloths.

But when he came before the King,
the Nobleman did his courtesie:
The poor Man followed after him,
and gave a nod with's head, and a bend with's knee:

And if you be Sir King, then said the poor Man,
as I can hardly think ye be:
Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,
is liker to be the King than ye.

I am the King, his Grace now said,
fellow, let me thy case understand.
If you be Sir King, I'm a Tenant of yours,
that was born and brought up in your own land:

There dwells a Lawyer hard by me,
and a fault with my lease he saith he hath found,
And all was for selling five poor ashes,
to build an house upon your own ground.

Hast thou a lease here, said our King:
or canst thou shew to me the deed?
He gave it into the King's own hand,
and said, Sir, here 'tis, if that you can read.

Let's see thy lease, then said the King,
then from his black box he pull'd it out,
He gave it into the King's own hand,
with four or five knots, ty'd fast in a clout.

We'll never unloose these knots, said the King,
he gave it to one that behind him did stay.
It is a proud horse, then said the poor Man,
will not carry's own provender along the high way:

Pay me forty shillings, as I'll pay you,
I will not think much to unloose a knot;
I would I were so occupied every day,
I'd unloose a score of 'em for a great.

When the King had gotten these letters read,
and found the truth was very so,
I warrant thee, thou hast not forfeit thy lease,
if thou hadst sold five shes mo.

Ye, every one can warrant me,
but all your warrants are not worth a fee,
For he that troubles me, and will not let me go,
neither cares for warrant of you nor me.

Thou'lt have an Injunction, said our King,
from troubling of thee he will cease,
We'll either shew the good cause why,
or else he'll let thee live in peace.

What's that Injunction? said the poor Man:
good Sir, to me I pray you say,
Why, it is a letter I'll cause to be written;
but art thou so simple as thou shov'st to day?

Why it's be a letter, I'm never the better,
keep it to thy self, and trouble not me;
I could ha' had a letter written cheaper at home,
and ne're a come out of my own Country.

Thou'lt have an Attachment said our King
charge all that thou seest take thy part.
Till he pay thee a hundred pound,
besure thou never let him start:

If any seem against thee to stand,
besure thou come hither straightway.
Ay, marry, is that all I'll get for my labour,
then I may come trotting every day.

Thou art hard of belief, then said our King,
to please him with letters he was willing,
I see you have taken great pains in writing,
with all my heart I'll give a shilling.

I'll have none of thy shilling, said our King,
Man, with thy money God give thee win,
We threw it into the King's bosom,
the money lay cold next to his skin.

Wellswen thy heart, then said our King,
thou art an Earl something too bold;
Dost thou not see I am hot with Bowling,
and the money next my skin lies cold.

I never wist that before said the poor Man,
before like time as I came hither,
If the Lawyers in our Country thought 'twas cold,
they would not heap up so much together.

The King called up his Treasurer,
and bad him fetch him twenty pound;
If ever thy errand I'll see here away,
I'll bear thy charges up and down.

When the poor Man saw the Gold down rendered
for to receive it he was willing:
If I had thought the King had had so mickle gold
wellswen my heart, I'd ha' kept my shilling.

The poor Man got home the next Sunday,
the Lawyer soon did him espy;
O Sir, you have been a stranger long,
I think from me you have kept you by.

It was for you indeed, said the poor Man,
the matter to the King, as I have tell:
I did as my Neighbour put into my head,
and made a submission to him my sel.

What a De'il dost thou with the King, quoth Lawyer,
could not Neighbours & Friends agree thee & me?
The De'il a Neighbour or Friend that I had,
that would have been such a Day's Man as he:

He has gin me a letter, but I know not what that call't,
but if the King's words be true to me
When you have read and perused it over,
I hope you'll leave, and let me be.

He has gin me another, but I know not what too,
but I charge you all to hold him fast,
Till he pay me an hundred pound
I will go tye him fast till a post.

Marry God forbid, the Lawyer said,
then the Attachment was read before them there,
Thou must needs something credit me,
till I go home and fetch some mear.

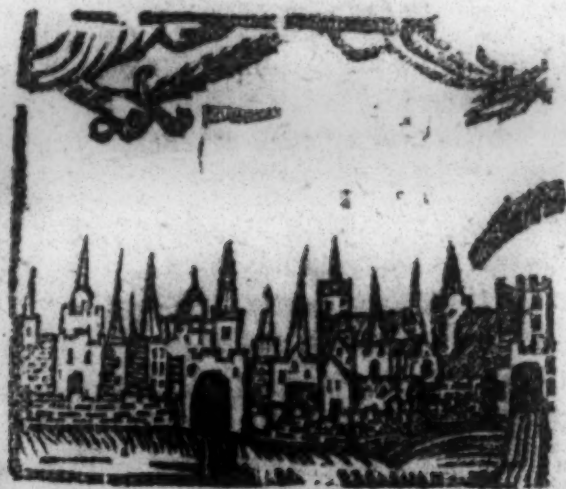
Credit, nay that's it the King forbid,
he bade if I got thee I should thee stay:
The Lawyer paid him an hundred pound
in ready money ere he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus,
from troubling poor Men they would cease;
They'd either shew him good cause why,
or else they'd let him live in peace.

And thus I end my merry song,
which shews the plain Man's simpleness,
And the King's great mercy in righting wrongs
and the Lawyer's fraud and wickedness.

The Wanton Wife of Bath.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame, &c.*



If Bath a wanton wiffe dwelt,
as Chaucer he doth wisse;
Who did in pleasure spend her days,
in many fond delight;
Upon a time soe sick she was,
and at the length did dye,
Her soul at last to heaven's gate,
did knock most mightily.
Then Adam came unto the gate,
Who knocketh there? quoth he.
I am the Wife of Bath, she said,
and fain would come to thee.
Thou art a sinner, Adam said,
and here no place shall have.
Alas, for you good Sir, she said,
now giv you dotting knave;
I will come in, in spite, she said,
of all such churles as thee;
Thouwert the causer of our woe,
and our pain misery;

And first broke God's commandments,
in pleasure of thy wiffe.
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
he ran away for life.

Then down came Jacob at the gate,
and bids her pack to hell.

Thou false deceiver, why, said she,
thou maist be there as well;

For thou deceiv'st thy father dear,
and thine own brother too.

Atway went Jacob presently,
and made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main
and Lot he chides her straight:

Why then, quoth he, thou drunken ass,
who bids thee here to wait?

With thy two daughters thou didst lye,
on them two bastards got;

And thus most tauntingly she chafed
against poor silly Lot.

Who knocks there, quoth Judith then,
with such shrill sounding notes?

Alas, she thinks you cannot hear,
quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blushed for shame,
when she heard her say so.

King David hearing of the same,
he to the gate did go,

And David, who knocks there so loud,
and maketh all this strife?

Thou were more kind, good Sir, he said, Except thou shake thy sin away,
unto Uriah's wife ; thou here shalt be denied.

And when thou causedst thy servant
in batle to be slain,
Thou caused then more strife then I,
who would come here so faine.

The woman's mad, said Solomon,
that thus doth taunt a King.
Not half so mad as you, he said,
I know in many a thing ;

Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
for whom thou didst provide,
For all this, three hundred whores
thou didst maintain beside ;

And those made thee forsake thy God,
and worship stocks and stones,
Besides the charge they put thee to
in breeding of young ones ;

Hadst thou not been besides thy wits,
thou wouldst not have ventured ;
And therefore I do marvel much,
how thou this place have enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
so vile a scold as this.

Thou whorson runaway, quoth he,
thou diddest more amiss.

I think, qu. Thomas, womens tongues
of aspen-leaves are made.

Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth he,
all is not true that's said.

When Mary Magdalen heard then,
she came unto the gate,
Quoth he, Good woman you must think
upon your former state ;

No sinner enters in this place,
quoth Mary Magdalen, then.
'Twere ill for you fair mistress mine,
she answered her again,

You for your honesty, quoth he,
should once been stoned to death,
Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
and written on the earth,

It was not your occupation,
you are become whine ;
I hope my soul in Christ's Passion
shall be as safe as thine.

Then rose the good Apostle Paul,
unto this wife he said,

Remember Paul what thou hast done,
although a lewd desire ;
How thou didst persecute God's Church,
with wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
and to the gate he highs,
Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so late,
thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said he, content thyself,
for mercy may be won ;
I never did deny my Christ,
as thou thyself hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
with heavenly Angels bright,
he comes unto this sinful soul,
who trembled at his sight :

Of him for mercy she did crave,
quoth he, Thou hast refused
My proffer, grace, and mercy both,
and much my name abused.

Howe have I sinned, O Lord, he said,
and spent my time in pain,
But bring me like a wandring sheep
into thy flock again :

O Lord my God, I will amend
my former wicked vice :
The thief at these poor silly words,
pass into paradise.

My laws and my commandments,
saith Christ, were known to thee,
But of the same in my wife,
nor yet one word did ye.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth he
most lowly did I be,
But yet the loving father did
his prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he said,
through thy repenting cry,
Come therefore into my joy,
I will not thee deny.

Licens'd and Enter'd.

London: Printed by and for W. O. and sold by
the Bookellers of the corner and London-bridge.

AN UNHAPPY MEMORABLE SONG of the Hunting in
CHEVY-CHASE, between Earl PIERCE of England,
and Earl DOWGLAS of Scotland.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*, &c.

God prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and fortunes all,
In Chevy-chase befal:
To drive the deer with bound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way.
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.
The stout Earl of Northumberland,
A bold to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
These summer's days to take,
The chiefest harts in Chevy-chase,
To kill and bear away.
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:
Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort;
With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.
The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer,
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;
And long before high-noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain,
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.
The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure,
Their back-sides all with special care,
That day were guarded sure.
The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
And great offence to kill,
And with their tricks the hills and dales,
For they have done no ill.
Earl Percy to the quarry went,
To bring the tender deer,
As both he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:
In that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
Such a brave young gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did say.

That ere my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two Earls, said Witherington,
And I a Squire alone,
I do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand,
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true,
At the first sight of arrows sent.
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with bound and horn,
Earl Douglas was the bent.

A Captain mo'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent:

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side
No slackness there was found,

And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Chrift! it was great grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,

The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great might,

A the lions mo'd they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight;

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,

Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did fell:

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said,
In faith I will thee bring,

Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish King;

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,

Thou art the most courageous Knight
That ever I did see.

To Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn,

I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

Such that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,

Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow,

Which never spoke more words then these,
Fight on my merry men all,

For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaping life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,

And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life,
Would I had lost my land,

O Chrift! my very heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure a more renowned Knight,
Mischance did ever take.

A Knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,

Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who with a spear most bright,

Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all,
Withour all dread or fear,

And through Earl Percy's body then,
He thrust his hateful spear,

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,

The spear went through the other side
A large cloath-yard and more.

So thus did both these Nobles dye,
Whose courage none could stain:

An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain,

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,

An arrow of a cloath-yard long,
Unto the head drew he,

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
To right his shaft he set,

The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart blood was wet.

His sight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun,

For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

Such the Earl Percy there was slain,
Sir John of Ogerron,

Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
And with Sir George and good Sir James,

Both Knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,

Whose promises did surmount
As one in doleful damps,

For when his legs were fasten'd off
He fought upon his knyns.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery,

Sir Charles Currel, that treat the field
One foot would never stir.

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he,

Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be,

And the Earl Markwel in his hot
Did with Earl Douglas dye,
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Seven fifty five did dye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
Twent home but fifty theyer,
The rest were slain in Chevy-chase
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail,
They wash'd their wounds in brinish
But all wounds nor prevail:

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away,
They kiss them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edenburg,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

O heavy news, King James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland,
Was slain in Chevy-chase:

Now God be with him, said our King,
With no better be,
I trust I have within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scot nor Shroeland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Lord Percy's sake.

Which both fall well the King perceiv'd,
After on Humble-Down,
As one day fifty Knights were slain
With loads of great renden:

And of the rest of small account,
Did many hundreds dye:
Which ended the burning of Chevy-chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the King, and bless the Land
In plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that fould debate,
Twixt Noble men may cease.

Licenc'd and Enter'd according to Order.

London: Printed by and for W. Orley, and
are to be sold by C. Bates, at the Swan and
Bible in Pye-corner.

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33.

Queen Eleanor's Confession:


Shewing, how King Henry, with the Earl Martial, in Fryars Habits, came to see her, instead of two Fryars from France, which she sent for. To a pleasant New Tune.



Queen Elenor was a sick Woman,
and afraid that she should dye ;
Then she sent for two Fryars of France,
for to speak with them speedily :
The King call'd down his Nobles all,
by one, by two, and by three ;
And sent away for Earl Martial,
for to speak with him speedily.
When that he came before the King,
he fell on his bended knee,
A boon, a boon, our Gracious King,
that you sent so hastily.
I'll pawn my Kissing and my Lands ;
my Scepter and my Crown ;
That whatsoever Queen Elenor says,
I will not take it down.
Do you put on one Fryar's coat,
I'll put on another.

And we will to Queen Elenor go,
one Fryar like another.
Thus both attired then they go ;
when they came to White-hall.
The Bells they did ring, as the Quickeste King,
and the torches did light them all.
When that they came before the Queen,
they fell on their bended knee
A boon, a boon, our Gracious Queen,
that you sent so hastily.
Are you two Fryars of France? she said,
which I suppose you be ;
But if you are two English Fryars,
then hanged shall you be.
We are two Fryars of France, they said,
as you suppose we be ;
We have not been at any Shells
since we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that e're I did,
 I will to you unfold,
 Earl Martial had my Maiden-head,
 underneath this Cloath of Gold.
 That is a vile sin, then said the King,
 God may forgive it thee.
 Amen, Amen, quoth Earl Martial,
 with a heavy heart then spoke he.
 The next vile thing that e're I did,
 to you I'll not deny;
 I made a Box of Popson strong,
 to popson King Henry.
 That is a vile sin, then said the King,
 God may forgive it thee.
 Amen, Amen, quoth Earl Martial,
 and I wish it so may be.
 The next vile thing that e're I did,
 to you I will discover,
 I popsoned Faire Rosamond
 all in Faire Woodstock-Bower.
 That is a vile sin, then said the King,
 God may forgive it thee.
 Amen, Amen, quoth Earl Martial,
 and I wish it so may be.



Do you see yonders little Boy,
 a tossing of that ball?
 That is Earl Martial's eldest Son,
 and I love him the best of all,
 Do you see then yonders little Boy,
 a catching of the ball?
 That is King Henry's Son, the said,
 and I love him the worst of all.
 His head is like unto a bull,
 his nose is like a boar.
 No matter for that, King Henry said,
 I love him the better therefore.
 The King pull'd off his Fyrat's coat,
 and appear'd all in red;
 He shak'd, and he cry'd, the saying he had,
 and said he was betray'd.
 The King look'd over his left shoulder,
 and a grim look looked he,
 And said, Earl Martial, but for my Datch,
 then fanges should'st thou be.

640. m 9
34

MAUDLIN

The Merchant's Daughter of BRISTOL.

To the Tune of, The Maiden's Joy, &c.

BEhold the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Merchant's daughter of Bristol
Whose firm affection nothing could move,
her labour bears the lovely brow.
A gallant youth was dwelling by, [good will,
which many years had born this maiden great
She loved him so faithfully;
but all her friends withstood it still.
The young man now perceiving well,
he could not get nor win the labour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expel,
and blew strange counsels he intends;
And now to take his last farewell
of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,
With musick sweet that did excel,
he played under her window then:
Farewel (quoth he) mine own true love,
farewel my dear and chiefest treasure of my heart,
Through fortune's spite that false did prove,
I am enforced from thee to part,
Into the land of Italy:
there will I wail and weary out my life in woe,
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I held my life a mortal foe:
Fair Bristol town therefore adieu,
For Padua shall be my habitation now,
Although my love doth rest in thee,
to whom alone my heart I bow.
With trickling tears thus did he sing, [foe,
with sighs & looks descending from his heart full
He said when he his hands did wringing,
Farewel sweet love for evermore.
Fair Maudlin from a window high,
beholding her true love with musick where he
But not a word she did reply,
fearing her parents angry mood.
In tears she spent that woful night,
withing herself, though naked, with her faithful
She blames her friends and fortune's spite,
that wrought her love such luckless end:
And in her heart she made a vow,
clean to forsake her country and her kindred all,
And so to follow her true love,
to bide all chance that might befall.
The night is gone, and the day is come,
and in the morning very early did she rise,
She gets her down into a lower room,
where sundry seamen she espies:
A gallant master among them all,
the master of a great and goodly ship was he,
Who there was waiting in the hall,
to speak with her father if it might be.
She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good sir, said she, would thou speak with any here?
Quoth he, Fair maid, and therefore I do stand.
Then gentle sir, I pray draw near;
Into a pleasant parlour by,
both hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone,
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her woe on,
She falls upon her bended knee,
Good sir, said she, now pity you a woman's woe.

And prove a faithful friend to me,
that I to you my grief may show.
With you repose your trust, he said,
in me, who am unknown, & eke a stranger here,
Be you assur'd most proper paid,
most faithful still I will appear:
I have a brother, then (quoth he)
whom as my life I love & labour tenderly,
In Padua, alas! is he,
full sick, God wot, and like to die,
Full fain I would my brother see,
but that my father will not yield to let me go,
Therefore, good sir, be good to me,
and unto me this labour show:
Some ship-boy's garment bring to me,
that I disguis'd may go unknown,
And unto sea I'll go with thee,
if thus much labour might be shown.
Fair maid (quoth he) take here my hand,
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
and in the place that you require.
She gave to him a tender kiss,
and said, your servant master I will be,
And prove your faithful friend for this,
sweet master then forget not me.
This done as they had both agreed,
soon after that before the break of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
therein herself she did array;
And ere her father did arise
she meets her master as he walked in the hall,
She did attend on him likewise,
until her father did him call.
But ere the merchant made an end
of all his weighty matters all,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
saying, Our daughter's gone away.
The merchant then amaz'd in mind,
ponder hille wretch intic'd away my child (qu. he)
But I well wot I shall him find
at Padua in Italy.
With that bespake the master brave,
Worshipful Merchant, thither goes this youth,
And any thing that you would crave,
he will perform, and write the truth.
Sweet youth (qu. he) if it be so,
bear me a letter to the English there,
And gold on thee I will bestow;
my daughter's welfare I do fear.
Her mother took her by the hand, [er,
Fair youth (qu. he) if e're thou dost my daughter
Let me soon thereof understand,
and there is twenty crowns for thee.
Thus through the daughter's strange disguise,
her mother knew not when she spake unto her,
Then after her master straight he hits
taking her leave with countenance mild;
Thus to the sea sweet Maudlin is gone
with her gentle master, God send them
Where we a while must let them alone
till you the second part do sing.

The Second P A R T of Sweet *MAUDLIN*, to the same Tune.

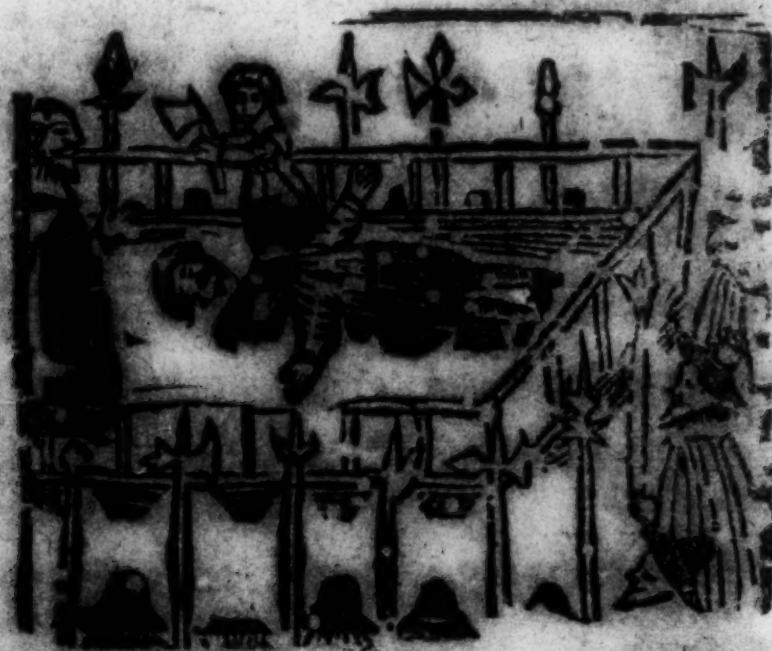
Welcome Sweet Maudlin from the seas,
where bitter storms & tempests do arise,
The pleasant banks of Italy,
you may behold with mortal eyes;
Thanks gentle master, then said she,
a faithful friend in sorrow thou hast been,
If fortune once do smile on me,
my gentle heart shall soon be seen;
Hence be the land that feeds my love,
Hence be the place whereas his person doth abide,
No trypal will I stick to prove,
whereby my true love may be try'd:
Now will I walk with joyful heart, [main,
to view the town whereas my darling doth re-
And seek him out in every part,
until his sight I do obtain;
And I quoth he, will not forsake
Sweet Maudlin in her sorrows up and down,
In wealth or woe thy part I'll take,
and bring thee safe to Padua town:
And after many many steps,
in Padua they arrived at the last,
For very joy her heart it leaps,
she thinks not on her sorrows past,
Condemn'd he was to dye, alas!
except he would from his religion turn,
But rather then he would to mals,
in fiery flames he bow'd to burn.
Now both Sweet Maudlin weep and wail,
her joy is turn'd to weeping, sorrow, grief & care,
For nothing could her plaints prebail,
for death alone must be his share,
She walks under the prison walls, [drest,
where her true love did lye & languish in di-
Then wofully for food he calls,
when hunger did his heart opprefs;
He sighs and sobs, and makes great moan,
farewel Sweet-heart for evermore,
And all my friends that have me known,
in Bristol town with wealth and slope.
But most of all, farewell, quoth he,
my own Sweet Maudlin whom I left behind,
For never more thou shalt me see,
woe to thy father most unkind:
How well I were if thou were here, [eyes
with thy fair hands to close these my wretched
My torments eake would appear,
my soul with joy would scale the skies.
When Maudlin heard her lover's moan, [was,
her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow filled
To speak with him no means was found,
such grievous doom did on him pass.
Then she put off her lad's attire,
her maidens weed upon her back she seemly set,
To the judge's house she did inquire,
and there she did a service get:
She did her duty there so well,
and eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her matter fell.
his servant's labour he doth crave:
Maudlin, quoth he, my heart's delight,
to whom my heart in affection is ty'd,
Wied not my death through thy dispight,
a faithful friend thou shalt me find.
I grant me thy love fair maid, quoth he,
and at my hands desire what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
whereby thy credit may arise,

I have a brother, sir, said she,
for his religion is now condemn'd to dye,
In leathsome prison he is cast,
oppress'd with grief and misery:
Grant me my brother's life (she said)
and now to you my love & liking will I give.
That may not be (quoth he) fair maid,
except he turn he cannot live:
An English fryer there is (she said)
of learning great, and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be set at,
and he will finish soon the strife.
Her master granted her request,
the marriner in fryer's weeds she did array;
And to her love that lay distrust,
she did a letter soon convey,
When he had read these gentle lines,
his heart was ravish'd with pleasant joy,
Where now she is full well he knew,
the fryer like wife was not coy;
But did declare to him at large,
the enterprise his love for him had taken in hand,
The young man did the fryer charge,
his love should straight depart the land.
Here is no place for her (he said)
but woful death and danger of her life,
Professing truth I was betray'd,
and fearful flames must end the strife.
For e'er I will my faith deny,
and swear myself to follow damned anarchy,
I'll yield my body for to dye,
to live in heaven with the highest.
O sir, the gentle fryer said,
consent thereto, and end the strife.
A woful match (quoth he) is made,
where Chastity is left to win a wife.
When she had us'd all means she might,
to save his life, and yet all would not be,
Then of the judge she claim'd her right,
to dye the death as well as he.
When no persuasions could prebail,
nor change her mind in any thing that she had said,
She was with him condemn'd to dye,
and for them both one fire was made:
Pea, arm in arm most joyfully,
these lovers twain into the fire did go,
The marriner most faithfully,
was likewise partner of their woe.
But when the judges understood,
the faithful friendship did in them remain,
They sav'd their lives, and afterwards,
to England sent them back again.
Now was their sorrow turn'd to joy,
and faithful lovers have their hearts desire,
Their pains so well they did implore,
God granted that they did desire.
And when they did to England come,
and in merry Bristol arriv'd at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some,
that heard the dangers they had past:
Her father he was dead God wot,
and eke her mother was joyful at her sight,
Their wishes she denyed not,
but wedded them to hearts delight:
Her gentle master she desired,
to be her father, and at church to give her then
It was fulfilled as she required,
to the joys of all good men.

640 m 9
35

T H E
Lady Isabella's Tragedy:
O R,
The Step-Mother's Cruelty:

Being a Relation of a lamentable and cruel MURDER committed on the Body of the Lady *ISABELLA*, the only Daughter of a Noble Duke, occasion'd by her Step-Mother, and acted by the Master-cook, who were both adjudg'd to suffer Death for the said Murther. To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.



There was a Lord of worthy fame,
and a hunting he would ride;
Attended by a Noble Train
of Gentry by his side:

And whilst he did in chase remain,
to see both sport and play,
His Lady went, as she did feign,
unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair,
whose beauty shined so bright,
She was belov'd both far and near
of many a Lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
a Creature fair was she;
She was her father's only Joy,
as you shall after see,

But yet her cruel Step-Mother,
did envy her so much,
That day by day she sought her life,
her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the Master-cook
to take her life away,
And taking of her Daughter's book,
she thus to her did say:

Go home, sweet Daughter, I thee pray,
go hasten presently,
And tell unto the Master-cook,
these words that I tell thee:

And bid him dress to dinner straight,
that fair and milk white Doe,
That in the park doth shine so bright,
there's none so fair to show:

His Lady fearing of no harm,
obey'd her Mother's will,
And presently she hastened home,
her mind for to fulfil.

She straight into the kitchen went,
her message for to tell,
And there the Master-cook she spy'd,
who did with malice swell:

Now Master-cook it must be so,
do that which I thee tell,
You needs must dress the milk white Doe
which you do know full well.

Then straight his cruel bloody hands
he on the Lady laid,
Who quivering and making stands,
whilst thus to her he said:

Thou art the Doe that I must dress,
see here, behold my knife,
For it is pointed presently
to rid thee of thy life.

O then cry'd out the Scullion-boy,
as loud as loud might be,
O save her life, good Master-cook,
and make your pies of me:

For pity sake do not destroy
my Lady with your knife,
you know she is her Father's Joy,
for Christ's sake save her life.

I will not save her life, said
nor make my pies of the
Yet if thou dost this deed betray,
thy Butcher I will be.

Now when this Lord he did come home,
for to sit down and eat,
He called for his Daughter dear
to come and carve his meat.

Now sit you down, his Lady said,
O sit you down to meat,
Into some nunnery she is gone,
your Daughter dear forget.

Then solemnly he made a vow,
before the Company,
That he would neither eat nor drink
until he did her see.

O then bespoke the Scullion-boy,
with a loud voice so high,
If that you will your Daughter see,
my Lord cut up that pie,

Wherein her flesh is minced small,
and parched with the fire:
All caused by her Step-Mother,
who did her death desire:

And cursed be the Master-cook,
O cursed may he be;
I proffer'd him my own heart's blood,
from death to set her free.

Then all in black this Lord did mourn,
and for his Daughter's sake,
He judg'd for her Step-Mother
to be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the Master-cook,
in boiling-lead to stand;
He made the simple Scullion-boy
the Heir to all his Land.

L O N D O N :

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-bridge.

A Lamentable Ballad of Little Musgrove, and the Lady Barnet.

To an excellent new Tune.



As it fell out on a high holy day,
as many more be in the pear,
Musgrove would to the Church and pray,
to see the faire Ladies there:
Gallants there were of good degree,
for beauty exceeding fair,
Most wondrous labels to the eye,
which did to the Church repair.

Some came down in red-helvet,
and some came down in pall;
Then next came down my Lady Barnet,
the fairest amongst them all:
She cast a look on little Musgrove,
as bright as the summer's sun,
Full well then perceived little Musgrove,
Lady Barnet's love he had won.

The Lady Barnet meek and mild,
saluted the little Musgrove;
Who did reply her kind courtesie,
with favour and gentle love:
I have a bower in merry Barnet,
bestrewed with coulisps sweet,
If that you please, little Musgrove,
in love me there to meet:

Within my arms one night to sleep,
for you my love have won;
You need not fear my suspicious Lord,
for he from home is gone.
Betide my life, betide my death,
this night I will lye with thee;
And for thy sake I'll hazard my breath,
to have is thy love to me.

What shall we do with our little Foot-page,
our counsel for to keep,
And watch for fear Lord Barnet come,
while we together sleep?
Red gold shall be his hire, quoth he,
and silver shall be his fee;
So he our counsel safely keep,
that I may sleep with thee.

I will have none of your gold, he said,
nor none of your silver-fee;
If I should keep your counsel, Sir,
twere great dishonoury:
I will not be false unto my Lord,
for house nor yet for land,
But if my Lady prove untrue,
Lord Barnet shall understand.

Then swiftly ran this little Foot-page
unto his Lord with speed,
He then was feasting with his own friends,
not dreaming of this deed:
Most speedily the Page did haste,
most swiftly he did run,
And when he came to the broken bridge,
he bent his breast and swam.

The Page did make no stay at all,
but went to the Lord with speed,
That he the truth might tell to him,
concerning this wicked deed:
He found his Lord at supper then,
great merriment they did keep,
On Lord, quoth he, this night, on my word
Musgrove with your Lady both sleep.



If this be true my little Foot-page,
and true that thou tellest to me,
My eldest Daughter I'll give thee,
and wedded thou shalt be:

If this be a lye my little Foot-page,
and a lye thou tellest to me,
A new pair of gallows shall be set up,
and hanged thou shalt be.

If this be a lye, my Lord, (said he)
and a lye thou hearest of me,
Never stay a pair of gallows to make,
but hang me up on the next tree.

Lord Barnet call'd his merry Men all,
away with speed he would go,
His heart was so perplext with grief,
the truth of this he must know.

Saddle your horses with speed, he said,
and saddle me my white steed;

If this be true as the Page hath said,
Masgrove shall repent this deed.

He charged his Men to make no noise,
as they rode along the way,
Nor wind no horn (quoth he) for your life,
least our coming it should betray.

But one of them, that Masgrove did love,
and respected his friendship most dear,

To give notice Lord Barnet was come,
did wind the bugle most clear;

And evermore as he did sound,
Away Masgrove, and away,

For if he take thee, with my Lady,
then slain thou shalt be this day.

O hark, fair Lady, your Lord is near,
I hear his little horn blow,

And if he find me in your arms thus,
then slain I shall be I know.

O lye still, lye still, little Masgrove,
and keep my back from the cold,
I know it is my Father's Shepherd,
driving sheep unto the pincold.

Masgrove did turn him round about,
sweet slumber his eyes did greet.
When he did awake then did he espy,
Lord Barnet at the bed's feet:

Ulle up, rise up, thou little Masgrove,
and put thy cloathing on,
It never shall be said in England fair,
that I slew a naked Man.

Here is two swords, Lord Barnet said,
Masgrove thy choice now make,
The best of them thyself shall have,
and I the worst will take.

The first blow Masgrove did strike,
he wounded Lord Barnet sore,
The second blow Lord Barnet gave,
Masgrove could not be no more.

He took his Lady by the white hand,
all love to rage convert,
And with his sword so furious wise,
he pierc'd her tender heart:

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnet cry'd,
prepare to lay us in;

My Lady shall lye on the upper side,
'cause she is the better kin.

Then suddenly he flew himself,
which griev'd his friends full sore;

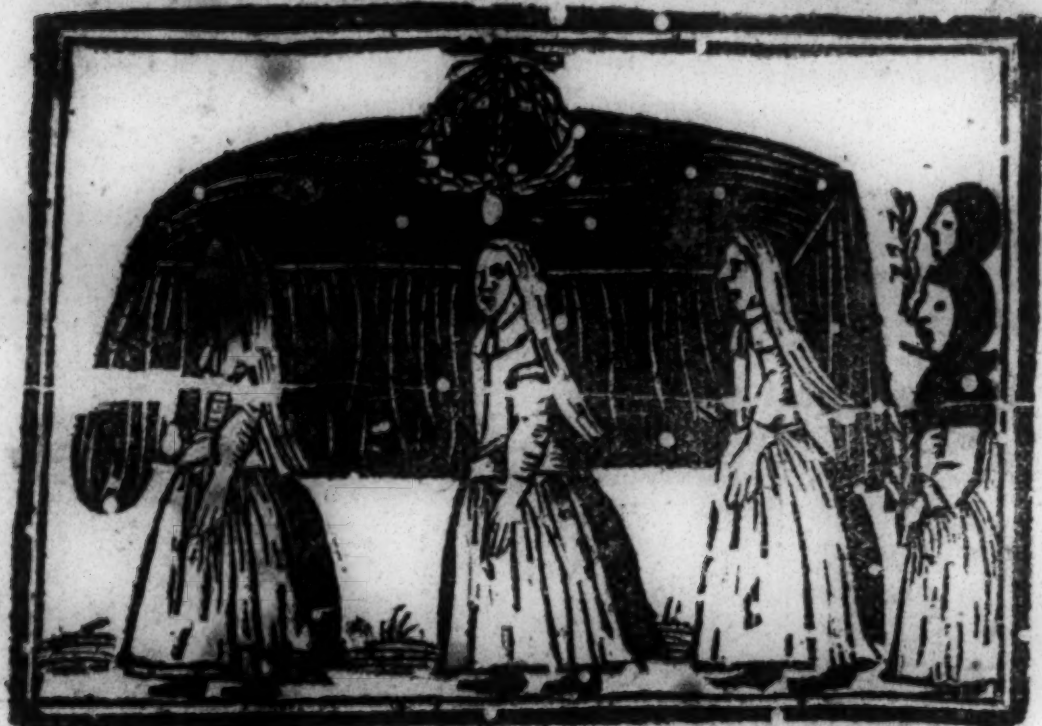
The death of these three worthy Wights
with tears then did deplore.

This sad mischief by lust was wrought:
then let us call for grace,

That we may shun the wicked vice,
and live from sin apace.

m. 9.
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The Brides Burial.



Come mother, come mourn with me,
 you loyal lovers all,
 Lament my loss in words of woe,
 Whom gripping grief doth thrall:
 Like to the dropping vine,
 Cut by the gardner's knife,
 Even so my heart with sorrow stain,
 doth bleed for my sweet wife.
 By death, this grisly ghost,
 my turtle-dove is slain,
 And I am left, unhappy man,
 to spend my days in pain.
 Her beauty late so bright,
 like roses in their prime,
 I soaked like the mountain's snow,
 by force of Phoebus shine.
 Her fair red-coloured cheeks,
 now pale and wan her eyes,
 That late did shine like crystal stars,
 alas, their light is dies;
 Her pretty lily hands,
 with fingers long and small;
 In colour like the earthly clay,
 now cold and stiff withal.



When as the morning-star,
 her golden gates had spread,
 And that the glistering sun arose
 forth from fair Theis bed:
 Then did my love awake, -
 most like a lilly-flower,
 And as the lovely Queen of heaven,
 shene she in her bower.
 Atured was she then
 like Flora in her pride,
 As fair as any of Diana's nymphs,
 so lookt my loving bride.
 And as fair Hellen's face,
 gave Grecian dames the lurch,
 So did my dear exceed in sight,
 all virgins in the church.
 When he had knit the knot,
 of holy wedlock-band,
 Like alabaster soyn'd to set,
 so stood we hand in hand:
 Then loe a chilling cold
 struck every vital part,
 & gripping grief like pangs of death
 seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Waken in a swoond she fell,
as cold as any stone,
Like Venus picture lacking life,
So was my love brought home :

At length my rosy red,
throughout her comely face,
As Phoebus beams with watry clouds
e'er covered for a space.

When with a grievous groan,
and voice both hoarse and dry,
Farewel, quoth she, my loving friend
for I this day must dye :

The messenger of God,
with golden trumpet I see,
With many other Angels more,
which sound and call for me.

Instead of musick sweet
go toll my passing-bell,
And with sweet flowers strow my
that in my chamber smell ; (grave

Strip off my hyde's array,
my cork shoes from my feet,
And gentle mother be not coy
to bying my winding sheet.

My wedding-dinner best,
bestow upon the pye.

And on the hungry, needy, maul'd
that craveth at the doo.

Instead of virgins young
my hyde-bed for to see ;
To cause some curious carpenter
to make a chest for me.

My hyde laces of silk,
bestow'd on maiden's meet ;
May fitly serve when I am dead
to tie my hands and feet.

And thou my lover true ;
my husband and my friend,
Let me int'eat thee here to stay,
until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
and humbly on your knee ;
Direct your way unto God,
but mourn no more for me ;

In love as we have liv'd,
in love let us depart ;
And I in token of my love
do kiss thee with my heart.

O Ranch those boile's tears
thy weeping is in vain ;
I am not lost, for we in heaven,
shall one day meet again.

With that she turn'd aside,
as one dispos'd to sleepe,
And like a lamb departed life,
whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
did fetcht a grievous groan,
As tho' his heart was dar'd in sea
and thus he made his moan :

O dismal and unhappy day,
a day of grief and care,
That hath bereft the day so high,
whose beams refresh the air.

Now bid her unto the world,
and all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in heaven,
for here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives
a discontented life,
Whose hyde was brought unto her
a maiden and a wife. (grave

A garland fresh and faire
of lillies there was made ;
In sign of her virginity,
and on her coffin laid :

Six maidens all in white
did bear her to the ground ;
The bells did ring in solemn sort,
and made a doleful sound.

In earth they laid her then,
for hungry worms a prey,
So shall the fairest face alibe
at length be brought to clay.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold
by the Booksellers of W. P. Coynes
and London, &c.

Wades Reformation,

To all good Fellows in this Nation.

Wherein he doth show to'th old and to'th young, | Where the Devil and the Hostis went together.
To beware of false hearts, and a flattering tongue, | But he has spent all and you plainly may see,
For they be two evils, and will bring you thither | That 'is poverty parts good company.
tune is, the maid is the best that lyes alone; or 'tis old Ale has undone me.



Too long have I been a drunken sot
And spent my means on the Black Pot,
Both jugs and flaggons I loved dear,
For all my delight was in strong Beer,
Once I had Gold, though now I be none,
Whilst I had money they'd wait me upon,
But now 'tis turn'd to farthings three,
And 'tis old Ale has undone me.

My wife full often would me tell
If I took this course I should ne'er do well,
For Beer and Tobacco would bring me low,
And make me so poor that I could not go,
Which she be ruled and I'll show you a way
How you shall thrive both night and day,
But I ne'er regarded the words she spoke,
Until &c.

For here would I trust and there would I lend,
And every one would be my friend,
Because of my money they saw I was kind,
And they'd pay me again when the Devil is blind
In all company still I would lay down
For one a shilling, another a Crown,
Thus my kind heart I plainly do see
And this old &c.

For my host and hostess was not slack
To bring Tobacco, Beer and Sack,
They'd bring ten dozen if I it said,
For they knew that I would see it paid,
There would I swagger drink and roze,
When that was out all as much more,
If I call'd but for one she'd swear there was three
So 'tis old Ale &c.

And still them to please I was so given,
If they reckon'd but six I'd pay for seven;
For all my delight it was so still,
Their minds and humours to fulfill:
For when drink was in then wit was out,
Then my head he would lap with a clout,
But next morning I paid for it soundly;
So 'tis old &c.

Then before that I should go away,
She'd bring me a bit caus'd me to stay
All the Day-long, may be night to boot,
She had so gotten the length of my foot,
She swoze out of doors she'd ne'r me shooe,
But 'twas more for my money than love,
For whilst I had any full merry I'd be,
Until &c.

Then comes her Daughter in a silk Gown,
The best mans Wife might a wo'e't in the town
She was not asham'd in my lap for to sit,
Until I had lost both my money and wit:
And what I of her did then require,
She granted to me my hearts desire,
Then into a Parlour went I and she,
But now such doings has undone me.

And thus my Silver it did fly,
For none was more esteem'd than I,
And the best Chamber or the best Room
Be sure I had when I did come.
Then the Fiddlers to me they did bring;
And they a new sound Song must sing,
My Hostis smiling must sit on my knee,
Until &c.

But all this while I had not forgot
How my stock did waste yet dream'd not
That e're I should come to poverty
My money so vainly it did fly,
It's a shame for me to tell it here
How I spent five hundred pound a year,
From Cards and Dice I ne'r was free
Until &c.

And when I found my stock to wast
To sell the rest I soon made hast,
Mortgag'd House and sold my Land,
And so got money in my hand.

But the same I'd quickly fool'd away,
And brought my self unto decay,
Then the Alewives and I could not agree
Until &c.

For I went to a house where I dare swear
I had spent twenty pound a year,
I began to call as I did before
But he straightwayes thrust me out of Door,
Began quoth he you saucy Jack
Then he pul'd my Coat from off my back,
This is all the comfort I got from the
When that old Ale, &c.

It grieves my heart and cuts me sore
To think how well I lived before,
Now I'm a laughing stock to those
That I lent money to buy them Cloaths,
Now they are grown high and im'e grown low
There former friends they will not know,
All men let this a warning be
For tis old ale has undone me.

If my wifes counsel I had took
And not her loving words forsook
I'd be never come to this poverty
For known half so much misery,
But I her words could not abide
At my Hostis's Bar I would be try'd
So I can lay no blame on the
For tis old ale, &c.

Good fellows all be rul'd in time
Lest that your woes be like to mine,
Take not an Alewife for thy friend
Lest she deceive thee in the end,
Repose no confidence in them
That had rather see you sink than swim
But love thy wife as she loves thee
For tis old ale, &c.

So to conclude to young men all
Counsel ile give before they fall
Dont by no means be led away
By those that will bring you to decay;
For times are hard and moneys scant
And many a man doth come to want:
For my Gold is come to Farthings three
And this old Ale has undone me.

A true and good RELATION

of the Valliant Exploits, and Victorious
Enterprifes of Sir *Simon Harcourt*, and Sir *Charles*

Coote, with their valliant overthrow, of at least 5000.

Rebels, with the burning of three Townes, where
the Rebels lay, incamped neare *Dublin*.

AND ALSO

The Relief of *Tragidaugh*, and other particulars relate

in a Letter, dated *Jan. 20. 1641.* from Mr. *Chappell* of

Dublin, to his friend, a Draper in *London*, and

brought by the last post, *Jan. 25.*

Whereunto is added another Relation concernin

(these particulars) the taking of the Towne, and Castle of

Enishannon from the Rebels, by Sir *Simon Harcourt*, and Sir

Thomas Temple, with a notable Victory over the Rebells

Mac-Carty at *Enishannon Foord*: *Mac-Con* the Re-

bels attempt upon the Towne of *Bandon*

Bridge, and their happy Defeate by Sir

Richard Grinfield.



LONDON,

Printed for S. Coates, and W. Ley at Paules Church

A Letter sent from M^r. Chappell out of Ireland, to a friend
of his in London.

Our Letter bearing date the 18 of the last Month, I have received, being sorry to heare of your discontents in London; but I hope God will in his good time turne all to the best: for those that truly feare him. Our Rebellion heare daily increaseth, so that we cannot travell any way from this City above a mile or 2 without danger; since S. *Samuel Harcourt* came over, we in this City have been much encouraged, his men were landed on *Newyears* day, and though they were but one regiment, consisting but of 7 Companies, yet they have bred some terror to our enemies, who before reported that the King would send us no help, and calls us *English Rebels*; they began to incamp close about us at *Clontarf*, which is but 2 miles hence; but Sr. *Charles Cooke*, the week before *Christmas*, with about 1500 horse and foot march towards them, and was with them as soon as there was any light in the morning, and put them to flight; some he kill'd some he caused to be hanged, and 3 or 4 he took prisoners, and after the Town was pillaged by his Souldiers, he set it a fire with the Corne, which fire was not out in 3 or 4 dayes after: it is thought that there were at least 2000 Rebels in the Town when Sr *Charles* came to it, he lost not one man at that time that I can heare of. The last week the Earle of *Ormand* and Sr *Charles* march't forth, both of them about 1 and 2 of the clock in the morning, and when they weare without the Town, my L. of *Ormand* with his forces march't toward *Finglas*, and Sr. *Charles* with his march't towards *Santrey*, in both which Towns the Rebels lay in garrison, the Towns are both almost one distance from hence, the farthest of them is accounted but 2 miles and they are about a middle distant the one from the other; Sr *Charles* quickly put his Rebels to flight, who seemed to bee furious at first, and made great shews with their coullers display'd, but durst not stand to fight; Sr *Charles* burnt the Towne and the next Towne to it, and then march't towards my Lord of *Ormand*, who was then in fight with the Rebels of *Finglas*, and twas reported that he was in danger at that time; the Rebels seeing another Army comming towards them from the way of *Santrey*, thought it had been their own comming to helpe them, but as soon as they perceived the contrary they fled; their Coronall (being a man too familiar amongst us) amongst the rest of his Rebellion-rout fled, leaving behind him his hat, scarlet coate, and blue plush Lapp lin'd with fur, which were no sooner seen but were known to be

An Exact and true Relation of the late Plots which were con- trived and hatched in *Ireland*.

1. A Coppy of a Letter sent from the Lord chiefe Iustices and Privy Councell in *Ireland*, to our parliament here in *England*.
2. Their last Proclamation which they published concerning those Traytors.
3. The whole Discourse of the Plot revealed by *Owen Ockanell* who is now in *England*.
4. The dangerous and extraordinary deliverance of the party who narrowly escaped with his life.
5. The reward the Parliament hath confirmed upon him.
6. The true Relation of the whole Treason related by the Lord Keeper, to the Honourable House of Commons the first of *November*. 1641.



A
DISCOVERY,
To the praise of God, and joy of
all true hearted *Protestants*, of a late
intended plot by the *Papists* to
subdue the *Protestants*.

Being a true Copy of a discourse
betweene *William O Conner* a
Priest, and *Anne Hussey* an Irish Gen-
tlewoman : as it was brought and
confirmed by oath in the Par-
liament House.



Printed Anno, 1641.

*A true Coppy of a Letter written from a
man in Ireland, to his friend in England*

SIR,

I Could not omit to write unto you, to give you to understand of a miraculous deliverance, which the Lord in mercy hath vouchsafed unto the poore Protestants in this Kingdome, which you may perceive by the Proclamation enclosed; for I have not time to relate the whole story, or bloody Tragedy, which was intended against us: The execution should have bin on the Saturday, which was discovered on Friday night, by a man of Sir *John Clarworthy*, an *Irish* Knight, but one of your House of Commons, and this day being the Sabbath, hath bin the troublefomest day that ever I saw in all my daies, mixt with joy and sorrow; joy for our our gracious deliverance, and much perplexed by feares of our approaching enemies, expecting every houre when the City should be surprized, that for my part and many others, haue had but little rest day and night for these two dayes, but how many more it is onely knowne to God; the Enemy hath in the North parts of this Kingdome, taken two Lords Castles, and two Townes, one of them of great strength and much munition in it, and as it is verily beleaved, they doe still encrease in great multitudes: here is taken a Lord, and divers others of note, and others the number of forty, which are safe in Prison, and hope of many more: the Lord is called the Lord *Maguere*, and the *Papists* make it a Religious Warre which they had no cause to doe, for they have had a long time as much liberty as wee have had, if not more; but their father the Divell hath set them upon this damnable act I hope to their utter ruine in this Kingdome, if the Lord in mercy open our Kings eyes, and your Parliaments hearts to take pittie upon us, for no hope of Reformation is to bee had here, for they are ten for one of us through this Kingdome as is verily beleaved. I have bin so employed Day and Night these two daies, that I can hardly write thus much unto you, but desire your prayers and all good people for us, and when more is discovered, if the Lord preserve me with life, you shall heare farther from me. in the meane time pray for us all.

Your loving friend W. B.

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An excellent BALLAD of *GEORGE BARNWELL*, an Apprentice in the
City of *LONDON*, who was Undone by a *STRUMPET*, who caused him thrice to Rob his
Master, and to Murder his Uncle in *Ludlow*, &c. To the Tune of, *The Merchant*, &c.

All Youths of fair England,
that dwell both far and near,
Bogard my Story that I tell,
and to my Song give ear,
A London Lad I was,
a Merchant's Prentice bound,
my name *George Barnwel*, that did spend
my Master many a pound.
Take heed of Harlots then,
and their enticing trains,
For by that means I have been brought
to hang alive in chains.
As I upon a day
was walking through the street,
About my Master's business,
I did a Wanton meet,
A gallant dainty Dame,
and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling looks she greeted me,
and did my name require:
Which when I had declar'd,
she gave me then a kiss,
And said, If I would come to her,
I should have more than this:
In faith my Boy (quoth she)
such news I can tell thee,
As shall rejoice thy very heart,
then come where I do dwell.
Fair Mistress, then said I,
if I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
for I abroad must go
To gather monies in,
that is my Master's due,
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you,
Good Barnwel, then (quoth she)
do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mistress Milwood there,
next door unto the gun;
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep touch with me,
For thy friends sake, and as my own heart
thou shalt right welcome be.
Thou parted we in peace,
and home I passed right,
Then went abroad and gathered in,
by six a clock at night,
An hundred pound and one,
with bag under my arm,
I went to Mistress Milwood's house,
and thought on little harm:
And knocking at the door,
straightway herself came down,
Riding in most brave attire,
her hood and silken gown.
Whethrough her beauty bright,
so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,
she seemed so divine.
She took me by the hand,
and with a modest grace,
Welcome sweet Barnwel, then (quoth she)
unto this homely place;
Welcome me thousand times,
more welcome than my Brother.

And better welcome I protest
than any one or other:
And seeing I have thee found
as good as thy word to be,
I homely supper ere thou part,
thou shalt take here with me.
O pardon me (quoth I)
fair Mistress, I you pray,
For why, out of my Master's house
so long I dare not stay.
Alas, good Sir, she said,
are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
one hour or two abide:
Faith then the case is hard,
if it be so (quoth she)
I would I were a Prentice bound,
to live in house with thee:
Therefore my sweetest George,
let well what I do say,
And do not blame a woman much,
her fancy to bewray:
Let not affection's force
be counted letw'd desire,
Nor think it not unmodestly
I should to thee love require.
With that she turn'd aside,
and with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd,
by holding down her head:
A handkerchief she had
all wrought with silk and gold,
Which she to lay her trickling tears
against her eyes did hold.
This thing unto my sight
was wondrous, rare and strange.
And in my mind and inward thought
it wrought a sudden change:
That I so hardy was,
to take her by the hand,
Saying, Sweet Mistress why do you
so sad and heavy stand?
Call me no Mistress now,
but Sarah the true friend,
The Merchant Sarah, honouring thee
until her life doth end:
If thou wouldst here alledge
thou art in years a Boy:
So was Adonis, yet was he
fair Venus's Love and Joy.
Thus I that ne'er before
of Woman found such grace,
And seeing now so fair a Dame
give me a kind embrace;
I slept with her that night
with joys that did a bound,
And for the same paid presently,
in money twice three pound:
An hundred kisses then,
for my farewell she gave,
Saying, Sweet Barnwel, when shall I
again thy company have?
O stay not too long my Dear,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words betwixt my childishness,
she uttered them so kind.

To that I made a vow,
next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again,
to tell some pleasant tale.
When she heard me say so,
the tears fell from her eyes,
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
thy Sarah sure will dye.
Though long, yet loe at last,
the pointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet,
having a mighty sum
Of money in my hand,
unto her house went I,
Whereas my Love upon her bed
in saddest sort did lye:
What ails my heart's Delight,
my Sarah dear, quoth I,
Is not my Love lament and grieve,
nor sighing pine and dye,
But tell to me my dearest friend,
what may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
though forty pound I spend.
With that she turn'd her head,
and sickly thus did say,
O my sweet George, my grief is great,
ten pounds I have to pay
Unto a cruel Wretch,
and God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush rise, quoth he,
and take it here of me;
Ten pounds, nor ten times ten
shall make my love decay.
Then from his bag into her lap,
he cast ten pound straightway
All blith and pleasant then,
to banquetting they go,
She proffered him to lye with her,
and said it should be so:
And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn;
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
all which I did purloyn.
And thus I did pass on,
until my Master then,
Did call to have his reckoning in
cast up among his Men.
The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out
two hundred pounds that day.
Then from my Master straight
I ran in secret sort,
And unto Sarah Milwood then
my state I did report:
But how she us'd this Youth,
in this his extream need,
The which did her necessity
so oft with money feed;
The Second Part behold,
shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a Strumpet's wily ways,
with all her tricks discharge.

The Second PART of *GEORGE BARNWELL*, to the same Tune.

Here comes young Barnwel unto thee,
 Sweet Sarah, my Delight,
 I am undone except thou stand
 my faithful Friend this night :
 Our Master to command accounts,
 hath just occasion found,
 And I am found behind the hand
 almost two hundred pound :
 And therefore knowing not at all,
 what answer for to make,
 And his displeasure to escape,
 my way to thee I take ;
 Hoping in this extremity,
 thou wilt my Succour be,
 That for a time I may remain
 in safety here with thee.
 With that she knit and bent her brows,
 and looking all a quoy,
 Quoth she, What should I have to do
 with any Prentice-boy ?
 And seeing you have purloin'd and got
 your Master's goods away,
 The case is bad, and therefore here
 I mean thou shalt not stay.
 Why Sweet heart thou knowst, he said,
 that all which I did get,
 I gave it and did spend it all
 upon thee every whit :
 Thou knowst I loved thee so well,
 thou couldst not ask the thing,
 But that I did incontinent,
 the same unto thee bring.
 Quoth she, Thou art a paultry Jack,
 to charge me in this sort,
 Being a woman of credit good,
 and known of good report :
 And therefore this I tell thee flat,
 be packing with good speed,
 I do desire thee from my heart,
 and scorn thy filthy deed.
 Is this the love and friendship which
 thou didst to me profess ?
 Is this the great affection which
 you seemed to express ?
 Now lie on all deceitful shows,
 the best is I may speed,
 To get a lodging any-where,
 for money in my need :
 Therefore false Woman now farewell,
 while twenty pound doth last,
 My anchor in some other haven
 I will with wisdom cast.
 When she perceived by his words,
 that he had money store,
 That she had gall'd him in such sort,
 it grieved her heart full sore :
 Therefore to call him back again,
 she did suppose it best :
 Stay George, quoth she, thou art too quick,
 why dost thou go but jest ;
 Thinkst thou for all my past speech
 that I would let thee go ?
 Faith no, quoth she, my love to thee
 I wish is more then so.
 You will not deal with Prentice-boys,
 I heard you even now swear,

Therefore I will not trouble you.
 My George hath in thine ear,
 Thou shalt not go to night, qu. she,
 what chance for ere befall,
 But when we'll have a bed for thee,
 or else the Devil take all.
 Thus I that was with wiles betwixt
 and snar'd with fancy still,
 Had not the power to put away,
 or to withstand her will.
 Then wine and wine I called in,
 and cheer upon good cheer,
 And nothing in the World I thought
 for Sarah's love too dear :
 Whilst I was in her company
 in joy and merriment,
 And all too little I did think,
 that I upon her spent :
 A fig for care and careful thoughts,
 when all my gold is gone,
 In faith my Girl we will have more,
 whoever it light upon.
 My Father's rich, why then, qu. I,
 should I want any gold ?
 With a Father indeed, quoth she,
 a Son may well be bold.
 I have a Sister richly wed,
 I'll rob her ere I'll want ;
 Why then, qu. Sarah, they may well
 consider of your want.
 Nay more then this, an Uncle I have
 at Ludlow he doth dwell,
 He is a Gracior, which in wealth
 doth all the rest excel :
 Ere I will live in lack, quoth he,
 and have no coin for thee,
 I'll rob his house and murder him.
 Why should you not, quoth she :
 Ere I would want, were I a Man,
 or live in poor estate,
 On Father, Friends, and all my Kin,
 I would my talons graze :
 For without money, George, qu. she,
 a Man is but a beast,
 And bringing money thou shalt be
 always my chiefest Guest.
 For say thou shouldst be pursued be
 with twenty Hues and Crys,
 And with a warrant searched for
 with Argus hundred eyes :
 Yet in my house thou shalt be safe,
 such private ways there be,
 That if they sought an hundred years
 they could not find out thee.
 And so carousing in their cups,
 their pleasures to content,
 George Barnwel had in little space
 his money wholly spent.
 Which being done, to Ludlow then
 he did provide to go,
 To rob his wealthy Uncle then,
 his Minion would it so :
 And once or twice he thought to take
 his Father by the way,
 But that he thought his Master had
 took order for his stay.

Directly to his Uncle then
 he rode with might and main,
 Where with welcome and good cheer
 he did him entertain :
 A sennight's space he stayed there,
 until it chanced so,
 His Uncle with his cattle did
 unto a market go :
 His Kinsman needs must ride with him,
 and he saw right plain,
 Great store of money he had took :
 in coming home again,
 Most suddenly with in a wood
 he struck his Uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head,
 so sore he crackt his crown :
 And fourscore pound in ready coyn
 out of his purse he took,
 And coming into London Town,
 the Country quite forsook :
 To Sarah Willwood then he came,
 shewing his store of gold,
 And how he had his Uncle slain,
 to her he plainly told,
 Eush, it's no matter, George, qu. she,
 so we the money have,
 To have good cheer in jolly sort,
 and deck us fine and brave.
 And thus they liv'd in filthy sort,
 till all his store was gone,
 And means to get them any more,
 I wish poor George had none,
 And therefore now in railing sort,
 she thrust him out of door,
 Which is the just reward they got
 that spend upon a Whore :
 O do me not this foul disgrace,
 in this my need, quoth he.
 She called him Thief and Murderer,
 with all despite might be.
 And to the Constable she went
 to have him apprehended,
 And shew'd in each degree how far
 he had the law offended.
 When Barnwel saw her drift,
 to Sea he got straightway, [sing]
 Where fear and dread and conscience
 upon himself doth stay :
 Unto the Mayor of London then,
 he did a letter write,
 Wherein his own and Sarah's faults
 he did at large recite.
 Whereby she apprehended was,
 and then to Ludlow sent [hang'd]
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd and
 for murder incontinent,
 And there this gallant Queen did dye,
 this was her greatest gains :
 For murder in Holborn
 was Barnwel hang'd in chains.
 Lo, here's the End of wilful Youth,
 that after Harlots haunt,
 Who in the spoil of other Men,
 about the streets do flaunt.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to *Diet*

A most sweet Song of an English Merchant-man, born in *Chichester*.

To an Excellent New Tune, &c.



A Rich Merchant man there was,
that was both grave and wise,
Who kill a man at Embden town,
through quarrels that did rise;
Thro' quarrels that did rise;
the German being dead,
And for that fact the merchant man
was judg'd to lose his head:
A sweet thing is Love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

A Scaffold builded was
within the Market place,
And all the people far and near
did thither flock apace:
Did thither flock apace
this doleful sight to see,
Who all in velvet black as jet
unto the place came he,
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

Bare headed as he was,
his hands was bound before,
A Cambrisk Ruff about his neck
as white as milk he wore:
His Stockings were of silk
as fine as fine might be,
Of person and of countenance,
a proper man was he.
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

When he was mounted up
upon the Scaffold high,
All women said, Great pitty it was
so sweet a man should dye;
The merchants of the Town,
from Death to set him free,
Did proffer there a thousand pound,
but yet all would not be:
A sweet thing is Love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world
to women that are kind.

The prisoner hereupon
began to speak his mind,
Quoth he, I have deserved death
in conscience I do find:
Yet soe against my will
this man I kill'd quoth he,
As Christ doth know, which of my soul
must only Saviour be:
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

With heart I do repent
this most unhappy Deed,
and for his wife and children twain
my very heart doth bleed:
The Deed is done and past,
my hope of life is vain,
and yet the loss of this my life
to them is little gain:
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

Unto the Widow poor,
and to the babes therefore,
I give a hundred pound a piece,
their comfort to restore:
Desiring at their hands
no one request but this,
They will speak well of English-men
though I have done amiss:
A sweet thing is Love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world,
to women that are kind.

This was no sooner done,
but that to him the Arise,
Four goodly maids did proffer him,
for love to save his life:
This is our late quoth they,
we may your Death remove,
do you in lieu of our good will,
will grant to us your love:
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

Brave English-man, quoth they,
'tis I will save thy life;
Pay, quoth the second it is I,
so I may be thy wife;
Tis I, the third did say,
Pay, quoth the fourth tis I,
So each one after the other said,
Will waiting his Reply:
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

Fair Maidens every one,
I must confesse and say,
That each of you well worthy is
to be a Lady gay:
and I unworthy far
the worst of you to have,
Though you have proffer'd willingly
my loathed life to save:
A sweet thing is Love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world,
to women that are kind.

Then take a thousand thanks
of me a dying man,
But speak no more of love or life,
for why my life is gone:
To Christ my soul I give,
my body unto Death,
For none of you my heart can have
such I must leave my breath:
A sweet thing is Love, &c.

Fair maids lament no more,
your Country law is such,
It takes but hold upon my life,
my goods it cannot touch:

Within one chest I have
in gold a thousand pound,
I give it equal to you all
for love that I have found;
A sweet thing is love, &c.

And now Dear Friends farewell,
sweet England now adieu,
And Chichester where I was born,
where first this breath I drew:
And now thou man of Death,
unto thy weapon stand.
O nay, another Damsel said,
sweet Headsmen hold thy hand:
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Now hear a maidens plaint,
brave English Man, quoth she,
And grant me love for love again,
that craves but love of thee:
I wooe and sue for love,
that had been woo'd e'er this,
Then grant me love, and therewithal
she proffer'd him a kiss:
A sweet thing is love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

I'll die within thy arms,
if thou wilt dye, quoth she,
Yet live or die, sweet English-man,
I'll live and die with thee,
But can it be, quoth he,
that thou to love me so:

'Tis not by long acquaintance, or,
whereby true love doth grow:
A sweet thing is love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world
to women that are kind.

Then beg my life, quoth he,
and I will be thy own,
If I should seek the world for love
more love cannot be shown:

The people at that word
did give a joyful cry,
And said, Great pity it was
so sweet a man should die
A sweet thing is love, &c.

I go my love, she said,
I run, I fly to thee,
And gentle headsmen spare a while
my lovers head for me:

Unto the Duke she went
who did her grief remove,
And with a hundred maidens more
she went to fetch her love:
A sweet thing is love, &c.

With musick sounding sweet,
the foremost of the train,
The gallant maiden like a bride,
did fetch him back again;
Dea. hand in hand away they went
unto the Church that Day,
And they were marry'd presently
in sumptuous rich array;
a sweet thing is love, &c.

To England came he then
with his fair Lady Bride,
A fairer Creature never lay
by any Merchants side;
Where we must leave them now
in pleasure and delight,
But of their names and dwelling place,
I must not here recite:
a sweet thing is love,
it rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

The Honour of a LONDON PRENTICE.

Being an Account of his matchless Manhood and brave Adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the King's Daughter, &c.

To the Tune of, All you that love Godfellowes, &c.



O f a worthy London Prentice,
my purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave adventures,
done for his Country sake;
Seek all the world about,
and you shall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
a prentice gallant mind:

He was born in Cheshire,
the chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
a prentice for to be;
A merchant on the bridge,
did like his service so,
That for three years his savor,
to Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country,
one year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
the honour of his Queen;
Elizabeth the Princess,
he nobly did make known,
To be the Phoenix of the world,
and none but she alone.

In armour richly guised,
well mounted on a steed,
One scope of Knights most hardy,
one day he made to bleed;
And brought them all to ground,
who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the Pearl
of Princely Majesty.

The King of that same country
thereat began to frown,
And wold his son, there present,
to pull this youngster down;
Who at his father's words,
these boasting speeches laid,
'Thou art a traitor, English boy,
'and hast the traitor paid'

'I am no boy nor traitor,
'thy speeches I despise,
'For which I'll be revenged
'upon thee by and by:
'A London Prentice still
'shall prove as good a man,
'As any of your Turkish Knights,
'do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him
a box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
as plainly both appear:
'Now know proud Turk, quoth he,
'I am no English boy,
'That can with one small box o' th' ear
'the Prince of Turks destroy.

When as the King perceived
his son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted
with more then mortal pain;
And in revenge thereof,
he swore that he should dye,
The cruel death that ever man
beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lyons were prepared
this Princesse to devour,
Near famish'd up with hunger
ten days within the tower,
To make them more fierce
and rager of their pray,
To glut themselves with human gore
upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
at length grew near at hand,
Where all the noble Ladies
and Barons of the land
Attended on the King,
to see this Princesse slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
of these fierce Lyons twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
with silk most richly wrought,
This worthy London Princesse
was from the prison brought,
And to the Lyons given
to stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,
the matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
they were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
they scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
and courage of his hand:

For when the hungry Lyons
had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
with the echo of their cries;
And running all amain
his body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
with all his might and power;
From thence by manly valour
their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the King he threw them;
to all the peoples wonder:
'This have I done, quoth he,
'for lovely England's sake,
'And for my Country's Maiden Queen
'much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived
his worthful Lyons hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
his rigor soon reber'd;
And turned all his hate
into remorse and love,
And said, 'It is some angel
'sent down from heaven above.

'No, no, I am no angel,
the courteous young man said,
'But born in famous England,
'where God's Word is obey'd;
'Assisted by the heavens,
'who did me thus befriend,
'Or else they had most cruelly
'brought here my life to end.

The King in heart amazed,
lift up his eyes to heaven,
And for his foul offences,
did crave to be forgiven:
Believing that no land
like England may be seen,
No people better governed
by vertue of a Queen.

So taking up this young man,
he pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him
to be his wedded wife,
Where then they did remain,
and live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
in joy and love's increase.

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The Woful LAMENTATION of JANE SHORE,

A Goldsmith's Wife, in London, sometime King EDWARD the Fourth's CONCUBINE, who
for her Wanton Life came to a Miserable End: Set forth for the EXAMPLE of all Wicked LIVERS. To
the Tune of, *Live with me, &c.*

Licens'd and Enter'd according to D.D.r.



If Rosamond that was so fair,
Had cause her Sorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a King:
Then wanton Wives in time amend,
For Love and Beauty will have end.
In Maiden years my Beauty bright,
Was loved dear of Lord and Knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd
My Parents they for thirst of Gain,
A Husband for me did obtain,
And I their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will
To Matthew Shore I was a Wife,
Till Lust brought ruine to my life,
And then my life so lewdly spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.
In Lombard-street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well,
Where many Gallants did behold
My Beauty in a Shop of Gold
I spread my plumes as Mantons do,
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
Because my Love I did not find,
Agreeing to my wanton mind.
At last my name in Court did ring,
Into the ears of England's King,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd;
But I made coy what he desir'd
Yet Mistress Blague, a Neighbour near,
Whose Friendship I esteem'd dear,
Did say, It is a gallant thing
To be beloved of a King,
By her persuasions I was led,
For to desile my Marriage-bed

And wrong my wedded Husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten Years before.
In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so sweet a choice,
And therefore did my State resign,
To be King Edward's Concubine.
From City then to Court I went,
To reap the pleasures of Content,
And had the joys that Love could bring,
And knew the Secrets of a King
When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine Eye,
For Mistress Blague I in short space
Obtain'd a Living of his Grace.
No friend I had but in short time
I made into Promotion climb
But yet for all this costly pride,
My Husband could not me abide
His bed, though wronged by a King,
His heart with grief did deadly sting
From England then he goes away,
To end his life upon the Sea;
He could not live to see his Name
Impaired by my wanton Shame,
Although a Prince of Peerless might,
Did reap the pleasures of his Right.
Long time I liv'd in the Court,
With Lords and Ladies of great sort,
For when I smil'd all Men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my Prince grew sad.
But yet an honest mind I bore,
To helpless People that were poor,
I still redress'd the Orphan's Cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.
I still had ruth on Widows Tears,
I succour'd Babes of tender years,
And never lookt for other gain,
But Love and Thanks for all my pain.
At last my Royal King did dye,
And then my days of Moe grew nigh,
When Crook-back R. got the Crown,
R. Edward's friends were soon put down.
I then was punisht for my Sin,
That I so long had liv'd in
Plea, every one that was his friend,
This Tyrant brought to shameful End.
Then for my rude and wanton life,
I made a Rumpet of a Wife,
I Penance did in Lombard-street,
In the most manner in a sheet
Where many thousands do me bemoan,
Who late in Court my Credit knew;
Which made the tears run down my
To think upon my foul disgrace
Not thus content, they took from me
My Goods, my Livings, and my Fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
For any Succour to me give:

Then unto Mistress Blague I went,
To whom my Jewels I had lent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When Riches fail'd, and Love grew faint:
But she deny'd to me the same, [Cant:
When in my need for them I came
To recompence my former Love,
Out of her Doors she did me drive
So Love did banish with my State,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore Example take by me,
For Friendship parts in Poverty.
But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress,
And sav'd his life condemn'd to dye,
Did give me food to succour me;
For which, by Law, it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed
His Death did grieve me so much more,
Then had I dyed myself therefore
Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any food;
Whereby in pain I beg'd all day,
And still in Streets by night I lay.
My Gowns beset with Pearls and Gold,
Were turn'd to simple Garments old;
My Chains and Gems and golden Rings,
To filthy Rags and loathsome things,
Thus was I scorn'd of Maid and Wife,
For leading such a wicked life
Both sucking Naves and Children small,
Did make a Pastime at my fall;
I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my Hunger might be fed
Nor drink but such as Channels yield,
Or stinking Ditches in the field;
Thus weary of my life at length,
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where Carrion dogs do much frequent,
The which now since my dying day,
As Shoreditch he'll'd as Whistlers say:
Which is a witness of my Sin,
For being Concubine to a King
You wanton wretches that fall to Lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whorehood shall not escape his hand,
For Pride unpunish'd in this Land;
I God to me such shame: should bring
That is fard only to a King
How shall they scape that daily run,
To practice Sin with every Man?
You husbands watch not fast for Love,
Lest long Mistaking after prove;
Whom he wren'd when you are thus,
What Plagues are due to sinful Lust
Then Maids & Wives in time amend,
For Love and Beauty will have end.

The Second Part of J. SHORE, wherein her Husband Bewailed his
Estate, her Wantonness, the Wrong of Marriage, and the Fall of Pride.

I f the that was fair London's Pride,
For Beauty fam'd both far and wide,
With Susanlike-song in Sadness told,
Her deep Distresses manifold:
Then in the same let me also,
Now hear a part of such like Woe:
Kind Matthew Shore, Men called me,
A Goldsmith once of good Degree,
And might have lived long therein,
Had not my Wife been wed to Sin:
Ah! gentle Jane, thy wanton Race,
Hath brought me to this foul disgrace.
Thou hadst all things at wish and will,
Thy wanton Fancy to fulfil,
No London Dame, nor Merchant's Wife,
Did lead so sweet and pleasant Life:
Then gentle Jane, the Truth report:
Why left'st thou me to live in Court?
Thou hadst both Gold and Silver store,
No Wife in London then had more;
And once a Week to walk in field,
To see what pleasure it would yield.
But woe to me that Liberty,
Hath brought me to this misery:
I married thee whilst thou wert young,
Before thou knew'st what did belong,
To Husband's Love, or Marriage state
Which now my Soul repents too late:
Thus wanton Pride made thee Unjust,
And so deceived was my Trust.
But when the King possess'd my room,
And crop'd my rose gallant Bloom,
Fair London's Blossom, and my joy,
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy,
To think how unto publique Shame,
Thy wicked We brought my good Name.
And then I thought each Man and Wife,
In jesting sort accus'd my Life;
And every one to the other said, [Plaid;
That Shore's fair Wife the Wanton
Thereby in mind I grew to change
My dwelling in some Country strange;
My Lands and Goods I sold away,
And so from England went to Sea;
Oppress'd with Grief and woful Mind,
But left my Cause of Grief behind:
My loving Wife whom I once thought,
Would never be to Lewdness brought,
But Women now I well espy,
Are subject to Inconstancy;
And few there be to true of Love,
But by long suit will wanton prove;
For flesh is frail, and Women weak,
When things for Love long suit do make.
But yet from England my Depart,
Was with a sad and heavy heart,
Wherewith when as my Weabe I took,
I sent back many ready look,
Desiring God, if it might be,
To send one nigh I lov'd Jane to thee!
For if thou hadst but constant been,
These days of Woe I ne'r had seen,
But yet I mourn and grieve full sore,

To think what Plagues are left in store,
For such as careless tread amye,
The modest Paths of Constancy:
Ah! gentle Jane, if thou did'st know,
The uncouth Paths I daily go,
And woful Tears for thee I shed,
For wronging thus my Marriage-bed,
Then sure I am thou would'st confess,
My Love was sure though in Distress:
Bothlanders, France, and Spain I pass,
And came to Turkey at the last;
And there within that mighty Court,
I lived long in honest sort;
Desiring God, that sits in Heaven,
That Lovers Sins might be forgiven,
And there advanc'd thy loving Name,
Of living Wights the fairest Dame:
The praise of England's Beauty stain,
All which thy Husband did maintain,
And set thy Picture there in Gold,
For Kings and Princes to behold,
But when I thought upon thy Sin,
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,
I griev'd that such a comely face,
Should hold true Honour in disgrace,
And counted it a Luckless day,
When as thou first did'st go astray,
Desiring then some News to hear,
Of her my Soul did love so dear,
My Secrets then I did impart,
To one well skill'd in Magick Art,
Who in a Glass did truly show,
Such things as I desir'd to know:
I there did see thy Courtly State,
Thy Pomp, thy Pride, thy Glorie great;
And likewise there I did behold,
My Jane in Edward's Arms infold:
Thy secret Love I there espy'd,
Thy Vice, thy Fall, and how thou dy'd;
Thy naked Body in the Street,
I saw do Penance in a Sheet;
Barefoot before the Beadle's Wand,
With burning Laper in thy hand,
And Babes, not having use of Tongue,
Stood pointing as thou went'st along.
Thus ended was the Shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine:
When I suppos'd my Name forgot,
And time had wash'd away my Blot,
And in another Prince's Reign,
I came to England back again:
But staying there, my Friends decay'd,
My Prince's Laws I disobey'd,
And by the Justice judg'd to dye,
For Clipping Gold in secretie:
My Gold was my best Living made,
And so by Gold my Life decay'd:
Thus have you heard the woful Triste,
That came by my Inconstant Wife,
Her Fall, my Death, wherein is shew'd,
The Story of a Strumpet lewd;
In hope thereby some Women may,
Take heed how they the Wanton play.



Conscience in order takes his place,
and very gallantly plays his part;
he fears not to sit in a Rulers face,
although it cuts him to the heart:
He tells him that all this is the latter Age,
Which put the Actors into such a rage,
That they kick'd poor Conscience off the stage.

Plainly Dealing presently appears,
in habit like a simple man:
The Actors at him mocks and jeers,
pointing their fingers as they can:
How came this fellow into our company?
away with him many a Gallant did cry,
For Plain-Dealing will a Beggar dye.

Disimulation mounted the Stage,
but he was cloathed in Gallant attire,
He was acquainted with Youth and Age,
many his company did desire;
They entertain'd him in their very heart,
There he could have harbour, and quietly rest,
For Dissemblers and Turn-coats face the best.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
methinks she looked wondrous old
She quiver'd and she quak'd most piteously,
It griev'd me to think she was grown so cold:
She had been i'th' City, and in the Country,
Amongst the Lawyers and Nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, not cloathed in Wool,
but like unto youth in his white Linn Rieves,
And says the Land it is full, full, full,
too full of Rebels, worse than Thieves. (pride,
The City's full of Poverty, the French are full of
Phanaticks full of Envy, which order can't abide,
And the Clerics bags are full beside.

Hark how Bellona's Drums they do beat,
methinks they go rattling through the Town
Hark how they thunder through the street,
as though they wd shake the Chaires down
Then comes in Mars, the great God of War,
And bids us face about, and be as we were.
But when I wak'd I sat in my Chair.

Printed by and for J. B. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

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Poor Robin's Dream; Commonly called, Poor Charity.

I know no Reason, but this harmless Riddle,
May as well be Printed, as Sung to a Fiddle.
To a compleat Tune, well known by Musicians, and many others: Or, Game at Cards



How now good fellows, what all amozt?
I pray thee tell me what is the News,
Trading is dead, and I am sorry for't,
Which makes me look worse than I use, (penny,
If a man hath no employment whereby to get a
he hath no enjoyment if that he wanteth money,
And Charity is not used by any.

I have nothing to spend, nor I've nothing to lend,
I've nothing to do, I tarry at home,
Sitting in my Chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into a sleep like an idle dione:
And as I slept, I fell into a dream.
I see a Play acted without e're a Cheam,
But I could not tell what the Play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
and something more I did understand;
The Stage was the World wherein we live,
the Actors they were all mankind. (sing,
And when the Play's ended, the Stage down they
then there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that acted I protest,
was time with a Glass and Withe in his hand,
With the Globe of the World upon his head,
to shew that he could the same command:
There's a time for to work, & a time for to play,
a time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time that doth call us all away.

DEVOL's last Farewel:

Containing an Account of many frolicksom Intriegues and notorious Robberies
which he committed: Concluding with his mournful Lamentation, on the Day of his Death

To the Tune of, *Upon the Change.*

Licens'd according to Order.



You bold undaunted Souls attend
To me, who did the Laws offend;
Now I come to let you know
What prov'd my fatal overthrow,
And brought my Glozy to decay;
It was my Gang, for whom I hang,
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Unto a Duke I was a Page,
And succour'd in my tender Age,
Until the Devil did me intice,
To leave of Vertue, and follow Vice;
No sooner was I led astray,
but Wickedness did me possess,
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

If I my Crimes to mind thou'd call,
And lay them down before you all,
They would amount to such a Sum,
That there is few in Christendom,
So many wanton Pranks did play;
but now too late, I mourn my fate,
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Upon the Road, I do declare,
I caus'd some Lords and Ladies fair,
To quit their Coach, and dance with us;
This being done, the Case was thus,
They for their Musick needs must pay;
but now at last, those Joaks are past,
Well-a-day, well-a-day

Another time, I and my Gang,
We fell upon a Noble-man ;
In spite of all that he could do,
We took his Gold and Silver too,
And with the same we rid away ;
but being took, for death I look,
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

When I was mounted on my Steed,
I thought myself a Man indeed ;
With Pistol cock'd and glittering Sword,
Stand and deliver, was the word,
Which makes me now lament and say,
pity the Fall of great Devol,
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

I did belong unto a Crew,
Of swaggering Blads as ever drew,
Stout Whitherington and Dowglas both,
We were all three engag'd by Oath,
Upon the Road to take our way ;
but now Devol, must pay for all,
Well-a-day, &c.

Because I was a Frenchman born,
Some Persons treated me with scorn ;
But being of a daring Souls,
Although my Deeds was some thing foul,
My gaudy Plumes I did display,
but now my Pride, is laid aside,
Well-a-day, &c.

I reign'd with an undaunted mind
Some years, but now at last I find,
The Pitcher that so often goes
Unto the Well, as Proverb shows,
Comes broken home at last we say ;
for now I see, my Destiny,
Well-a-day, &c.

Then being brought to Justice-hall,
Try'd and condemn'd before them all ;
Where many noble Lords did come,
And Ladies for to hear my Doom,
Then Sentence pass'd, without delay,
The Halter first, and Tybourn last,
In one Day, in one Day.

The Spanish LADY's Love.

To a pleasant new Tune,



Will you hear a Spanish Lady,
 how she woo'd an English Span,
 Garments gay as rich as may be,
 bedeck't with jewels had she on;
 Of a comely countenance
 and grace was she;
 Both by birth and parentage
 of high degree.
 As his prisoner there he kept her,
 in his hands her life did lye;
 Cupid's hands did tie them faster
 by the liking of an eye:
 In his courteous company
 was all her joy;
 To labour him in any thing
 she was not coy.
 But at last there came commandment
 to let all Ladies free,
 with their jewels still adorned,
 so as to do them injury.

Then said this Lady gay,
 Full woe is me;
 Let me still sustain this kind
 captivity.
 Gallant Captain, take some pity
 on a woman in distress;
 Leave me not within this city,
 for to dye in heaviness;
 Thou hast set this present day
 my body free,
 But my heart in prison still
 remains with thee.
 How shouldst thou, fair Lady, love
 whom thou know'st thy Country?
 Thy fair words make me suspect thee,
 serpents lie where flowers grow.
 All the harm I think on thee,
 most courteous Knight,
 God grant upon my head the same
 may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season
that thou came on Spanish ground ;
If you may our foes be termed,
gentle foes we have you found :
With our City you have won
our hearts each one,
Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.

Rest you still, most gallant Lady,
rest you still and weep no more,
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain both field you wondrous store.
Spaniards fraught with jealousie
we oft do find,
But English open throughout the world
are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
thou alone enjoy'st my heart,
I am lovely, young and tender,
love is likewise my desert :
Still to save thee day and night,
my mind is prest ;
The wife of every English Man
is counted blest.

It would be a shame fair Lady,
for to bear a woman hence,
English soldiers never carry
any such without offence.
I will quickly change myself,
if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee
where e'er thou go.

I have neither gold nor silver
to maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
as you know in every place.
My chains and jewels every one
shall be thy own,
And eke an hundred pound in gold,
that lies unknown.

On the seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise,
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
and joye tears from watry eyes.

Well in worth I shall endure
extreamly,
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady, leave this folly,
here comes all that breeds the strife,
I in England have already
a sweet woman to my wife ;
I will not falsifie my bow
for gold nor gain,
For yet for all the fairest Dames
that live in Spain.

O how happy is that woman
that enjoys so true a friend,
Many happy days God send her,
and of my lust I'll make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave
for my offence,
Which love and true affection
did first commence :

Commend me to that gallant Lady,
bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token,
grieving that I was so bold ;
All my jewels in like sort
take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife,
but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
love and all her laws besie,
In a Sunnery I will shew'd me,
far from any company :
But e'er my prayer have an end,
be sure of this,
To pay for thee and for thy love,
I will not miss.

Thus farewell most gallant Captain,
farewel to my heart's content ;
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity
remain with thee.
The like fall unto thy share,
most fair Lady.

6.40 49

A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottle.

Shewing how Glasses and Pots are laid aside,
And Flaggons and Noggins they cannot abide;
And let all Wives do what they can,
Tis for the Praise and Use of Man;

And this you may very well be sure,
The Leather Bottle will longest endure:
And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

To the Tune of, *The Bottle-maker's Delight, &c.*



GOd above that made all things,
The Heavens, the Earth, and all therein,
The Ships that on the Sea do swim,
to keep Enemies out, that none comes in;
And let them do all what they can,
Tis for the Use and Praise of Man:

*And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.*

Then what do you say to these Cans of Wood?
An faith they are, and cannot be good;
For when a Man he doth them send
To be filled with Ale, as he doth intend;
The Bearer falleth by the way,
And on the ground the Liquor doth lay;
And then the Bearer begins to ban,
And swears it is long of the wooden Can;

But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
Although he had fallen yet all had been well:
And I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these Glasses fine?
Yes, they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Company they are set
For to be merry, as we are met;
Then if you chance to touch the Brim,
Down falls the Liquor and all therein;
If your Table cloath be never so fine,
There lies your Beer, Ale or Wine:
It may be for a small Abuse,
A young Man may his Service lose:
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
And the Stopple had been in, then all had been well:
And I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these black Pots three?
 True, they shall have no Praise of me,
 For when a Man and his Wife falls at Strife,
 As many have done, in faith, in their Life;
 They lay their Hands on the Pot both,
 And loath they are to lose their Broath;
 The one tugs, the other's hilt,
 Betwixt them both the Liquor doth spill;
 But they shall answer another Day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away:
 But had it been in the Leather Bottel,
 The one may have tugg'd the other have held;
 And they might have tugg'd till their Hearts did ache,
 And yet this Liquor no harm would take:
Then I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to the Silver Flaggons fine?
 True, they shall have no Praise of mine;
 For when a Lord he doth them send
 To be filled with Wine as he doth intend;
 The Man with the Flaggon doth run away,
 Because it is Silver most gallant and gay:
 O then the Lord begins to ban,
 And swears he hath lost both Flaggon and Man;
 There is never a Lord's Serving-man, or Groom,
 But with his Leather Bottle may come:
Then I wish, &c.

A Leather Bottle we know is good,
 Far better than Glasses or Cans of Wood;
 For when a Man is at work in the Field,
 Your Glasses and Pots no Comfort will yield;
 Then a good Leather Bottle standing him by,
 He may drink always when he is a dry;
 It will revive the Spirits and comfort the Brain,
 Wherefore let none this Bottle refrain:
For I wish, &c.

Also the honest Sith-man too,
 He knew not very well what to do,
 But for his Bottle standing him near,
 That is filled with good Household-beer:
 At Dinner he sits him down to eat,
 With good hard Cheese and Bread or Meat:
 Then this Bottle he takes up again,
 And drinks and sets him down again;
 Saying, Good Bottle, stand my Friend,
 And hold out till this Day doth end:
For I wish, &c.

Likewise the merry Hay-makers they,
 When as they are turning and making their May,
 In Summer-weather, when as it is warm,
 A good Bottle full then will do them no harm;
 And at Noon-time they sit them down,
 To drink in their Bottles of Ale nut-brown;
 Then the Lads and Lasses begins to tattle,
 What should we do but for this Bottle?
 They could not work if this Bottle were done;
 For the Day is so hot with the Heat of the Sun:
Then I wish, &c.

Also the Leader, Lader, and the Pitcher,
 The Reaper, Hedger, and the Ditcher,
 The Binder and the Raker, and all
 About the Bottle's Ears doth fall;
 And if his Liquor be almost gone,
 His Bottle he will part to none,
 But saying, My Bottle is but small,
 One Drop I will not part withal:
 You must go drink at some Spring or Well,
 For I will keep my Leather Bottel:
Then I wish, &c.

Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottel;
 When as it is filled with Liquor full well,
 Though the Substance of it be but small,
 Yet the Name of a thing is all.
 There's never a Lord, Earl, or Knight,
 But in a Bottle doth take Delight:
 For when he is hunting of the Deer,
 He often doth wish for a Bottle of Beer:
 Likewise the Man that works at the Wood,
 A Bottle of Beer doth oft do him good:
Then I wish, &c.

Then when this Bottle doth grow old,
 And will good Liquor no longer hold,
 Out of the Side you may take a Clout,
 Will mend your Shoes when they are worn out;
 Else take it and hang it upon a Pin,
 It will serve to put many odd Trifle in,
 As Hinges, Awls, and Candle-ends,
 For young Beginners must have such things.
*Then I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
 That first devised the Leather Bottel.*

The Mad Man's MORRICE:

O R,

A WARNING for young Men to have a care, | Wherein by Experience you shall find,
How they in LOVE intangled are; | His Trouble and and Grief, with Discontent of Min.
To a pleasant new Tune, &.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



H^Eard you not lately of a Man,
that went before his wits,
And naked through the Streets he ran,
wapt in his frantic fits;
O my honest Neighbours, it is I,
hark how the People shont me,
See where the Mad man comes, they cry,
with all the Boys about me.

Into a pond stark naked I ran,
and cast away my cloaths, Sir,
Without the help of any Man,
made shift to get away Sir:

How I got out I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Whether it was cold or hot
in June or in December.

Tom Bedlam's but a Sage to me,
I speak in sober sadness,
For more strange visions do I see,
then be in all his madness;
When first to me this chance befel,
about the market walkt I,
with rapon's feathers in my cap,
and to myself thus talkt I:

Did you not see my Love of late,
like Titan in her glory?
Did you not know she was my Mate,
and I must write her story?
With pen of gold on silver leaf,
I will so much bescrib her,
For whyp, I am of that belief,
none can so well commend her.

Saw you not Angels in her eyes,
whilst that she was a speaking?
Smelt you not smells like Paradise,
between two rubies breaking?
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
of finest spider's spinning?
Methinks in her I do behold,
my joys and woes beginning.

Is not a dimple in her cheek,
each eye a star that's sparkling?
Is not all graces install'd in her,
each step all joys imparting?
Methinks I see her in a cloud,
with graces round about her;
To them I call and cry aloud,
I cannot live without her.

Then raging towards the sky I robe,
thinking to catch her hand,
O then to love I call and cry,
to let her by me stand:
I look behind and there I saw
my shadow me beguile,
I wish she were as near to me,
which makes my Worship smile.

There is no Creature can compare
with my beloved Nancy;
Thus I build castles in the air,
this is the fruit of fancy:
My thoughts mount high above the sky,
of none I stand in awe,
Although my body here doth lye
upon a pad of straw.

I was as good a harmless Youth,
before base Cupid caught me;
His own Mother with her charms,
into this case hath brought me:

Stript and whipt now must I be,
in Bedlam bound in chains;
Good people now you all may see
what Love hath for his pains.

When I was young as other are,
with Gallants did I flourish,
O then I was the proudest Lad
that was in all the Parish:
The bracelet which I us'd to wear,
about my arms so tender,
Are turned into iron plates,
about my body slender.

My silken suits do now decay,
my cups of gold are vanished,
And all my Friends do wear away,
as I from them were banished:
My silver cups are turn'd to earth,
I'm fear'd of every Clown:
I was a better Man by birth,
till Fortune cast me down.

I am out of frame and temper too,
though I am somewhat chearful,
O this can Love and Fancy do,
if that you be not careful:
O set a watch before your eyes,
least they betray your heart,
And make you slaves to vanities,
to act a mad man's part.

Declare this to each Mother's Son,
unto each honest Lad;
Let them not do as I have done,
lest they like me grow mad:
If Cupid strike, be sure of this,
let Reason rule Affection,
So shalt thou never do amiss,
by Reason's good direction.

I have no more to say to you,
my keepers now doth chide me,
Now must I bid you all adieu,
God knows what will be for me:
To picking straws now must I go,
my time in Bedlam spending,
God folks you your Beginning know,
but do not know your Ending.

THE Mad Merry PRANKS of ROBIN

To the Tune of, *Dulcina*, &c.

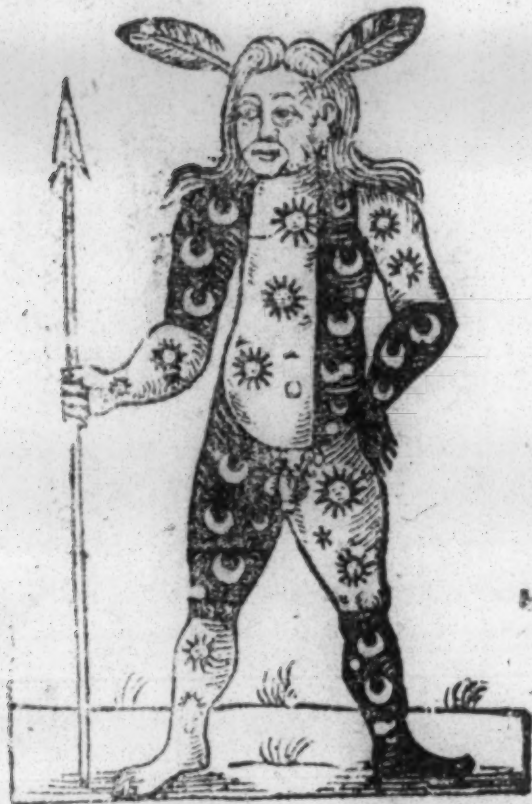


From O'Brien in Fairy Land,
the King of Ghosts and Shadows there,
Mad Robin, at his Command,
am sent to view the Night-spots here;
What Rebel Rout,
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'er see,
And merry be,
And make good sport with, Ho, ho, ho.
More swift than Lightning can I fly,
and round about this Air walk in soon,
And in a Minute's space discern,
each thing that's done beneath the Moon:
There's not a Hag,
Nor Ghost Hall wag,
Nor cry, Goblin, where I do go,
But Robin I,
Their seats will spy,
And fear them home with, Ho, ho, ho.
If any Wanderers I meet,
that from their Night-spot do trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
and cause them on with me to come

Through Woods, through Lakes,
Through Fogs, through Wakes,
O'er Bush and River with them I go,
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing, Ho, ho, ho.
Sometimes I meet them like a Man,
Sometimes an Ox, sometimes a Hound,
And to a Horse I turn me can,
to trip and trot about them round;
But if to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er Hedge and Lands,
Through Pools and Ponds
I whirry, laughing, Ho, ho, ho.
When Lads and Lasses merry be,
with Possets and with Jinkets fine,
Unseen of all the Company,
I eat their Cakes and drink their Wine:
And to make sport,
I fart and snore,
And out the Cant legs I do row,
The Poles I kiss,

GOOD-FELLOW.

Licenc'd according to Order.



They aske, whose this?
 I answer nought but, Ho, ho, ho.
 Yet now and then the Maids to please,
 I card at midnight up their Wool,
 And while they sleep, snort fart, and ease,
 With wheel to thread their flax I pull;
 I grind at Mill,
 Their malt up still,
 I dress their Hemp, I spin their Tow;
 If any awake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me laughing, Ho, ho, ho.
 When House or Herd doth rustle lye,
 I pinch the Maids there black and blew,
 And from the Bed, the Bed-cloaths I,
 pull off and lay them nak'd to view:
 'Twixt sleep and wake,
 I do them take,
 And on the key-cold floor them throw;
 If out they cry,
 Ten forth fly I,
 And loudly laugh, Ho, ho, ho.
 When any need to borrow ought,
 we lend them what they do require,

And for the use we nought,
 our own is as we do desire;
 If to repay,
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And Night by Night,
 I them affright
 With pinching Dreams, and, Ho, ho, ho.
 When lazy Queens have nought to do,
 but Andy how to cog and lye;
 To make Debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretly;
 I mark their Glose,
 And it disclose
 To them which they have wronged so:
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scoulding, Ho, ho, ho.
 When Men do Traps and Engines set,
 in Loop-holes where the Hermin creep,
 That from their folds and houses steal
 their ducks and geese, their lambs and sheep,
 I spy the Gin,
 And enter in,
 And seems a Hermin taken so,
 But when they there,
 Approach me near,
 I leap out laughing, Ho, ho, ho.
 By Willies and Billes in Meadows green,
 we nightly dance our May-day Glee,
 And to our Fairy King and Queen,
 we chaunt our Moon-light Harmonies:
 When Larks 'gin sing,
 Away we sing,
 And babes new born steal as we go;
 An Elf in bed,
 we leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, Ho, ho, ho,
 From May-bred Merlin's time have I,
 thus mightie rebell'd to and fro,
 And for my Pranks Men call me by,
 the Name of Robin Good-fellow.
 Friends, Ghosts and Spittes,
 That haunt the Nights,
 The Pags and Goblins do me know;
 And beldams old,
 By fiats have told;
 So, Vale, vale, ho, ho, ho,

London: Printed by and for W. O. and sold by
 C. Bates in Pye-corner.

New Mad Tom of Bedlam

O R,
The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
With Powder-Beef Turnip and Carret.

Tune is, Grays-Inn-Mask.



From my sad and darksome Cell,
Or from the deep Abiss of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the World again,
To see if he can ease his distemper'd Brain:
Fear and Care both pierce the Soul:
Wark! how the angry Furies howl;
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.
Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my stragling Senses,
In an angry mood I found old Time,
With's Pentarchy of Centes;
When he he spies,
Away he flies,
For Time will stay for no Man:
In vain with Cries,
I rend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.
Cold and comfortless I lye,
Help, O help, or else I dye.
Wark, I hear
Appollo's Team,
The Carman's gins to whistle;
Chaste Diana
Bends her Bow;
The Boar begins to bristle:
Come Vulcan with Tools and with Tackle,
Shake off my troublesome Shackle;
Let Charles make ready his Mane,
To bring me my Senses again.

Last Night I heard the Dog-star bark,
Mars met Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan beat an Iron-bar,
And furiously run at the God of War;
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's Temples had the Gout,
His broad Horns did so hang in his sight,
He could not see to aim his Blows aright:
Mercury, the nimble Boast of Heaven,
stood still to see the Quarrel;
Gorrel bellied Bacchus, Gyant like,
bestro a strong Beer-bartel:
To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Cider;
He drank whole Butts,
Till he crackt his Guts;
But mine were ne'r the wider.
Poor naked Tom is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity:
Wark, I hear
Acteon's Hounds,
The Huntsman whoops and hollows,
Ringwood, Koyler,
Bowman, Fowler,
At the Chase now follows.
The Man i'th' Moon drinks Claret,
Eats Powder'd beef, Turnep and Carret,
A Cup of old Malago Sack,
Will fire his Butch at his Back.

The Man in the Moon Drinks Claret.

As it was lately Sung at the Court in *Holy-well*.

To the same Tune.



Bacchus, the Father of Drunken ows,
Full Wazers, Beakers, Glasses, Bowls;
Greate Flapdragons, Flemish Upsie-frieze,
With Health tap'd in Arms, upon naked knees,
Of all his Wines he makes you Casters,
So you tittle like Bumbasters;
Drink till ye reel, a Welcome he doth give;
O! how the boon Claret makes you live;
Not a Painter purer Colour shows,
than what's laid on by Claret;
Pearl and Ruby doth set out the Nose,
when thin small Beer doth mar it;
Rich Wine is good,
It heats the Blood,
It makes an old Man lusty,
The Young to brawle,
And the Drawers up call,
Before being too much mussy.
Whether you drink all or little,
Pot it to yourselves to whittle,
Then though twelve
A clock it be,
Yet all the way go roaring,
If the Band
Of Bills cry, Stand,
Swear that you must a Who—
Such Gambols, such Tricks, such Fegaries.
We fetch, though we touch no Canaries:
Drink Wine till the Weikin roars,
And cry out, A Box of your Scores.

In Wine we call for bawdy Jiggs,
Catzoes, Rumbillows, Whirlegiggs,
Canbo got in Puff-cap Actn,

The Debel in the places you wot were ta'en;
Brave Wine it thus tickles our peels,
Gull'd well in Wine none Sorow feels;
Our Moon-man & his Powder'd-beef mad Crew,
Thus caper, thro' the Liquor sweet Turnip dew,
Round about, over Tables and Yon'd' stools,
let's Dance with naked Rapiers,
Cut the fiddle-strings, and then like Fools,
kick out the Fum, Fum Scrapers;

There is no Sound
That Cares can wound,
Like Lids of Wine-pots clinking;
There's no such Sport,
When all-a-mort,
Men cry, Let's fall to Drinking;
O! 'tis nappy Beer,
Would each Belly was filled here;
Perrings pick'd,
Must be tick'd
Down, to draw the Liquor;
The salt Sammon,
And fat Sammon,

Makes our Wine drink quicker.
Our Man in the Moon drinks Claret;
If he doth so, why should not you,
Drink until the Sky looks blew?

Hey, for a turn thus above ground;
O! my Riddle too heavy doth weigh;
Metheglin, Perry, Cider, nor strong Ale,
Are half so heady, be they never so stale:
Wine in our Guts can never rumble,
Down now and then though it make us tumble,
Yet scrambling up a Drunkard feels no pain,
But crys, Sirrah, Boy, t'other Pottle again.
We can drink no more unless we have

Full Pipes of Trinidado;
Give us the best, it keeps our Brains
more warm than does Freezado;
It makes us sing,
And cry, Hey ding,
And laugh when Pipes lye broken;
For which to pay,
At going away,

We scorn a Mustard-token;
Never curse the lawcy Score,
Out-swear the Bar, you'll pay no more;
In these Days
He is no Gallant,
That cannot buff and swagger,
Though he dare
Not kill a Sheep,

Yet out must flie his Dagger:
If then you do love my Host's Claret,
Fat Powder'd-beef, Turnip and Carret,
Come agen, and agen,
And still, Welcome, Gentlemen.

The Lunatick Lover :

O R,

The Young Man's Call to Grim King of the Ghosts for Cure.
To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



Grim King of the Ghosts make halt,
and bring hither all your Train ;
See how the pale Moon do's walt !
and just now is in the Main :
Come you Night-Hags with all your Charms,
and Rebelling Witches away,
And hug me close in your Arms,
to you my Respects I'll pay.

I'll Court you and think you fair,
since Love do's distract my Brain ;
I'll go and I'll wed the Night-Mare,
and kiss her and kiss her again.



But if she proves peevish and proud,
then a pite of her Love let her go,
I'll seek me a winding Shroud,
and down to the Shades below.

A Lunacy I endure,
since Reason departs away ;
I call to those Hags for cure,
as knowing not what I say :
The Beauty whom I do adore,
now lights me with scorn and disdain ;
I never shall see her more,
ah ! how shall I bear my pain ?

I ramble and range about
to find out my charming Fair,
While she at my Grief do's flout,
and smiles at my loud Complaint :
Distraction I see is my Doom,
of this I am too too sure ;
A Rival is got in my room,
while Torments I do endure.

Strange Fancies doth fill my head,
while wand'ring in Despair,
I am to the Desarts lead,
expecting to find her there :
Methinks in a spangl'd Cloud
I see her enthron'd on high,
Then to her I cry'd aloud,
and labour'd to reach the Sky.

When thus I have ran'd a while,
and weary'd my self in vain,
I lie on the barren Soil,
and bitterly do complain ;
Till Slumber hath quieted me,
in sorrow I sigh and weep,
The Clouds is my Canopy,
to cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my Charming Fair
is then in my Rival's Bed,
Whose Tresses of golden Hair
is on the fair Pillows spread :
Then this doth my Passion enflame,
I start and no longer can lie :
Ah ! Silvia, art thou not to blame
to Ruine a Lover ? I cry.

Grim King of the Ghosts be true,
and hurry me hence away ;
My languishing Life to you,
as Tribute I freely pay :
To the Elizium Shades I post,
in hopes to be free from Care,
Where many a bladding Ghost
is hovering in the Air.

A True CHARACTER OF Sundry Trades and Callings:

O R, A New Ditty of Innocent Mirth.

This SONG is New, perfect and True, For I am known, Friend, to be One
there's none can this deny; that scorn to tell a Lie.

To the Tune of, *Old Simon the King.*

Licensed according to Order.



NOW Gentlemen be you all merry,
I'll sing you the Song of a Merchant;
I'll make you as merry as may be,
The Money begins to grow scarce:
A Woman without e'er a Tongue,
He never can scold very loud;
'Tis just such another great Merchant,
When the Fiddler wants his Crotch;
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Whip that's without e'er a Ball,
may be driven the Lord knows whither;
'Tis just such another sad Merchant,
as the Shoemaker wants his Leather;
A Man that has got but one Legg,
will make but a pitiful Runner;
And he that has no Eyes in his Head,
will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new.
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Doctor without any Stomack,
will make but a pitiful Dinner;
And he that has got no Vitals to eat,
will quickly look thinner and thinner;
A Bell without e'er a Clapper,
will make but a sorrowful Sound;
And he that has no Land of his own,
may work on another Man's Ground.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Black-Smith without his Bellows,
he need not to rise very soon;
And he that has no Cloaths to put on,
may lie in his Bed till noon;
An Innkeeper without any Custom,
will never get store of Wealth,
And if he has ne'er a Sign to hang up,
he may e'en go hang up himself.
Good People, &c.

A Miller without any Stones,
he is but a sorrowful Soul.
And if that he has no Corn to grind,
he need not stand taking of Toll;
The Taploy we know he is loath
to take any Cabbage at all,
If he has no Silk, Stuff or Cloath,
to do that good Office withal.
Good People, &c.

A Woman without e'er a faule,
she like a bright Star will appear;
But a Brewer without any Mault,
will make but pitiful Beer;
A Man that has got but one Shirt,
when e'er it is washt for his Wife,
I hope it can't be no great hurt,
to lie in his Bed till 'tis dy'd.
Good People, &c.

A Gunner without his Gun,
and a Ship-kennel turn'd out of Place,
A Tinker without any Tools,
they are all in a sorrowful case;
You know that a dish of good Meat,
it is the true Stay of Man's Life,
But he that has nothing to eat,
he need not to draw out his Knife.
Good People, &c.

A Pedler without e'er a Stock,
it makes him look pitiful blew;
A Shepheard without e'er a Flock,
has little or nothing to do;
A Farmer without any Corn,
he neither can sell, sell or lend;
A Huntsman without his Gun,
his Wife he must stand his good friend.
Good People, &c.

A Plow-man that has ne'er a Plow,
I think may live at his ease;
A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
will make but bad Butter and Cheese;
A Man that is pitiful poor,
has little or nothing to lose;
And he that has never a Foot,
it saves him the buying of Shoes.
Good People, &c.

A Warren without e'er a Coney,
is barren and so much the worse;
And he that is quite without Money,
can have no great need of a Purse,
I hope there is none in this place,
that now is displeas'd with this Song,
Come buy up my W. lads apace,
and I'll pack up my wits and be gone.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute new,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

The GELDING of the DEVIL:

O - R,

The prittiest JEST that e're was known, Then listen a while, and I the News will tell
How the Baker's Wife her Skill hath shown, Betwixt the Baker and the Devil of Hell.

Tune, Gelding the Devil, &c. or, The Card-players, &c. Licens'd and Enter'd.



A Pretty ye, I will you tell,
Of the Gelding the Devil of Hell;
There was a Baker of Mansfield town,
To Nottingham market he was bound;
And riding under the Willows clear,
The Baker sung with a merry cheer;
And riding under the Willows clear,
The Baker sung with a merry cheer.

The Baker's Horse was lusty and sound,
Well worth in Judgment full five pound;
His skin was smooth and his flesh was fat,
His Master was well pleas'd at that:

Which made him sing so merrily,
As he was passing on the way;
Which made him sing, &c.

But as he rode over the Hill,
There met he the with Devil of Hell:
O Baker, Baker, then cry'd he,
Don't carry thy Horse so far to be:

These be the words, the Baker did say,
Because his Stones he cut away;
These be the words, the Baker did say,
Because his Stones he cut away.

Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go,
Then (quoth the Devil) if it be so;
First tye thy Horse to yonder tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me:

The Baker had a Knife for the nonce,
Wherewith to cut out the Devil's Stones;
The Baker had, &c.

The Baker as it came to pass,
In hast alighted from his Horse,
And the Devil on his back he lay,
While the Baker cut his Stones away,
Which put the Devil to great pain,
And made him to cry out amain;
Which put the Devil to great pain,
And made him to cry out amain.

Oh, quoth the Devil, besetw thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
And for the deed which thou hast done,
I will be revenged agen;

And underneath this green wood tree,
Next market day I will geld thee;
And underneath this green wood tree,
Next market day I will geld thee.

The Baker then but little said,
But at his heart was sore afraid:
He durst no longer then to stay,
But he rode home another way;
And coming to his Wife did tell
How he had gelt the Devil of Hell:
And coming to his Wife, &c.

Moreover to his Wife he told,
A tale that made her heart full cold,
How that the Devil did say,
That he would geld him next Market-day.
Oh, quoth the good Wife, without doubt,
I had rather both thy eyes were out;
Oh, quoth the good Wife, &c.

For then all the People far and near,
That knows thee, will both mock and fear;
And good Wives they will chide and brawl,
And aloneless Gelding will thee call:
Then hold content, and be thou wise,
And I'll some pretty trick devise;
Then hold, &c.

I'll make the Devil change his note;
Give me thy hat, thy band and coat;
Thy hose and doublet eke also,
And I like to a Man will go:
I'll warrant thee next Market-day,
To fright the Devil quite away;
I'll warrant thee, &c.

When the Baker's Wife she was so dress'd,
With all her bread upon her breast,
To Nottingham market, that brave town,
To sell her bread both white and brown;
And riding merrily over the Hill,
Oh there she spy'd two Devils of Hell:
And riding merrily over the Hill,
Oh there she spy'd two Devils of Hell.

A little Devil and another,
As they were p'aying both together;
Oh, oh, quoth the Devil then right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding again:

Now be thou well, or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou dost go,
Now be thou well, or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou dost go.

The Baker's Wife to the Devil did say,
Sir, I was gelded yester day.
Oh, quoth the Devil, I mean to see;
And pulling her coats above her knee,
And so looking upwards from the ground,
Oh, there he spy'd a terrible wound,
And so looking, &c.

Oh, quoth the Devil, now I see,
He was not running that gilded thee;
For when he had cut out thy Stones,
He should have closed up thy wounds:
But if thou'lt stay some little space,
I'll fetch some salve to cure the place,
But if thou'lt stay, &c.

She had not rid but a little way,
But up her bell crept a flea,
The little Devil seeing that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat:
Which made the good Wife for to start,
And with that she let go a rowling fart;
Which made the, &c.

Oh, oh, quoth the Devil, thy life is not long,
Thy breath it smells so horrible strong;
Therefore go thy way, and make thy will,
Thy wounds are past all humane skill;
Be gone, be gone, make no delay,
For here thou shalt no longer stay;
Be gone, be gone, &c.

The good Wife of this news was glad;
So she left the Devil almost mad;
And when she to her husband came,
With joyful heart she told the same,
How she had couz'n'd the Devil of Hell,
Which pleas'd her husband wondrous well;
How she had couz'n'd the Devil of Hell;
Which pleas'd her husband wondrous well.

An Excellent SONG,
CALL'D,
LULLABY.

To a pleasant Tune.



Come little Babe, come silly Soul,
thy Father's Shame, and Mother's Grief,
Worn, as I doubt to all our Dole,
unto thy self unhappie chief.
Sing Lullaby, and keep it warm,
Poor Soul, it thinks no Creature harm;
Thou little think'st, and least dost know,
the cause of this thy Mother's moan,
Thou wantest not to wail her woe,
and I myself am left alone:
Why dost thou weep, why dost thou wail,
And knowest not what thou dost ail?
Come, silly Wretch; oh, silly Heart,
my only Joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong, thy smart,
that man thy Despair deplore,
'Tis I, Alas, against my will,
I wait the time, but be thou still;
And dost thou smile? O thou sweet Fate!
I would thy Dad the same might see,
No doubt but it would purchase Grace,
I know it would be for thee and me.
But come to Mother, Babe and play,
Poor Father, false, is fled away.
Sweet Babe, if't be thy Fortune change,
thy Father home again to lead,
If Death doth strike me with his Lance,
yet may'st thou e to him commend;
If any ask thy Mother's Name,
Tell them by Love she purchas'd Blame;
Then will his gentle heart soon yield,
I know him of a noble Mind,
Although a Lion in the Field,
a Lamb in Town thou shalt him find:
Ask blessing Lad, be not afraid,
His sugar'd Lips hath me betray'd.
Then may'st thou joy and be right glad,
although in Woe I seem to mourn,
Thy Father is no Rascal, Lad,
an able Youth of Blood and Bone;
His glancing Look, if he once smile,
Right honest Women will beguile.
Come little Boy, and rock asleep,
sing Lullaby, and do not cry,
I can't longer see thee out weep,
and stammer the Lullaby;
Come sleep, my Babe and Lullaby,
thy Father's Cruelty.

An Excellent and Most-pleasant New SONNET,

Shewing how the

Goddess Diana Transform'd Acteon into the Shape of a Hart.

To a pleasant new Tune.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



Diana and her Darlings dear,
 went walking on a day,
 Throughout the Woods and Waters clear;
 for their disports and play;
 The leaves aloft were very green
 and pleasant to behold;
 These Nymphs they walkt the trees between,
 under the shadows cold,
 So long, at last they found a place
 of Springs and Waters clear,
 A fairer Bath there never was
 found out this thousand year:
 Wherein Diana, daintily,
 herself began to bathe,
 And all her Virgins fair and pure,
 themselves did wash and lave:
 And as the Nymphs in water stood,
 Acteon pass'd by,
 As he came running through the Wood,
 on them he cast his Eye,
 And eke beheld their Bodies bare,
 then presently that tide.
 And as the Nymphs of him were ware,
 with voice aloud they cry'd,
 And clos'd Diana round about,
 to hide her Body small;
 But she was highest in the Rout,
 and seen above them all.
 And when Diana did perceive
 where Acteon did stand,
 A furious look to him she gave,
 and took her Bow in hand;
 And as she was about to shoot,
 Acteon began to run,
 To hide he thought it was no boot,
 his former sight was done.
 And as he thought from her to scape,
 she brought it so to pass;

Incontinently chang'd his Shape,
 even running as he was;
 Each Goddess took Diana's part,
 Acteon to Transform,
 To make of him a huge wild Hart,
 there they did all determ;
 His skin that was so fine and fair,
 was made a tawny red,
 His body o'er grown with hair,
 from feet unto the head;
 And on his head great horns were set,
 most wonderful to behold,
 A huge Hart was never met
 nor seen upon the Mold;
 his ears and eyes that were so fair,
 transformed were full strange,
 His hands and feet compass'd were
 throughout the Woods to range.
 Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
 and waxed fierce and grim;
 His former Shape did quite depart
 from every joint and limb;
 But still his Memory did remain,
 although he might not speak,
 For yet among his Friends complain,
 his woful mind to break;
 At length he thought for to repair
 home to his dwelling-place,
 Anon of him his Hounds were ware,
 and gan to cry apace:
 Then Acteon was sore agast,
 his Hounds would him devour,
 And from them then he fled full fast,
 with all his might and power.
 He spared neither bush nor brake,
 but ran through thick and thin,
 With all the swiftness he could make,
 for home to save his skin;

Yet were his Hounds so near his tail,
 and follow'd him so fast,
 That running might not him avail,
 for all his speed and haste:
 For why, his Hounds would never let
 till they him overtook,
 And then they rent and tore his skin:
 and all his body took:
 I am your Master Acteon,
 then cry'd he to his Hounds,
 And made unto them rueful moans,
 with sad lamenting sounds;
 I have been he which gave you food,
 wherein I took delight;
 Therefore suck not your Master's blood,
 his Friendship to requite.
 But those Curs of a cursed kind,
 on him had no remorse,
 Although he was their dearest friend,
 they pull'd him down by force,
 There was no Man to take his part,
 the Story telleth plain;
 Thus Acteon a huge wild Hart,
 among the Does were slain.
 You Hunters all, that range the Woods,
 although you rise up rash,
 Beware you come not nigh the Flood,
 were Virgins use to bathe:
 For if Diana you espy,
 among her Darlings dear,
 Your former Shape she will disguise,
 and make you horns to wear.
 And so I do conclude my Song,
 having nothing to alledge;
 If Acteon had Right or Wrong,
 let all true Virgins judge.

Printed by W. O. and sold by the Book-sellers.

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The LONDON CUCKOLD:

O R,

An Antient Citizens Head well fitted with a Flourishing pair of Fashionable Horns,
By his Buxome Young Wife, who was well Back'd by a Coltish Spark, in the time of
her Husbands Absence at the Campaign on Hounslow-Heath.

Tune of, O Mother! Roger, &c.

This may be Printed, R. P.



A Tradesman hearing of the Story
Of the Army and Campaign,
Long'd for to behold the Glory
and he went to view the same;
On his Brown-hay Cattle he got,
And away does bravely trot,
Left behind his witty Wife,
Whom he lov'd as dear as life:
But while my Tradesman took the Air,
There came a Colt and Back'd his Mare.

It was a Gallant with white Feather,
and a Coat with Golden Lace,
Hearing of her Fame, came thither,
and supply'd her Husbands place:
Little thought the careless Man,

Of the Game that then began,
Thinking not to be beguill'd
By his Wife so sweet and mild:
But while the Tradesman took the Air,
There came a Colt and Back'd his Mare.

When he came home he gave him kisses,
and Sack-Pepper very good,
Candles too, he never misses,
for they warm and heat the Blood:
Such things will create desire,
And new kindle Cupid's fire;
These things made him kiss his Wife,
And to call her Love and Life;
But while (alas) he took the Air,
A wanton Colt had Back'd his Mare.



The good man I on found something budding
 Which did put him to great pain,
 And as he was eating Pudding,
 To his Wife he did complain:
 Wife, said he, I am not well,
 (What I ail'd) I cannot tell
 But my Forehead feels like Stone,
 'Tis as hard as any Stone:
 By Jove, quoth she, and th's fair morn,
 Husband, Husband, 'tis a Horn.
 A Horn, quoth he, pray hold your prating,
 (For I vow you make me quake)
 If it be, 'tis of your making,
 O dear! how my head does ache:
 I am in a woful case,
 Something, something sprouts apace;
 Love (said she) then know your doom,
 One lay with me in your Room;
 For while you Rid to take the Air,
 There came a Colt that Back'd your Mare.
 The Duce (quoth he) take ye for Witches,
 Can't a Man Ride out a Mile,
 But some fellow with fine Breeches,
 Must new Saddle you the while?
 Husband, husband, for your joy,
 You shall have a thumping Boy;
 Come, come peace, and have more wit,
 Oh! I feel a qualmish fit;
 I find, I find, I am with Child,
 Pray my Dear, be kind and mild.
 Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy on London-Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge.

With Child, d'ye say, (ye arrant Pussie)
 I ne'r got it, is it true?
 'Tis (quoth she) you were so busie,
 I was loath to trouble you:
 You love Bus'ness as your Life,
 But ne'r mind to kiss your Wife;
 You leave me to lve alone,
 All night long to sigh and moan;
 And therefore when you took the Air,
 There came a Colt and Back'd your Mare:
 It was a Youth in Gaudy Jacket,
 That app. a'd most brisk and fine,
 Kiss me, press me, teas'd my Blacket,
 And made me blush like Chere Wine:
 But at last I d.d obey,
 What young woman could say nay?
 To th's Gallant I did yield,
 And the Warrior won the field:
 For while you (Husband) took the Air,
 This same Youngster Back'd your Mare.
 Oh! let true Patience be my Balsom,
 Since I know my Wretched Fate,
 Prating like a Fool is fullsome,
 Silence cures the ho ned Pate:
 Should I blow my Crummet out,
 I should raise the Rabble-rout,
 Have the Boys about my Ears,
 And endure their Flouts and jeers:
 But for hereafter I'll take care,
 That no young Colt shall Back my Mare.

The Catalogue of Contented Cuckolds:

O R, A

Loving Society of Confessing Brethren of the Forked Order, &c. who being met together in a Tavern, declar'd each Man his Condition, resolving to be contented, and drown'd Melancholly in a Glass of Necktar.

To the Tune of, Fond Boy, &c. Or, Love's a sweet Passion, &c.



Full ten honest Tradesmen did happen to meet,
In a Tavern, it seems, about Leaden-hall-street;
One a Brewer, a Baker, a Cook, and a Tayler;
With a Turner a Gold-Smith, a Merchant, a Saylor;
And, a Doctor, a Surgeon which opens the vein:
These was good honest Tradesmen, all Cuckolds in grain.

My Wife, quoth the Brewer, is charming and fair,
She will ramble abroad, but I never know where;
Yet at midnight sometimes she returns with a Spark;
Now, I sometimes have found her at Put in the dark:
Yet I swear by this Glass of rich sparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Baker, he cry'd, There is Robin my man,
He will play with his Dame, let me do what I can;
Once I happen'd to catch him in Bed by her side,
You'd a laugh to have seen how I figur'd his hide:

But I swear by this Glass of rich sparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Cook he cry'd out, I am: nor e of the least,
For when e'er I go to a Dinner, or Feast,
There is my young William, the Poulterer's Man,
He will kiss my sweet Wife for a Sop in the Pan:
Yet I swear by this Glass of rich sparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Tayler sat sigling and cratching his ears,
Quoth he, I have been Cuckold'd this three or four years.
By a Saylorman who gave my sweet Wife her Silk-gown,
When he comes up my stairs, I am forc'd to go down:
It cannot be avoided, I'll swear by this Wine,
But I'll now be contented, and never repine.

At length, quoth the Turner, 'tis my very Case,
For when her Gallant comes I am forc'd to give place.

To my work straight I go where I labour and toyl,
And I leave him to turn up my wife the mean while;
But my pocket with Geneva's of Gold he doth line,
Therefore I'll be contented, and never repine.

O, then, said the Goldsmith pray hear my complaint,
Sirs, I marry'd a Quaker she seem'd like a Saint,
Yet a Horn to the World I have reason to blow,
O the innocent Lamb has a dark way to go:
Yet I swear by this Glass of rich sparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, and never repine.

The Merchant he cry'd, When I go to the Change,
With a Master of Musick my Lady will range,
To the Tavern, and thereon her Lute he must play,
She may dance, but I'm sure I the Musick must pay:
With my Treasure his pockets he often will line,
Yet contented I'll be, 'tis in vain to repine.

The Sailor cry'd, Brothers, hear me if you please,
Three or four years together I plough'd the rough Seas,
In my absence my Wife had a Daughter and Son,
And I found a great Panyer as big as a Tun:
I cry'd out, My sweet Nancy 'faith this is fine?
Be contented, said she, 'tis in vain to repine.

Come, come, said the Doctor, the best of us all
Cannot be our Wives Keepers, they are subject to fall;
Friends, by woful Experience I speak it indeed,
I have one that will help a kind Friend at his need:
Yet I swear by this Glass of rich sparkling Wine,
I will now be contented, never repine.

The Surgeon he cry'd, Sirs, I'll tell you a Jest;
For I'm sure I am a Cuckold as well as the rest:
Once I follow'd my Wife and her Spirk to Horn-fair,
Where I took them both napping as Mo's tatch his Mare:
He was letting her blood near the Leg and the Loyn;
I was almost Horn-mad, I began to repine.

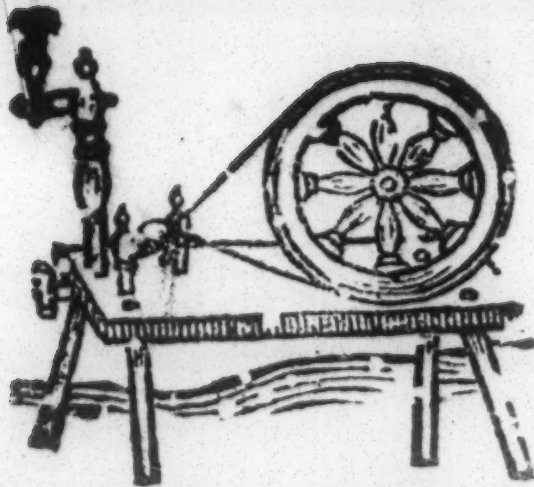
Since we are ten Cuckolds here all on a row,
We will drink each a Bottle, before we do go,
For to drown Malancholy in Liquor of Life;
He's a fool that will weep for the Sins of his Wife;
Let us tippie Canary, and never complain
There is better than we t', at Cuckolds in Grain.

640
779
600

THE
Bonny SCOT:
OR,
The Yielding LASS.

To an Excellent New Tune.

This may be Printed, R. P.



As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
a bonny Lad there pass'd by,
I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him well
gude Faith he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
As he my presence did draw near,
And round about my slender Waste,
He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd:
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel.



My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
 And said, there was no Lady fair,
 That ever could with me compare :
 Those pleasing words my Heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he would never be deny'd,
 But did declare his love the more,
 Untill my Heart was wounded sore ;
 That I my love could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

As for my Wain, my Rock, and Reel,
 And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonders Head :
 My panting Heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He stopt and gaz'd and blithly said,
 How speed thee weel my bonny Maid,
 But if thou'd to the Hay-Cock go,
 I'll learn thee better Work I trow ;
 Could Faith I lik'd him passing weel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He lowly bail'd his Bonnet oft,
 And sweetly Kiss my Lips so soft,
 Yet still between each honey Kiss,
 He urg'd me gang to farther bliss ;
 'Till I resistless were did feel,
 Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
 Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
 What Damsel ever could deny,
 A Youth with such a Charming Eye ?
 The pleasure I cannot reveal,
 It far surpass the Spinning wheel.

61

A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton,

a Pyrate and Rover on the Seas. Tune, *Come follow my Love, &c.*



When Flora with her fragrant flowers
bedeck the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers
came to present the month of May;
King Henry would a bounteous ride,
over the river of Thames past be,
Unto a mountain top also
did walk some pleasure for to see:
Where forty Merchants he espied,
with fifty sail come towards him,
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
but on their knees did thus complain:
An't please your Grace, we cannot sail
to France no voyage to be sure,
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
and robs us of our merchant-ware.
Nere was the King, and turning him
said to his Lords of high degree,
Have I he'r a Lord within my Realm
dare fetch that Traytor unto me?
To him repli'd Charles Lord Howard,
I will my Liege with heart and hand,
If it please you grant me leave, he said,
I will perform what you command.
To him then speak King Henry,
I fear, my Lord, you are too young.
No whit at all, my Liege, quoth he;
I hope to prove in valour strong:
The Scotch Knight I vow to seek,
in what place soever he be,
And bring ashore with all his might,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.
A hundred Men, the King then said,
out of my Realm shall chosen be,
Besides Saylers and Ship-boys,
to guide a great ship on the Sea;
Bow-men and Gunners of good skill
shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will
in all affairs shall wait on thee.
Lord Howard call'd a Gunner then,
who was the best in all the Realm,
his age was threescore years and ten,
and Peter Simon was his name:
My Lord call'd then a Bow-man rare,
whose active hands had gained fame,
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horsely was his name:
Horsely, quoth he, I must to Sea
to seek a Traytor with good speed;
I a hundred Bow-men brave, quoth he,
I have chosen thee to be the head.
You, my Lord, have chosen me
at a hundred Men to be the head,

Upon the main-mast I'll hanged be,
if twelvescore I miss one shillings breadth.
Lord Howard then of courage bold,
went to the Sea with pleasant cheer,
Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,
though it was the stormy time of year,
Not long he had been on the Sea,
on more in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt there he espied,
a Merchant of New-castle was he,
To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
or where he did intend to land:
The Merchant then made answer soon,
with heavy heart and careful mind,
My Lord, my ship it doth belong
unto New-castle upon Tyne.
Canst thou shew me, the Lord did say,
as thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scotch Rover on the Sea,
his name is Andrew Barton, Knight?
Then the Merchant sigh'd and said,
with griev'd mind and well-away,
But over-well I know that plight,
I was his Prisoner yesterday;
As I, my Lord, did sail from France,
a Bordeaux-to age to take I far,
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
who rob'd me of my merchant-ware:
And mickle debts God knows I owe,
and every Man doth crave his own;
And I am bound to London now,
of our gracious King to beg a boon.
Shew me him, said Lord Howard then,
let me once the Villain see.
And e'ry penny he hath from thee tane,
I'll double the same with shillings three.
Now God forbid, the Merchant said,
I fear your aim that you will miss:
God bless you from his tyranny,
for little you think what Man he is,
He is brass within and steel without,
his ship most huge and mighty strong,
With eighteen pieces of ordnance
he carrieth on each side along:
With beams for his top-castle,
as also being huge and high,
That neither English nor Portugal
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by.
Hard news thou shew'st, then said the Lord,
to welcome Stranger to the Sea:
But as I said I'll bring him aboard,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.
The Merchant said, If you will do so,
take counsel then I pray withal,
Let no Man to his top-castle go,
nor strive to let his beams down fall:
Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then
of each side of my ship, said he,
And to morrow, my Lord,
again I will your honour see:
A glass I'll set as may be seen,
whether you sail by day or night;
And to morrow before seven
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.

The Merchant let my **Lord** a glasse
 so well apparent in his sight,
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
 he saw **Sir Andrew Barton**, knight.
The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
 Now by the Heavens that be of might,
 By faith believe me, and by troth,
 I think he is a worthy knight.
Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
 thus scornfully to passe by,
 As though he cared not a pin
 for him and all his Company;
Then called he his **Men** again,
 Fetch back yon **Pedler** now, quoth he,
 And ere this way he comes again,
 I'll teach him well his courtesie.
 Fetch me my **lyon** out of hand,
 saith the **Lord**, with rose & streamer high;
 Set up withal a willow-wand,
 that **Merchant** like I may passe by.
Thus bravely did **Lord Howard** passe,
 and on anchor vile so high;
 No top-fall at last he cast,
 but as a **Foe** did him defie.
 A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
 by his proud **Pirate** fiercely then,
 Into **Lord Howard's** middle deck,
 which cruel shot kill'd fourteen **Men**.
 He called then **Peter Simon**, he,
 Look how thy word do stand instead,
 For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
 if thou misse twelve score one peny breadth.
Then **Peter Simon** gave a shot,
 which did **Sir Andrew** mickle scare,
 In at his deck it came so hot
 kill'd fifteen of his **Men** of war:
 Alas, then said the **Pirate** stout,
 I am in danger now I see;
 This is some **Lord**, I greatly fear
 that is set on to conquer me.
Then **Henry Hunt** with rigour hot
 came bravely on the other side,
 Who likewise shot in at his deck,
 and killed fifty of his **Men** beside:
Then out, alas, **Sir Andrew** cry'd,
 What may a **Man** now think or say,
 Yon **Merchant-thief** that pierceth me,
 he was my **Prisoner** yesterday.
Then did he on **Gordian** call;
 unto the top-castle for to go,
 And bid his beams he should let fall,
 for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.
The Lord call'd **Horsely** now in haste,
 Look that thy word now stand instead,
 For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
 if thou misse twelve score a shilling breadth.
Then up mast-tree swerbed he,
 this stout and mighty **Gordian**,
 But **Horsely** he most happily
 shot him under the collar-bone:
Then call'd he on his **Nephew** then,
 said, **Sister's Sons** I have no mo,
 Three hundred pound I will give thee,
 if thou wilt to top-castle go.
Then stoutly he began to climb,
 from off the mast scorn'd to depart.
 But **Horsely** soon prevented him,
 and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.

His **Men** being slain, then up a main
 did this proud **Pirate** climb with speed:
 For armour or proof he had put on,
 and did not dunt of arrows bread:
Come hither **Horsely**, said the **Lord**,
 see thou thy arrows aim aright,
 Great means to thee I will afford,
 and if thou speed still make the knight.
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
 with right good will and all his main
Then upon the breast hit **Horsely** he,
 till the arrow did return again:
Then **Horsely** spied a private place,
 with a perfect eye in a secret part,
 His arrow swiftly flew apace,
 and smote **Sir Andrew** to the heart:
 Fight on, fight on, my merry **Men** all,
 a little I am hurt, yet not slain,
 I'll but lye down and bleed a while,
 and come and fight with you again:
 And do not, said he, fear **English Rogues**,
 and of your **Foes** stand not inwe,
 But stand fast by **St. Andrew's** cross,
 until you hear my whistle blow.
They never heard his whistle blow,
 which made them all full sore afraid.
Then **Horsely** said, By **Lord** aboard,
 for now **Sir Andrew Barton's** dead;
Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
 with right good will and all their main,
 Eighteen score **Scots** alive in it,
 besides as many more was slain.
The Lord went where **Sir Andrew** lay,
 and quickly thence cut off his head;
 I should forsake **England** many a day,
 if thou were alive as thou art dead.
Thus from the wars **Lord Howard** came,
 with mickle joy and triumphing;
The Pirate's head he brought along
 for to present unto our **King**:
 Who briefly then to him did say,
 before he knew well what was done,
 Where is the knight and **Pirate** gay,
 that I myself may give the doom.
 You may thank God, then said the **Lord**,
 and four **Men** in the ship, quoth he,
 That we are safely come ashore,
 li'h you never had such an **Enemy**:
 That is **Henry Hunt** and **Peter Simon**,
William Horsely and **Peter's Son**;
 Therefore reward them for their pains,
 for they did service at their turn.
 To the **Merchant** then the **King** did say,
 In lieu of what he hath from the tane,
 I give to thee a noble a day,
Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain:
 To **Peter Simon** a crown a day;
 and half a crown a day to **Peter's Son**;
 And that was for a shot to gap
 which bravely brought **Sir Andrew** down:
Horsely I will make the a knight,
 and in **Yorkshire** thou shalt dwell:
Lord Howard shall **Earl Bury** hight,
 for this gyle he deserveth well:
 Seven shillings to our **English Men**,
 who in this fight did stoutly stand;
 And twelve-pence a day to the **Scots**, till they
 come to my **Brother King's** high Land.

62
The Life and Death of the Famous THOMAS STUKELY:

An English Gallant in time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his Life in a Battel of three Kings of Barbary. Tune is, King Henry's going to Bulloign, &c.



In the West of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous Gallant was he in his days,
By birth, a wealthy Clothier's son,
Deeds of wonders he hath done,
to purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Prize was all his glory,
and Lusty Stukely, he was call'd in Court;
He serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best,
maintaining of himself in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every-where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis he was called then,
to whom a suitor gallantly he came.

When she his person spyed,
He could not be denyed,
so brave a Gentleman he was to see;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
Her father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
ill cruel Death with his regardless spite,
Fore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wish'd to have,
that he might rebel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely he presumed
to spend a hundred pound a day in waste;
The greatest Gallies in the land,
Had Stukely's purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taberns and ordinals too,
Were his chiefest pleasures,
golden angels there flew up and down;
Knots were his best delight,
With feasting day and night,
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,
By this lawless giving,
at length he sold the pavements of the yard;
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Curtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you've heard.

Whereat his wife sore grieved,
Desiring to be relieved,
‘ Make much of me dear husband, she did say.
‘ I’ll make much more of thee (said he)
‘ Than any one shall verily,
‘ I’ll sell thy cloaths and so I’ll go my way.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parteth,
and travell’d into Italy with speed;
There he flourish’d many a day
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady’s pleasure,
To give him goods and treasure,
for to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battle in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both land and talent
to follow Stukely in his famous fight;
Which as the Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within this battle set themselves in fight.

Stukely, and his followers all
Of the King of Portugal,
had entertainment like to Gentlemen;
The King assured Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
and bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each man did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary;
Portugal and all his train,
Barely glittering on the plain,
and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannon they rebounded,
Thundring guns resounded,
Kill kill, then was all the soldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown’d,
the sun likewise was darkned in the sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of God’s heavy wrath did show,

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of Py.-corner and London-bridge.

That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearful blazing star, [known
whereby the Kings might their misfortunes

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful murder, [plain;
where fifty thousand fighting men were
Three Kings within this battle dy’d,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding
this bloody sacrifice of souls that day;
He sighing said, ‘ I woful wight,
‘ Against my conscience here do fight,
‘ and brought my soul weep all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed,
those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murdering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow wounded,
and to them thus he made his heavy moan:
‘ Thus have I left my country dear,
‘ To be so vilely murdered here,
‘ even in this place whereas I am not known.

‘ My wife I have much wronged
‘ Of what to her belonged,
‘ I vainly spent in idle course of life;
‘ What I have had is past I see,
‘ And bringeth nought but grief to me,
‘ therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

‘ Life I see consumeth,
‘ And death I see presumeth
‘ to change this life of mine into a new:
‘ Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
‘ I liv’d and dy’d in love of Kings;
‘ and so have Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely’s life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a soldier buried gallantly;
Where now there stands upon the grave,
A stately temple builded brave,
with golden turrets piercing to the sky.

Lord W I L L O U G H B Y :

*Being a true Relation of a famous and bloody BATTLE fought in Flanders,
by the Noble and Valiant Lord Willoughby, with 1500 English, against 40000 Spa-
niards; where the English obtain'd an able Victory, to the Glory and Renown of our
Nation To the Tune of, Lord Willoughby, &c*



The fifteenth Day of July,
with glittering Spear and Shield,
A famous Fight in Flanders,
was foughten in the field:
The most courageous Officers,
was English Captains three;
But the bravest Man in Battel
was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
a vallant Man was he;
The other Captain Turner,
that from field would never flee:
With fifteen hundred fighting Men,
alas, there was no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble Pike-men,
and look you round about.
And shoot you right you Bow-men,
and we will keep them out.

You Musket and Cavalier Men,
do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost Man in fight,
says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody Enemy
they fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most valiantly,
not doubting of prebail:
The wounded Men on both sides fell,
most piteously to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all Mens view,
this fight endured sore,
Until our Men so feeble grew
that they could fight no more:
And then upon dead Horses
full labourly they sat;
And drank the Puddle-water,
for no better could they get.



When they had led so freely,
 they kneeled on the ground,
 And praised God devoutly
 for the labour they had sound :
 And bearing up their Colours,
 the fight they did renew,
 And turning towards the Spaniards,
 five thousand more they slew.

The Sharp steel pointed Arrows,
 and Buckets thick did flye,
 Then did our valiant Souldiers
 charge on most furiously :
 Which made the Spaniards waver,
 they thought it best to flee ;
 They fear'd the stout behabour
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,
 Come let us march away,
 I fear we shall be scoulded all,
 if that we longer stay :
 For ponder comes Lord Willoughby
 with courage fierce and fell,
 He will not give one inch of way
 for all the Devils in Hell.

And then the fearful Enemy
 was quickly put to flight,
 Our Men pursu'd courageously,
 and rout their Forces quite :

But at the last they gave a shout,
 which ecchoed through the Sky,
 God and St. George for England,
 the Conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
 with all the speed might be ;
 And told unto our gracious Queen
 of this same Victory :
 O this is brave, Lord Willoughby
 my love hath ever won,
 Of all the Lords of Honour
 'tis he great deeds hath done.

For Souldiers that were maimed
 and wounded in the fray,
 The Queen allow'd a Pension
 of eighteen-pence a day ;
 Besides all cost and charges
 she quist and set them free ;
 And this she did all for the sake
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage noble English Men,
 and never be dismay'd,
 If that we be but one to ten,
 we will not be afraid,
 To fight with foreign Enemies,
 and let our Nation free ;
 And thus I end the bloody bout
 of brave Lord Willoughby.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG's last Goodnight :

Declaring how John Armstrong and his Eightscore Men, fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch King at Edenborough. To a pretty Northern Tune.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.



Is there neber a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself now befoze the King,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmorland,
and Jonny Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horse and harness for them all,
and goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
with hats and feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving letter,
and with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Jonny Armstrong,
to come and speak with him speedily.

When John he looked this letter upon, [træ,
good Lord he lookt as blith as a bird in a
I was neber befoze a King in my life; [three:
my father, my grandfather, nor none of us

But seeing we must go befoze the King,
Lord, we will go most gallantly;
we shall every one have a velvet-coat,
laid down with golden laces thise

And ye shall every one have a scarlet cloak
laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
with hats and harte feathers all alike.

But when John he went from Giltknock-hall,
the wind it blew hard, & full fast it did rain,
How fare thee well thou Giltknock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Jonny is to Edenborough gone,
with his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
with their bucklers and swords hanging to
[their knee.

But when John came the King before,
with his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The King he mob'd his bonnet to him,
he thought he had been a King as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my Soberaign Leige,
pardon for my eightscore men and me,
For my name it is Jonny Armstrong,
and a subject of yours, my Leige, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traytor,
no pardon will I grant to thee,
But to morrow morning by eight of the clock
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Jonny lookt over his left shoulder,
and to his merry men thus said he,
I have asked grace of a graceless face,
no pardon there is for you or me.

Then John pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
and it was made of mettle so free,
Had not the King mob'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come follow me my merry men all,
we will scorne one foot for to flye,
It shall ne'er be said we were hung like dogs,
we will fight it out so manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
for their heart were sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had killed all the King's good guard
there was none left alive but two or three

But then rose up all Edenborough,
they rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
and run him thorow the fair body.

Said John, Fight on my merry men all,
I am a little wounded but am not slain,
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
then I'll rise and fight with you again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
till many a man lay dead upon the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield,
that every man would there be slain:

So there they fought courageously,
till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Mulgrove that was his foot-page,
with his bonny giffel got away untain.

But when he came to Giltknock hall,
the Lady spied him presently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
what news com'st thy Master and his company?

My news is bad, Lady he said,
which I do bring, as you may see,
My Master Jonny Armstrong is slain,
and all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home my bonny Giffel,
full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
and thy sides shall be spur'd no more, I say.

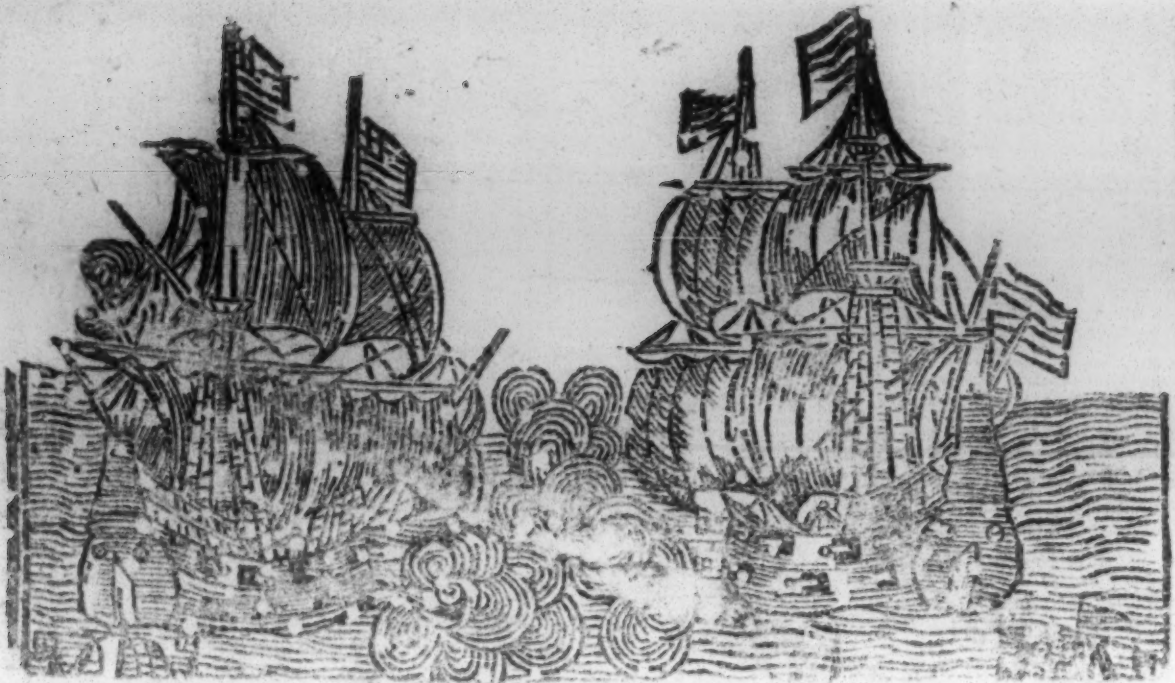
O then bespake his little son,
as he sat on his nurse's knee,
'If ever I like to be a man,
'my father's death revenge shall be.

A Famous SEA-FIGHT

BETWEEN

Captain WARD and the RAINBOW.

To the Tune of, Captain Ward, &c.



Setke up you lusty gallants
with musick and sound of drum,
For we have deserv'd a Rober
upon the Sea is come,
His name is Captain Ward,
right well it both appear,
There has not been such a Rober
sound out this thousand year :

For he hath sent unto the King,
the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
to see his company :

And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome
full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said our King,
O nay, this may not be,
To please to such a Rober,
myself will not agree ;
He hath deceiv'd the French man,
likewise the King of Spain ;
And how can he be true to me,
that has been false to twain ?

With that our King provided
a ship of worthy name,
Rainbow is she called,
if you would know her name ;
Now the gallant Rainbow
she rows upon the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen
to bear her company.

The Dutch man and the Spaniard,
He made them for to flye,
Also the honny French man,
as he met him on the Sea.
When as this gallant Rainbow
did come where Ward did lye,
Where is the Captain of this ship ?
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I, says Captain Ward,
there's no man bids me lye ;
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
thou art welcome unto me.
I'll tell thee what, says Rainbow,
our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lye upon the Sea,
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchants ships
pass as they did be fore ;
Such tydings to our King is come,
which grieves his heart full sore.
Write that this gallant Rainbow
he shot out of her pipe,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters
prevailed not a whit,
Though they were by us on the our side,
by the Ward was well with it :
Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain Ward,
your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over,
shall yield unto the Sea.

I never wrong'd an English ship,
but Turk and King of Spain,
And the jobbal Dutch man
as I met on the Main.
If I had known your King
but one two years before,
I would have sav'd by the Essex life,
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,
go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the Land,
I will reign King at Sea.
With that the gallant Rainbow shot
and shot and shot in vain,
And left the Rober's company,
and return'd home again :

Our Royal King of England,
your ship's return'd again,
For Ward's ship is so strong
it never will be tane.
Everlasting, says our King,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
and brought proud Ward to me :

The first was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland ;
The second was the Lord Mountjoy,
as you shall understand ;
The third was by the Essex,
from field would never flee.
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
and brought proud Ward to me.

Licensed and Entered.

L O N D O N :

Printed by and for W. Onley, and are
to be sold by the Booksellers.

for here by fortune, & stars no less
his own companions hinder the success
for they (for good intent) tells fly a shell
soo silver shot through's pocket hole
And twice a many was design'd but those
run deep, the wound is small by every nose
thought healing brought his famous name yet here
his healing art begins to disapprove
No medicine he by his long study found
was able cure a silver bullet wound
a famous Doctor took the work to do
healing the wound, & promis'd cure too
his skill was great, as he could make appear
he'd cure'd ^{many} of all diseases here
the wound ^{now} grew and worse, & all did say
would end in death one frowne appeared day
A Consult there was held, how they might gain
a way to heal the wound & kill his pain
his wound was fester'd all looked when he'd ^{be} ^{dead}
but by this mighty operator's art
the instrument was regulated and his wound
was heal'd gradually, & he was found
A foreign Balsom that can heal diseases
with rubbing Doctors hands with golden grease
but to return, such gall your pen did feed
it biters every mouth that hears it read
And cause your breath, that fink doth stink so strong
some say you are us'd the pay for my art so long
~~that~~ what thing force you take in hand
you would so tender it never long may stand

If hope our Justice may, yett will appear
truth needs no dooche, and your fear
have took the song low by the righter ear
And catch not doubt one long will hold ^{there} you
that Justice may no longer be abus'd
but all have Justice, if one just accus'd
your stomach sure is troubled with wind
that no such belcher in your paper find
or els you're sleepy as your yawning may
donke since you've satt up so night & day
in hells black counsell, for this on your fears
and all's abortive, nought a thing takes place
I see your Lent has been so long this year
your words your empty stomach makes appear
that now your teeth are grown so sharp ^{long} &
you ^{can} chew Oates, but pray be ware of longue
for they are prickly, & may cause a stop
you'd o better ladd upon, or use a rope
or if you think to grind ^{small} these ^{small} ^{small} ^{small}
know meal has most ^{of all} pernicious been

BRITISH

66
Impetuous Roman though nee softer yett
Then had the vaire to make thy Name as great
Horrick vorse perpetuals our fame
no doubt your impudent will do the same
What though your hand is weak yett your is long
if not in fighting yett in rightlong strong
sure Justice now, will give as well as take
Honours, when you appear for Justice take
this all commanding them what woul it do?
It will stop further vindicate it too

One single hollyday's a boon too small
for this great feinct whose morills pass all
if Maracles do morill sure they may
for one those basis all them ^{your} ~~doctrines~~ ^{may}
his name so famous, & his works well known
amongst the many, I'll relate but one
and this thy rather 'cause 'twas worth of la-
etm can't as yett bee out of Memory's date
A certain Knight illustrious for this Name
St George for Babylon of hostles fame
and no les valiant, he by joynt conspire
must give the English Dragons blood even
but had winch's fortune is not always kind
tho's mach a kin to Leon's devotion, find
thing well begun & auspicious ^{does} not know
may yett run retrograde as they do

640
A proper new *Ballad* on the *Old Parliament*.

To the Tune of *Hei ho my honey, my heart shall never rue,*

GOOD morrow my Neighbours all, What news is this I heard tell?
As I past through *Westminster-hall*, by the house that's neer to Hell:
They told me *John Lambert* was there, with his Bears, and deeply did swear:
(As *Cromwell* had done before) those *Vernin* should sit there no more.

Sing hi ho Wil. Lenthall, who shall our Generall be?

For the House to the Divell is sent al', and follow gid faith munye.

Sing hi ho, &c.

Then Muse strike up a Sonnet, come Piper and play us a Spring.
For now I think upon it, these *Rs* turn'd out their King.
But now it is come about, that once again they must turn out:
And not without justice and reason, that every one home to his prison.

Sing hi ho Harry Martin, a Burgees of the Bench.

There's nothing here is certain, you must back and leave your wench.

Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with the buffle head, is called Lord, and of the same house,
Who (as I have heard it said) was chastised by his Lady's spouse.
Because he ran at sheep, she and her maid gave him the whip;
And beat his head so addle, you'd think he had a knock in the cradle.

Sing hi ho Lord Munson, you ha' got a Park of the Kings,

One day you'l hang like a bounson, for this and other things.

Sing hi ho, &c.

It was by their Masters order at first together they met.
Whom piously they did murder, and since by their own they did set.
The cause of this disaster, is 'cause they were false to their Matter.
Nor can their *Gensd'armes* blame, for serving them the same.

Sing hi ho Sir Arthur, no more in the house you shall prate;

For all you kept such a quarter, you are out of the Councell of State.

Sing hi ho, &c.

Old *Noll* once gave them a purge (forgetting *Occidisti*,)
(The furies be his scourge) so of the cure mist he.
And yet the Drug he well knew it, for he gave it to Dr. *Huit*.
Had he given it them he had done it, and they had not turn'd out his son yet.

Sing hi ho brave Dick, L. Hall, and Lady Joane,

Who did against loyalty kick, is now for a New-years-gift gone.

Sing hi ho &c.

For had old *Noll* been a ive, he had puld them out by the ears.
Or else had fired their Hive, and tickt them down the staires,
Because they were so bold, to vex his righteous soul,
When he so deeply had swore, that there they should never sit more.

But hi ho Noll's dead, and stunk long since above ground,

Though lapt in spices and lead, that cost us many a pound.

Sing hi ho, &c.

Indeed brother *Burgeis* your *Ling* did never stink half so bad;

Or, the second part of *Knave out of Doores.*

Four and twenty now for your mony, and yet a hard pennyworth too.

And if it were not a sin, an abler lawyer in.

*Sing give the seal about, I'd have it so the rather,
Because we might get out, the Knave, my Lord my Father.*

Sing hi ho, &c.

Pull out the other there, it is Nathaniel Fines.

(Who Bristol lost for fear) we'll not leave him behind's;
Tis a chip of that good old block, who to loyalty gave the first knock.
Then stole away to Lundey, whence the foul fiend fetches him one day.

*Sing hi ho Canting Fines, you and the rest to mend'um,
Would ye were serv'd in your kinds, with an ense rescidendum.*

Sing hi ho, &c.

He that comes now down staires, is Lord chief justice Glin.

If no man for him cares, he cares as little again.

The reason too I know't, he helpt cut Straffords throat,
And take away his life, though with a cleaner knife.

*Sing hi ho Britain bold, straight to the bar you get,
Where it is not so cold as where your justice set.*

Sing hi ho, &c.

He that shall next come in, was long of the Council of State;
Though hardly a hair on his chin, when first in the Council he sate:
He was sometime in Italy, and learned their fashions prettily.
Then came back to's own Nation to help up Reformation.

*Sing hi ho Harry Nevil, I prethee be not too rash,
With Atheism to Court the Diuel, you'r too bold to be his Bardash.*

Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with ingratitude blaekt is one Cornelius Holland:
Who but for the Kings house lackt, wherewith to appease his colon.
The case is wel amended, since that time, as I think,
When at Court gate he tended, with a little stick and a short link.

*Sing hi ho Cornelius, your zeal cannot delude us,
The reason pray now tell us, why thus you playd the Judas?*

Sing hi ho, &c.

At first he was a Grocer, who now we Major call:

Although you would think no Sir, if you saw him in White-hall.
Where he has great Command, and looks for cap in hand,
And if our eggs be not adle, shall be of the next new Moddle.

*Sing hi ho Mr. Salloway the Lord in Heaven doth know
When that from hence you shall away where to the Diuel you'l go:*

Sing hi ho, &c.

Little Hill since set in the House, is to a Mountain grown:
Not that which brought forth the Mouse, but thousands the year of his own.
The purchase that I mean, where else but at Taunton Dean?
Five thousand pounds per annum, a sum not known to his Granam.

*Sing hi the Good old Cause tis old although not true
You got more by that then the laws, so a Good old Cause to you*

Sing hi ho, &c.

AN EXIT TO THE EXIT TYRANNUS:

O R,
Upon Erasing that Ignominious and Scandalous *Motto*, which
was set over the place where *KING CHARLES*
the First Statue stood, in the Royall Exchange,
L O N D O N.

To the Tune of

I made a Voyage into France, &c.

1
After curs'd Traitors damned rage
At length is come that happy age
Wherein our hopes are crown'd,
Our griefes are turn'd to joyes, and all
Our miseries and sorrowes shall
Be in Canary drown'd.

2
Thrice happy night which black as thee
Hast caus'd that Hell black doom to be
Made by a Tyrant Crew,
When to fulfill the Divellish lust
They'd make it seem both good and just
That they their Sovereigne flew.

3
'Twas not enough with them to draw
Their Sword against the KING and Law
To Rob and Steale and Plunder,
'Twas not enough to act all Treason
Pretending still religious reason
This was in them no wonder.

4
'Twas not enough they had destroy'd
Our KING, to make our name abroad
A mock and scorn to be,
But to add further to our shame
At home they blast his glorious name
With markes of Tyranny.

5
Curst Generation of *Hans* tribe
Their wickednesse to him ascribe
And seek his fame to taint,
Of whom it justly might be cride
He was a Martyr when he di'd
And whilst he lived a Saint.

6
To palliate their seditious acts
They charge him with those odious facts
Which they themselves commit,
And 'cause they had by their own fault
Both Church and State to ruine brought
He must be cause of it.

7
Exit Tyrannus up they set
As if the Kingdome then did get
By this their Liberty.

When as indeed from this their crime
The Nation well might dare the time
Of reall Tiranny.

8
We since have found their zealous tones
Have caus'd our true and reall grones
We see their *Good old Cause*,
Was only made for a pretence
To banish all our freedome hence
And overthrow our Lawes.

9
Oh CHARLES that *Exit* which they put
Up ore thy Statues Head was but
An entrance to our Woe,
That fatall Axe which thee divorc'd
From us, our happinesse hath forc'd
Into the Grave to goe.

10
But blest'd be Providence that we
This happy Night have liv'd to see
Wherein for all their spight,
We see some hope that at the length
The Kingdome may recover strength
And thou regaine thy right.

11
Thy fame no more shall be defac'd
But with these glorious titles grac'd
Which are due to thy merit,
Nor shall the babling Rout now dare
To exclaime against thee in their prayer
Or curse thee by the spirit.

12
Nor is't our happinesse alone
Thy disgrace is wip't out o'th stone
But does proceed yet farther,
Brave *Monk* has given an exeunt too
To those these Nations did undoe
And did commit thy murder.

13
Goe on brave *George*, and as before
Our Nation to her right restore
Call in the lawfull heyre,
Speake but an entrance to our KING,
And none but will thy praises sing
And blesse thee in their prayer.

m. 9
C. 40. 69

MARDIKE:

O R,

The Soldiers Sonnet of his Sword.

Sung to the ORGAN.

I.

When first *Mardike* was made a Prey,
'Twas Courage that carry'd the Town away,
Then do not loose your valoured Prize,
By gazing on your Mistress eyes,
But put off your Petticoat-Parley,
Potting and sotting,
And laughing, and quaffing
Canary,
Shall make good Souldjers miscarry,
And never travel for true renown;
Then turn to your Martial Mistris,
Fair *Minerva* the Souldjers Sister is,
Rallying, and fallying,
And lashing, and flashing
Of wounds Sir,
With turning and burning of Towns Sir,
Is a high step to a Statesmans Throne,

II.

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,
And his Tun shall overflow the Town;
Or give a Cobler Sword and Fate,
And a Tinker may trappan the State,
Such fortunate Foes as these be,
Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby*,
Father, and Mother,
And Sister, and Brother
Confounded,
And many good Families wounded
By a terrible Turn of Fate:
Such plentiful power the Sword had,
He that can kill a man,
Thunder, and plunder
Precisely,
This is the man that doth wisely,
And may climb to a Chair of State.

III.

It is the Sword doth order all,
Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall;
All Syllogisms in vain are spilt,
No Logick like a Basket-hilt,
It handles 'em joynt by joynt, Sir,
Thrilling, and drilling,
And killing, and spilling
Profoundly,
Until the Disputers are roundly,
And have never a word to say,

Unless it be Quarter, Quarter:
Truth is confuted by a Carter,
Whipping, and stripping,
And ripping, and nipping
Evasions,
Doth conquer a power of Perswasions,
Aristotle hath lost the day.

IV.

The Gown and Chair cannot compare,
With the *Red-coat* and the *Bandaleer*,
The Musquet gives Saint *Paul* the lurch,
And beats the Cannons from the Church,
The Priests Episcopal Gown too,
And the Organ hath lost his sound too,
Tan tara, tan tara,
Tan tara, tan tara
The Trumpet
Hath blown away *Babylons* Strumper,
And Cathedrals begin to crack:
Your Councillors are struck dumb too,
By the Parchment upon the Drum too,
Dub-a, dub-a, dub-a, dub-a,
Dub-a, dub-a, dub-a, dub-a,
An Allarum,
Each Corporal now can out-dare 'em,
Learned *Littleton* goes to rack.

V.

Then since the Sword so bright doth shine,
Let's leave our Wenches and our Wine,
Wee'll follow *Mars* where ere he runs,
And turn our Pots and Pipes to Guns,
The Bottles shall be the Granadoes,
We will bounce about the Bravadoes,
Huffing, and puffing,
And snuffing, and cuffing
The Spaniard,
Whose Brows has been dy'd in a Tan-yard,
Well-got Fame is a Warriors wife:
The Drawer shall be the Drummer,
We will be Colonels all next Summer,
Hilting, and tilting,
And pointing, and joynting,
Like brave Boys,
We shall have Gold or a Grave, boys,
Here is an end of a Souldjers life.

FINIS.

The Ballad of the CLOAK.

Or, The Cloak's Knavery.

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold: Or, Packinton's Pound.*



Come buy my new ballet,
I have't in my wallet;
But 'twill not I fear please every pallet:
Then mark what insu'ry,
I swear by my youth,
That every line in my Ballad is truth,
A ballad of wit a brave ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth:
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown.
I'll tell you in brief,
A story of grief,
Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in chief:
It tore Common-players,
Jury-men's Loye-mayors,
In one day it bored down Bishops and Players:
It made People in point of Obedience,
A Covenant did cut off: Oath of Allegiance.

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown
It was a black Cloak,
In good time he it spoke,
That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroke:
With hatchet and rope,
The foreign-hope,
Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope;
It set all the Deas in the City to work,
And rather then fail, 'twould have brought in the Turk:
Then let us endeavour, &c.
It seiz'd on the Tow'r-guns,
Those fierce Demi-goorgons,
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs,
The Pulpits did smook,
The Churches did choak:
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
It brought in Lay-elders could not write nor read,
It set publick faith up, and pull'd down the Creed:
Then let us endeavour, &c.
This pious Imposter,
Such fury did foster,
It left us no penny, nor no Pater-noster;
It threw to the ground,
Ten Commandments down,
And set up twice twenty times ten of its own:
It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected:
Then let us endeavour, &c.
To blind Peoples eyes,
This Cloak was so wise,
It took of Ship-money, but set up Excise;
Men brought in their Plate,
For reasons of State,
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate;
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenchers of bobkins and whistles:
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much appoyed,
For trying out--Fight the Lord's Battle, Belov'd;
It bobtayl'd the Crown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Myrrer to reach at the Crown;
And into the field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King:
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It railed up Grates,
Whose politick Pates,
Do now keep their quarters on the City-gates;
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
It gave a Commission to kill one another:
It took up Mens Houses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates:
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed,
To a damnable deed,
It made the best Mirrour of Majesty bleed;
Though Cloak not do't,
He set on foot,
By rallying and calling his journey-men to't:
For never had come such a bloody Disaster,
If Cloak had not first drawn a sword at his Master:
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Who some of them went hence,
By sorrowful sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to repentance,
But he and his Men,
Twenty thousand times ten,
Are plotting to do their tricks over again;
But let th's proud Cloak to Authority stoop,
Or Catch will provide him a button and loop:
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray that the King
And his Parliament,
In sacred and secular things may consent:
So righteously firm,
And religiously free,
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be:
And as there's one Deity both over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us
Then Peace, Truth, and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown
And all popish Plots and their Plotters shall down.

THE ROTA

OR,

News from the Commonwealths-mens Club,
Written by Mr. Henry Stubb;
'Tis better then a Syillybub.

1.
AT Westminster where we take Boat,
There on the left hand you may note
The sign of the *Turks Hedd and Throat*.

2.
What heads and throats therein there be,
If you'll have patience to see,
These few lines here shall notifie.

3.
Here *Harrington* breeds up his youth
To the discovery of *no truth*,
All *Commonwealths-men* in good sooth.

4.
A question here, though nere so rude,
Is so belabourd, and so tewd,
And into sundry pieces hewd.

5.
If unresolv'd by *I*, or *No*,
It must be put to the Ballot,
'Tis Mr. *Harringtons* own plot.

6.
The finest thing that ere was seen,
The one side white, the other green,
And there you must put in a Bean.

7.
First *Harrington* doth hawk and hum,
And tells a story of old *Rome*,
Which from his own store never come.

8.
He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,
Authors which to the Club are hideous,
And he in quoting most perfidious.

9.
But there a sad mishap befel,
Which much doth grieve me for to tel,
But I am glad it was so wel.

10.
The learned man stood up and spoke,
That by two Losses he was broke,
His Reputation and his Cloak.

11.
Quoth he, My Reputation
I hear is tumbled up and down,
Much like a Foot ball through the town.

12.
And for my Cloak, by this good light,
This Rascal *Miles* but yester-night
With Coffee did it all bedite.

13.
Next *Polixfen*, that Politician,
Yet surely he is no *Hebrician*,
And (as I take it) a worse *Grecian*.

14.
Whom *Astondator* did so fright,
He was not himself again that night,
'Twas thought he did his Chair beslute.

15.
Theres *Poulney* too, that man of Law,
In Politicks he is but raw,
But prattles more then a Jack-daw.

16.
Who speaking once of *injustice*,
Made a distinction somewhat nice,
It was between a *sin*, and *Vice*.

17.
Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,
If blushing be a sign of grace,
The Youth is in a woful case.

18.
Whilst he should give us *Sol's* and *Ob's*,
He brings us in some simple bobs,
and fathers them on Mr. *Hobs*.

19.
Nay, he hath got the prettiest feat,
Monarchs out of the world to bear,
Thus proves thei're all a *tacite Cheat*.

20.
If man in state of nature be,
And one imparts his Right to me,
I cheat him of his property.

21.
The like, if many men posselt,
To one give all their interest;
He must be deem'd a Cheat at best.

22.
We want not an Attourney hight,
Lame Collins, (if I name him right)
Oh! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.
The subtlest man that ere I saw,
Did Arguments from Scripture draw;
Religion was before the Law.

24.
If so Sir *Harrington's* mistane,
Religion doth the Law sustain,
Law property, it is most plain.

25.
A *Parson* too, of no small note,
His sense as thred-bare as his coat;
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.
The man doth hope in time to be,
Chaplain to the Academy;
Hee's fit, for he can scarce tell three.

27.
Merley, who thought to have been one
Of the Committee, but was none;
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.
'Twas well foreseen, for the wise *Kent*
Thought that the man might have a plot,
For to have dipped their *Ballot*.

29.
One in a Speech he did rehearse,
'Gainst the Popes-land he was so fierce,
He cut it off at least a teirce.

30.
He said hee'd quote Authority,
That the full length of *Italy*,
Contain'd but threescore miles and three.

31:

A Cambrobrtain here god-wot,
Must needs make one of this leard kno
But twere as good that he were not.

32.

Taff Morgan, God her Worship save,
Doth shie among them very grave,
He's no great States-man, but great K-----

33.

Last, *Skinner* of his Chaire grown proud,
Doth gravely weild the busie croud,
And still to Orders cries aloud.

34.

To tell you more of *Mr. Skinner*,
He'd rather talk, then eat his Dinner;
Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.

But whilst the man to *Stafford* cryd,
Sir you to Orders must be tyd,
Or else you must not here abide.

36.

For our course here, is not to prate
Of things that do too near relate
To the Affairs of present state.

37.

Speak to the question, it is sound,
In what of Government the Ground,
Or the Foundation may be found.

38

Stafford with that did lowly bow,
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,
And of my Argument allow.

39.

For had your question any sence,
I should not take the confidence
To give your Worship ought offence.

40.

But since for non-sence it may passe,
To speak to you in *Country-Phrases*,
Your Worship is a learned Ass.

41.

Which words he took in so much scorn,
That nothing else would serve his turn,
But presently he must adjourn.

42.

Adjourn, quoth *Stafford*, in a fright,
Are you a Burges, or a Knight?
Sure I shall to the Tower to night,

43.

But loe, the worst of all disasters,
A *Tooth* stood up, *My learned Masters*,
All Governments are much like plasters.

44.

Plasters, quoth *Stafford*, let me die;
If not, this poor Academy,
Have not some grand infirmity.

45.

And since it happens to be so,
I may chance be infected too;
Therefore my *Masters* all, adieu. *Exit.*

DISPLAY

Of the Headpiece and Codpiece

VALOUR

Of the most renowned Colonel *Robert Jermy*, late of *Basfield* in the County of *Norfolk*, Esquire, with his Son Captain *Toll* by his side, now on their way for *New-England*.

Or the Lively description of a dead-hearted fellow, to the Tune of a Turd, or the Black-Smith.

D ID you ne're hear of the baby of *Mars*,
That charg'd *Tom Fox's* wife with his Tars,
For his valour lies all in his Arse.
Which needs must be very strong.

* Cudgeld by
Mr. Armitage
at Wells in
Norfolk, No-
vemb 4. 1654.
ran away six
miles at Crow-
land Se ge, and
neere lookt be-
hind him.
A Sanctify'd Colonel in beaten Buff,
With a Scarlet Jump * that's Cudgell proof,
And his Son * *Crowland* Coward of the self same stuff,
Who got the wench big with young. *Probatum est.*

He's a journey man Souldier to the States Army,
And 'tis in his terms; when you fight you must spare me,
So runs the Commission of Colonel *Jermy*,
If I be informed true.

Upon a mock 'Larme he's sure in the Van,
Where he takes none, and does no more hurt then he can,
He's a pitifull Souldier though a Cruell man,
Let's give the Devill his due.

* He caused
Parson Cooper
to be hang'd by
Judge Jermy
for fear he
should beat him.
To Sacrifice to his fears and his pride,
He caus'd a * Church-Champion be murder'd and try'd
By the Judge of his name, and the rope on his side.
Tis pittie they ever were parted.

Yet you cannot but say 'twas very well meant,
When he went to the house of Parliament,
In Love to his Country before he was sent
In a Coach when he might have been Carted.

He corrupted
twenty free
Burghers at Ri-
sen to give their
votes for him in
the last election
for Parliament.
You must alwayes take the good will for the deed,
Though at *Risen* he had not the luck to speed,
Yet some other place may have very great need,
If the Devil releafe but his hire.

He hired 100
men to come
with him from
Lyn with
Swords and
Guns, for fear
Master Howard
and his two men
should beat him.
So dear was his love that he purchas'd a throng,
Of Sea men in Lice and Lungs very strong,
Sure he will be some body ere it be long,
If he be not laid in the Mire.

How the Sailors did hollow and throw up their hats,
And the men with wide mouths that use to cry Sprats,
But the brave Spark of *Arndel* made them look like drown'd Rats,
† When he humbled *Tom Toll* for his Sin.

† Mr. Howard
gave him a box
on the ear with
the back of his
hand, and he fell
to the ground
with fear.
That high born Heroe had Cudgel'd their Swords,
Had they not almost expir'd at his words,
But the whole design was not worth two half turds,
* Though you throw the three Jul'ices in.

* Justice Cre-
mar, Ju-
stice Pedlar,
and Justice
Life.
In his last good service he took the City
By an Order from the mistaken Committee,
Where he scap'd a scouring the more was the pity,
For 'twas fowle when you have said what you can.

He took the Ci-
ty of Norwich
when the Gates
were open and
in app'ition.
Mrs Foxes back
down.
He march'd into Gates with an hundred more,
O brave! he ne're did the like before,
For he used to sneak in at the * back dore,
As becomes a right modest man.

When they entred the Town, they beleagu'd the Mayor.

And with wonderfull Courage they stormed the Chair,
But they soon were all foul, and ran very fair,
As if they'd been bred for the Course,

For the Bells were rung backward as he saies his prayers,
And his head went forward with his haste down the Staires,
Like a man of dispatch in the State Affaires,
Thank Fortune it was no worse.

'Tis much to be wondred he should leave the Rump,
Though his love to that end has receiv'd a Law Frump,
But that is his God what ever is trump,
Yet his Spirit now was blind.

Had the Rump but once fized 'twas the strongest side,
But a Fart has so routed his Troop in their pride,
Though infallible * Butler was his guide,
That they are both blown down the wind.

Yet that would be thought a true * English man,
Let him make true Latine if he can,
Yet learned mens lives this Rascall will scan,
And when he has done it deny it.

This is Jeremy's forlorne when brave Jack appear,
He has little of wit, and less of fear,
And swears for his Colonel by the year,
And when he is in he will ply it.

When the Nation was Jaded with a * Quaker,
This Jippoe for-sooth was a great undertaker,
And amongst other Trades a Justice maker,
* Brewer, Tirrell, and Gaffer Life

Were made and Created by his stinking breath,
To sit on the Bench upon life and death,
We'd as good have had a Turd in our Teeth
Without any further strife.

I thought this Colonel would sayle,
When he was upon his Codpiece bayle,
He got such a flap with a Fox Tayl,
As more at large in your Box Sir.

But now if we may believe Common Fame,
At present they say he's fled for the same,
How poorly this fellow has plaid his game,
But let him not scape without knocks Sir.

Yet he is such a Coward that I dare say
He neither dares fight nor yet run away,
And yet he'd be glad to stand at a stay,
If he might but have his *Quietus*.

For tell him his basenesse but once to his face
Y'are sure enough he dies on the place,
If he hangs not himself upon this disgrace,
Tis One to a Thousand he'll beat us.

The Bells were rung backward which alarmed the City who came in & had beat him if he had not run away upon the noise of it.

** Jermys Chaplin that prays and swears, and fights and lyes for him in ordinary.
* Let us shew our selves true English men is his usuall saying.*

** He that drunk so much Asses milk as without the Parliaments mercy, he is like to be a fool for ever.
* 2 Justices in Norfolk.*

Master Armitage hath the exemplification of a verdict in a box wherein Jermys baudery with Foxes wife is set forth.



THE
E N T E R T
 OF
L A D Y
A t F I S H E

Together with an Addresse made, to her
 at her visiting

The Bedlams Speech.

TOppsie tervie, hai down derry.
 You sober boyes lets now be merry,
 Here comes noble Georges Wife,
 Let's then bespeak her to the life.

Most Noble Lady, now we see
 The World turns round as well as we;
 Our Chains are Ornaments, our Cells
 Are Palaces where Honour dwells,
 Whilst you adorn this place, we know
 No greater happinesse below,
 Than to behold the sweet delight
 Of him that will restore our right:
 Madam, to you it is we look
 As the best Scripture in our Book,
 Could we but learn to be so wise
 As love our Head as well as Eyes;
 Our University might be
 Happy in your felicity,
 Our Chains as uselesse as the large
 Contents of Lamberts n. - lischarge,
 Our Time not spent in picking straws,
 Our Holds, only most wholesome Lan's,
 Our Bedlam true Phanatiques keep,
 Not such as dream when fast asleep.
 Let George know we are not so mad;
 But we can love an honest Lad.

The Speech at Fishers-Folly.

THrice welcome noble Lady to this place,
 Wife to a Person sprung of royall Race;
 Whose High-born Soul proclaimes him one of those
 Which claime an Intrest in the Milkie Rose,
 Upon whose Brow prudence and valour cry
 Mastries, and strive each other to out-vie:
 And what's his greatest praise, his Royalty
 Appears full fraught with ancient Loyalty.
 The rarest Jewels that the World imparts
 Are Royall Subjects crown'd with loyall Hearts.
 And such (sweet Lady) is your royall Spouse,
 Who cannot choose but mind his former Vowes,
 One that is verst in honest Politicks,
 And deeply hateth such Pedantick tricks.



640.
H. 5. m.

IE

AINMENT

THE

MONK,

RS-FOLLY.

er by a Member of the Colledge of Bed-
g those Phanatiques.

As Murder, Rapine, Perjury, which crimes
Were in vile *Cromwel's* and the Rumpers times
Accounted Godliness, and in wrong Sence
Stil'd Acts of Heavens Gracious Providence.
But now (I hope) we shall be free'd from th'Spell
And witching Charms oth Devill and Machiavel,
They must invent new Sleights, a cloak that's stronger,
Religion will vayle vilany no longer;
All men have now found their false knavery out,
But noble *George* hath put them to the Rout:
As *Fabius* weary'd *Hanibal*, he so
Blasted their force, yet gave them nev'r a blow:
Wonderfull Conqueror that could withstand,
Nay foyle his enemy without a hand!
Never had *England* a more prosprous fate,
Nor purchast freedome at a cheaper rate.
Who absent, lo, we Pay all Honour due
To her who is a Part of him; that's you,
Ev'n you (fair Lady) who are ever blest
In his Injoyment: Y are a welcome Guest
Unto our Board, whose presence makes us Jolly,
Since you vouch safe to come to Fishers-Folly,
So called from the Founder, a Lack-wit
Who built the House, but could not finish it:
Our *Geogre* a greater Work hath well begun,
And scorns to leave it, till its throughly done:
He gently does his businesse, and hath learn'd
To move the Wheele, so that its not discern'd.
And with a silent calmnesse doth asswage
The Hot-spur spirits and the fiery rage
Of fierce Phanatiques; who, like foolish Elves,
By their mad'zeal would have burnt up themselves.
Thus hath he wisely stop't the mouths of those
Builders of *Babel*, which did still oppose
Th repaying of our Sion; to whole ayd
Wee'll all stand up untill the top stones layd:
And after all confesse Great *George* to be
the chief Restorer of our Liberty:
And you three happy favourite of Fate
Who have so wise, so great, so good a Mate.

H Y M N E

To the

GENTLE-CRAFT,

OR

Hewsons Lamentation.

To the Tune of the Blind Beggar.

Listen a while to what I shall say
Of a blind Cobler that's gone astray
Out of the Parliaments High way,
Good people pity the blind:

His name you wot well is Sir John Hewson
Whom I intend to set my Muse on,
As great a Warriour as Sir Miles Lewson,
Good people, &c.

He'd now give all the Shooes in his shop
The Parliaments fury for to stop,
Whip Cobler like any Town-top,
Good people, &c.

He hath been in many a bloody field
And a successful sword did wield,
But now at last is forced to yield,
Good people, &c.

Oliver made him a famous Lord
That he forgot his Cutting Bord,
But now his Thred's twisted to a Cord,
Good people, &c.

Crispin and he were neer of kin,
The gentle Craft have a noble Twin,
But he'd give Sir Hughs bones to save his skin,
Good people, &c.

Abroad and at home he hath cut many a Hide,
A Dog and a Bell must now be his Guide,
They'll lash him smartly on the blind side,
Good people, &c.

Of all his warlike valiant feats,
Of his Calves leather and his Neats,
Let him speak um himself when he repeats,
Good people, &c.

He only mention one exploit,
For which when he begs, He give him a Doit,
How he did the City vex and annoy'r,
Good people, &c.

He marcht into London with Red-coat and Drum
During the time we had no Bum,
Being right for the Army as a Cows Thum,
Good people, &c.

And there he did the Prentices meet
Who jeered him as he went through the street,
But he did them very wel-favouredly greet,
Good people, &c.

Bears do agree with their own kind,
But he was of such a cruel mind,
He kild his brother Cob. before he had din'd.
Good people, &c.

He strutted then like a Crow in a Gutter,
That no body durst once more Mutter
The Capon-Citizens, gan to Flutter,
Good people, &c.

After he had them thus defeated,
To his old quarters he retreated,
And was by Fleetwood nobly treated,
Good people, &c.

He is for this I hear Indited,
Though the Week before by them Invited,
But Wise Men say they had as good as Shited,
Good people, &c.

He cares not for the Sessions a Lowse,
They reach not a Peer of the other House
He's frighted to see that he is a Parliament Chouse,
Good people, &c.

And now he's gone the Lord knows whether,
He and this Winter go together,
If he be caught he will loose his Leather:
Good people, &c.

H'ad best get in some Countrey Town,
And company keep with Desbrow the Clown,
You see how the World goes up and down.
Good people, &c.

His Coach, and his Horses, are gone to be lost,
He must vamp it and cart it and thank thee mine host,
Ther's no more to be said of an old Toast,
Good people, &c.

Sing Hi Ho Hewson the State nere went upright,
Since Coblers could Pray, Preach, Govern, and Fight,
We shall see what they'll do now you'r out of Sight.
Good people, &c.

THE COBLERS LAST VVill and Testament: Or, The Lord *HEWSON'S* Translation.

I.

TO Christians all I greeting send,
That they may learn their *souls* to mend
By viewing of my *Cobler's End*.

II.

First, to the New Lords I would give *All*,
But that (like me) they'r like to fall,
Though Heartless *Fleetwood* has no Gall,

III.

Yet he deserves this Legacy,
ROPE take you all, well may I cry,
You're Murderers as well as I.

IV.

And will thus (Wry-neck) end your race,
Since wilful Murther hath no place
In the late Parliaments Act of Grace.

V.

My *Paring-Knife* I'll *Lambert* give,
He may have use on't if he live,
For's Throat as well as his Brow, I believe.

VI.

But *Richard* and *Harry* I have forgot,
Shall I give them my *Hammers*? No, I will not,
For they did not strike while th' Iron was hot.

VII.

Vane take my *Bends*, and *Wilks* my *Clue*,
Atkins my *Hose* of *Saffron Hue*;
But *Gregory* saith my *Clothes* are his due.

VIII.

My *Cushion* wil fit *Queen Dowager Cromwel*,
Whilst *Shiprow* Wife's *Prophecy* she doth thumb-wel,
In Chair of *Scate* 'twil ease her *Bum-wel*.

IX.

For *Oliver* thou didst set me on high,
I aim'd not at it, though I winkt of an eye,
Yet I will not now to come thee nigh.

X.

For sure ere this thou'lt burn with thy nose,
Which out of thy nostrills brimstone throws;
Would thou wert here to singe my foes.

XI.

There is another Lord that's *Rich*,
To cure the City whose fingers did itch,
But onely *I* went *thorow-stitch*.

XII.

And yet they say *I* was out of my trade,
When as *Phlebotomy* *I* made;
Some Chirurghion to doe't, I'de better have paid.

XIII.

All-looking-death turn back thy shaft,
If *Charon* me ore-Styx should waft,
It would disgrace our Gentle-craft.

XIV.

I'th Good Old Cause *I* traded still,
But in't my Lordship smelt some ill,
To mend it though, prov'd past my skill.

XV.

Therefore to *Tyburn* I must ride,
Although it cannot be deny'd,
But that I have liv'd single-ey'd.

XVI.

And if my foes would do me right,
They'l say, I've set the crooked streight,
Why then *I* am a man upright.

XVII.

I with the Jury find it so,
John Lilburns Jury would say, no;
Stitch up the Lord, let the *Cobler* go.

XVIII.

But 'tis no jesting matter *I* trow,
For *I* can't laugh, although you do;
Yet may make a wry-mouth, or so.

XIX.

Before when we debauch'd the Nation,
Wee could have vouch'd our Reformation,
By a day or two of Humiliation.

XX.

Now 'tis not currant pay, for *I*
Have wail'd my sins, and yet they cry,
Hang him, he weeps but with one eye.

Handwritten text at the top right corner, possibly a page number or date, including the number 97.

K. Rupert Prince
A Nevv BALLAD

Of a Famous German *PRINCE* and a renowned English *DUKE*, who on *St. James's* day One thousand 666 fought with a *Beast with Seven Heads*, call'd *Provinces*; not by Land, but by Water; not to be said but sung; not in high English nor *Low Dutch*; but to a new French Tune, called *Monsieur Ragou*, or, *The Dancing Hobby-horses*.

* On Saint James's day (1581) the Seven Provinces first resolved themselves into Free-States.

T Here happen'd of late a Terrible Fray
Begun upon our * *S. James's* day,
With a *Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump,*
Thump, Thump, a Thump, Thump.
Where *Rupert* and *George* for *CHARLEMAIGN*
Swing'd the *Dutch* again and again,
(As if they had been but the *French* or *Dane*)
With a *Thump, &c.*

'Twas brave *Tom Allen* led the Van,
Stout *Viber*, and bold *Tiddiman*,
With a *Thump, &c.*
And then our Immortal *GENERALLS*
With twenty thousand *Thunder-balls*
Pierc'd their boggie flesh-mud-walls
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

The Game was hot, and then you'll swear
That *Jordan* (Heart of Oak) was there
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*
And gallant *Holmes* that never fails,
Torn and hurt, yet still prevails,
Valiant; with or without his Sails,
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

The *Royal Charles* was all their Aim
(For there they knew was Princely Game)
With a *Thump, &c.*
Seven Provinces here spend their Quire,
(*De Ruyter's* mighty Triple Tyre)
But had his Answer all in Fire
With a *Thump, &c.*

For here our glorious *Prince* and *Duke*
Gave him such a sore Rebuke
With a *Thump, &c.*
That now *De Ruyter* finds it clear
The Warlike *English* have no peer,
Who dare do any thing but Fear
A *Thump, Thump, &c.*

The *Sovereign* came to revenge her Wrongs,
(Becaln'd a while for want of Lungs,
Without any *Thump, &c.*)
But soon as her dreadful Sail displaid
Good Lord what Lanes and Wrecks she made!
The Devill a *Dutch* came nigh or staid,
For fear of a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

Her Balls of Fire the *Flemming* sees
Are thrice as big as a *Holland-Cheese*,
With a *Thump, &c.*
And now they ran, they ran, they ran,
And left poor *Zealand* (hiss as it can;
They made him the Rere, who would be the Van
-Van *Trump, Trump, Trump, &c.*

The Kings own Colours (*Red* and *White*)
Pursu'd the Boors all day and night
With a *Thump, &c.*
O how 'twould *Lords* and *Commons* please
To see our *Sovereign* of the Seas,
Chasing their *Seven Provinces*
With a *Thump, &c.*

Over Flatts and Banks we fir'd their tails
(Till we heard their croaking *Nightingales*)
With a *Thump, &c.*

This difference 'twixt two Navies stands,
Ours built for the Sea, and theirs for the Sands,
We had sent them else to their last *Netherlands*
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

Their Shott still at our Tackling flew,
Left when they ran we should pursue
With a *Thump, &c.*
For though the *Dutch* are *Seamen* grown,
Bold *English* are the *Marks-men* known,
And therefore kill them six for one
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

Our Rere was *Smith*, with other two
(*Spragge* and *Kempthorn*) both true Blew,
With a *Thump, &c.*
And here the *Zealanders* came on,
Who stoutly gave us Gun for Gun,
Till *Holland*-like they also run
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

In In, In In, fald Valiant *Spragge*,
Wee'll beat this vapouring *Trump* to th' *Hague*
With a *Thump, &c.*
His Chaplain fell to his wonted work,
Cry'd Now for the King and the Duke of York!
He pray'd like a *Christian*, and fought like a *Turk*
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

Six thousand *Dutch* (a *Low-Country Dish*)
We sent to their own Cozen the *Fish*
With a *Thump, &c.*
The rest into Holes so tamely crawl
That little *Fansan* dar'd them all,
Great *Rupert's* Sloop is an *Admirall*,
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

What *Amsterdamnable* Cowards are these
To boast that they were *Lords of the Seas*
With a *Thump, &c.*
Their Impudent *Gazette* proclaims
How bravely they lock'd up the *Thames*!
But had no leave from *CHARLES* or *JAMES*,
And therefore had a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

And now *De Witt's* new *Holland Rump*
(Who rides the *States*) will burn to th' *Stump*
With a *Thump, &c.*
For *George* in *England* once before
Hath fir'd one *Rump*, and will do more
Till Men and Bells all *Dutchland* o're
Sing *Rump, Rump, &c.*

Then let them invent some other Cheat,
Go hang their Captains 'cause th'are beat
With a *Thump, &c.*
Let *Monsieur* or *Myn Heer* that snarls
At our *Sovereign* and *Royal Charles*,
Beware of *Ruperts* and *Albemarles*
With a *Thump, Thump, &c.*

6.40
78 THE
GENEVA Ballad.

To the Tune of 48.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
Like *Splaymouth* * with his brace of Caps,
Whose *Conscience* might be scan'd perhaps
By the *Dimensions* of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his *Actions* all *Divine*,
Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occasion serves, can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray and bark.
Was ever like a *Benk-learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark?

To draw in *Profelytes* like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,
He gives his *Handkerchief* a squeeze,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stocken Similitudes*.
Eight *Uses* more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to Bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And *Pulpits* did with *Beacons* flame;
When *Jeroboam's Calves* were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Gospel-Comet* first appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers strip'd
His *Sovereign Liege* of *Power* and *Land*,
And having smote his Master, slip'd
His *Sword* into his *Fellows* hand.
But he that wears his *Eyes* may note,
Oftentimes the *Butcher* binds a *Goat*,
And leaves his *Boy* to cut her *Throat*.

Poor *England* felt his fury than
Out-weigh'd *Queen Mary's* many grains;
His very *Preaching* flew more Men,
Than *Bonner's Faggots*, *Stakes* and *Chains*.
With *Dog-star Zeal* and *Lungs* like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his *Lord* to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*,
As if the *Wind* could stand *North-South*;
Broke *Moses's Law* with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his *Mouth*.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor *Clemency* nor *Acts* of *Grace*
Can blanch an *Ethiopian's Face*.

Ripe for *Rebellion* he begins
To rally up the *Saints* in swarms,
He bauls aloud, *Sirs*, leave your *Sins*,
But whispers, *Boys*, Stand to your *Arms*;
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his *Gods* can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Mutitude*.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Holloo my Hearts, beware of *ROME*.
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestic Broils at home.
How quietly Great *ANNE* might Reign,
Would all these *Hot-spurs* cros the *Main*,
And preach down *Popery* in *Spain*?

The starry *Rule* of *Heaven* is fixt,
There's no *Dissension* in the *Sky*:
And can there be a mean betwixt
Confusion and *Conformity*?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where *Hornets* dwell in *hives*,
But worse where *Children* play with *knives*.

I would as soon turn back to *Mafs*,
Or change my praise to *Thee* and *Thou*;
Let the *Pope* ride me like an *Ass*,
And his *Priests* Milk me like a *Cow*;
As buckle to *Smeatymnuan* *Laws*,
The bad effects o' th' *Good Old Cause*,
That have *Doves* *Plumes*, but *Vulturs* *Claws*.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* *Crew*;
Foul *Errors* motly *Vesture* first
Was Oaded in a *Northern Blue*.
And what's the *Enthusiastick* breed,
Or *Men* of *Knipperdolings's Creed*,
But *CovehanTERS* run up to feed?

Yet they all cry, they love the *Queen*,
And make boast of their *Innocence*:
There cannot be so vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with *pretence*.
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
No *Subject* like th' old *Cavalier*,
No *Traitor* like *Jack Presbyter*.

FINIS

The Toothless BRIDE:

O R,

The Wonton Old WOMAN:

Being a pleasant and comical Relation of a Wealthy old Woman, of above Fourſcore Years of Age, near *Fleet-ſtreet*, that Married a young Man not above Twenty, becauſe he Played ſo ſweetly on her old Inſtrument. With the pleaſant Particulars of their Courtſhip, Marriage, and comical Humours of the Wedding Night.

To the Tune of, *The Old Woman Poor and Blind.*



To Wed with me is no Diſgrace,
Then turn to me your Lovly Face:
But he Reply'd, you are too Old,
Unleſs you have good ſtore of Gold,
If that be all, (ſaid ſhe) ne're fear,
I've Wealth enough for you my Dear.
And tho' I'm Old and Strength do lack,
My Maid ſhall turn me on my Back.



Her Maid.



YOU wanton Wives, that are grown Old,
I'll tell you a mery Jeſt;
It is as True, as e're you knew,
You'll Smile when you hear the reſt,
An Ancient Dame of Fourſcore Years,
Whoſe Huſband is lately Dead;
Her wanton Mind, was ſo inclin'd,
That ſhe would again be Wed.

She had old Organs of her own,
But wanted a Man to Play;
Quoth ſhe, 'tis known, they're Muſty grown;
I'll uſe 'em without delay;
With that a young Man ſoon appear'd,
And ſhow'd her his Skill and Art,
She ſoon reply'd, I'll be your Bride,
For you have quite won my Heart.

Tho you are Young and I am Old,
I've Money will make you Smile,
I woun't withhold my Bags of Gold,
If you'll pleaſe me the while,
Your Muſick has ſo Charm'd my Ear,
I long to be at the Game,
The thing you have, I much do crave,
Altho I am Old and Lame.

Tho Age and Palfey doth me ſeize,
And puts me upon the Wrack,
My Maid with eaſe, juſt as you pleaſe,
Shall turn me upon my Back;
I know you young Men can't forbare,
But ſoon muſt be at the Play,
And long to try, as well as I,
And can no longer ſtay.

Dear Mother, quoth the cunning Lad,
I'll pleaſe you if I can,
And will make bold, to love your Gold,
Since I muſt be the Man,
Then Let's be Married with all ſpeed,
And make no more delay.
For moſt Men ſay, the Silver-Key,
Will make the Organs play.

The Toothleſs Bride, ſhe ſtep'd about,
Tho Lame but juſt before,
And turn'd about her wrinkl'd Snout,
And ſaid ſhe ask'd no more,
Quoth ſhe, we'll ſoon be join'd in one,
Although we now are twain,
I Smile at that, I wou'd be at,
But dare not it explain.

The Aged Bride, as brisk did ſeem,
Upon the Wedding Day,
As any Laſs upon the Graſs,
That Love's to ſport and play;
Tho all her Teeth were gone and fled,
She mumblingly did ſay;
My charming Boy, let me enjoy,
The thing without delay.

When carried in a Chair to Bed,
Be cauſe ſhe could not go,
Her Maid did wait, to lay her Strait,
In order to what you know,
No Bride was ever in more haſt,
Or eagerer (as they ſay'd),
To taſt the Charms, within his Arms,
While he on her Organs Play'd.

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THE
SAINT turn'd SINNER;
Or, the Dissenting Parson's Text under the *Quaker's* Petticoats.



Tune of a Soldier and a Sailor.

YOU Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I shall now declare Sir,
Before you are aware Sir,
The matter very plain.
The matter very plain
A Gospel Cushion thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And something else beside Sir,
If he is not bely'd Sir,
This was a holy Guide Sir,
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Flesh was so unruly
He cou'd not for his Life Sir,
Pass by the Draper's Wife Sir,
The Spirit was so faint.
The Spirit was so faint.
This jolly handsome *Quaker*,
As he did overtake her,
She made his Mouth to Water,
And thought long to be at her,
Such Sin is no great matter,
Accounted by a Saint.

(Says he) my pretty Creature,
Your charming handsome Feature,
Has set me all on Fire
You know what I desire,
There is no harm in Love.
Quoth she, if that's your Notion,
To Preach up such Devotion,
Such hopeful Guides as you Sir,
Will half the World undo Sir,
A Halter is your due Sir,
If you such Tricks approve.

The Parson still more eager,
Than lustful Turk or Neger,
Took up her lower Garment,
And said there was no harm in't,
According to the Text
For Solomon more Wiser,
Than any dull adviser,

Had many Hundred Misses,
And why shou'd such as this is,
Make you so sadly vext.

The frighted Female *Quaker*
Perceiv'd what he wou'd make her,
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And stop what he was hatching,
To spoil the Light within,
To spoil the Light within.
They came to her Assistance,
As she did make Resistance,
Against the Priest and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were so grand uncivil,
To tempt a Saint to sin.

The Parson then confounded,
To see himself surrounded,
With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,
Whose Business 'tis to catch Men,
In leudness with a Punk,
In leudness with a Punk.
He made some faint Excuses,
And all to hide Abuses,
In taking up the Linen,
Against the Saints Opinion,
Within her soft Dominion,
Alledging he was Drunk.

But tho' he feigned reeling,
They made him pay for feeling,
And Lugg'd him to a Prison,
To bring him to his Reason,
Which he had lost before,
Which he had lost before.
And thus we see how Preachers
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so fleshly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To lie with any Whore.

FINIS.

THE NINOTH AND BLENDER.
Which doth a wanton Prank unfold, In as merry a story as ever was told.
To the Tune of, *The King's Delight: or, Turn-Coat, &c.*



I met with a sobral Beggar,
And into the fields I led her,
and I laid her upon the ground;
Her face did not invite me,
Nor her smock did much delight me,
But I think the young whores was sound;
With Ladies both fresh and gay
I often did sport and play,
yet a Beggar I'll take
For barities sake,
She'll please me as well as they.

I have a good wife, as fair
As ever blew English Air,
Her pleasure is past compare,
Her cherer lips, cheeks, and eyes,
Her belly, her breast, and thighs,
might any but I suffice;
With her I so often play,
And weary my time away,
What a foulter to me,
Would be faster than she,
Warlety wins the day.

This Beggar I should describe,
Without any hope of bribe,
was one of the murthering tribe;
She had a fine foot and leg,
As nimble as a flag,
and then she began to beg,
So soon as my horse she leed,
She fell down upon her knees,
The whores had a lack,
That hung at her back
Well furnish'd with bread and cheese.

She struck me into a dump,
the Jade was both yoking and plump,
with a round & ranting rump;
Her feature had so much force,
It railed in me remorse,
and drew me quite off my horse;
But when I began to doze
She told me she would not do;
Quoth I, pretty Wort,
Let me show you some sport;
She kiss me, and answered no.

My horse to a styg I ty'd,
 The Beggart-wench then reply'd,
 Good master get up and ride;
 Yes, so I will straight (thought I)
 Which that I drew something nigh,
 She struggled and cry'd. He, he,
 I am but a Beggart by blood;
 Quoth I, Let me be chafed,
 For he that will scorn,
 A Beggart-wench toa.
 May want a good turn at need.

When into her arms I clasp,
 Quoth she. Now I'm in your traps,
 Why tell I do with my scraps?
 I show them in the bulg, said I.
 No, no, she did straight reply,
 There's p & and pudding, and pie,
 All be for better or worse,
 My blessings I will not curse.
 Why then, quoth I,
 To run presently
 And show it to wait my horse.

She then chyn mery bein,
 Did set me back again,
 To put me out of my pain,
 Re-dazzled to my sight,
 That neither by day or night,
 I ever had such delight,
 So close to me now she clings,
 And flutters abroad her wings,
 But my bashful face,
 Asham'd of the trade,
 Brake loose and away she flings.

I rise and away ran I,
 The Beggart-wench then did cry,
 My pig and my pudding-pie;
 I ran and I curst and swore,
 Which I came to my door,
 But the horse was gone before.

I had the wench lay behind,
 And told her I wou'd be kind;
 But when I came home,
 I look'd like a gnomie,
 I wish'd that I had been blind.

My wife and my neighbours all
 Did laugh, ye n light hear 'em hawl
 From Temple-b. r to VWhite-hall,
 My sweet heart's probant was found,
 Which lay in the water bound,
 And scatter'd upon the ground;
 The sight of my wife did dave,
 And make my heart pick and pane,
 Sir Thomas, quoth he,
 And spake merrily,
 Where got you this good probant?

I thought I, it is eil to bear up,
 Although of it is venemous cup,
 I take but a sorrowful tep,
 In the twinkling of ones eyes,
 I thought of a thousand lyes,
 But ne'r a one world's free;
 I many things had in doubt,
 Yet could not well bring 'em about,
 As I went to beg'in,
 The wench came in,
 And so came the Lo. y out.

My Lady did laugh out-right,
 As if she had much delight,
 But I found it not so right,
 I gave t e poor wench a peise,
 But wish't she had been in G. ee,
 To tell such a tale as this;
 My Madam doth make it light,
 But I have got nothing by it,
 For when she wants her wish,
 It is shown in my dish,
 I'd better then hang'd out-right.

FINIS.

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THE SAINT turn'd SINNER;

Or, the Dissenting Parson's Text under the *Quaker's* Petticoats.



Tune of a *Soldier* and a *Saylor*.

YOU Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I shall now declare Sir,
Before you are aware Sir,
The matter very plain.
The matter very plain
A Gospel Cushion thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And something else beside Sir,
If he is not bely'd Sir,
This was a holy Guide Sir,
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Flesh was so unruly
He cou'd not for his Life Sir,
Pass by the Draper's Wife Sir,
The Spirit was so faint.
The Spirit was so faint.
This jolly handsome *Quaker*,
As he did overtake her,
She made his Mouth to Water,
And thought long to be at her,
Such Sin is no great matter,
Accounted by a *Saint*.

(Says he) my pretty Creature,
Your charming handsome Feature,
Has set me all on Fire
You know what I desire,
There is no harm in Love.
Quoth she, if that's your Notion,
To Preach up such Devotion,
Such hopeful Guides as you Sir,
Will half the World undo sir,
A Halter is your due sir,
If you such Tricks approve.

The *Parson* still more eager,
Than lustful Turk or Neger,
Took up her lower Garment,
And said there was no harm in't,
According to the Text:
For *Solomon* more Wiser,
Than any dull adviser,

Had many Hundred Misses,
And why shou'd such as this is,
Make you so sadly vex.

The frighted Female *Quaker*,
Perceiv'd what he wou'd make her,
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And stop what he was hatching,
To spoil the Light within,
To spoil the Light within.
They came to her Assistance,
As she did make Resistance,
Against the *Priest* and *Devil*,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were so grand uncivil,
To tempt a *Saint* to sin.

The *Parson* then confounded,
To see himself surrounded,
With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,
Whose Business 'tis to catch Men,
In leudness with a Punk,
In leudness with a Punk.
He made some faint Excuses,
And all to hide Abuses,
In taking up the Linen,
Against the *Saints* Opinion,
Within her soft Dominion,
Alledging he was Drunk.

But tho' he feigned reeling,
They made him pay for feeling,
And Lugg'd him to a Prison,
To bring him to his Reason,
Which he had lost before,
Which he had lost before.
And thus we see how Preachers
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so fleshly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To lie with any Whore,

FINIS.

the NIGHT and BLACK-
 Which doth a wanton Prank unfold, In as merry a story as ever was told.
 To the Tune of, *The King's Delight: or, Turn-Coat, &c.*



I met with a sordid Beggar,
 And into the fields I led her,
 And I laid her upon the ground;
 Her face did not induce me,
 Nor her smock did much delight me,
 But I think the young whore was sound;
 With Ladies both fresh and gay
 I often did sport and play,
 Yet a Beggar I'll take
 For barter's sake,
 She'll please me as well as they.

I have a good wife, as fair
 As ever drew English Air,
 Her pleasure is past compare,
 Her cherer lips, cheeks, and eyes,
 Her belly, her breast, and thighs,
 might any but I suffice;
 With her I so often play,
 And weary my lust a day,
 What a fouler to me,
 Would be fatter than she,
 Marlety wind the day.

This Beggar I should describe,
 Without any hope of bribe,
 was one of the murthering tribe;
 She had a fine foot and leg,
 As nimble as a flag,
 and then she began to beg,
 So soon as my horse she seen,
 She fell down upon her knees,
 The whore had a sack,
 That hung at her back
 Well furnish'd with bread and cheese.

She struck me into a dump,
 the Jade was both yoking and plump,
 with a round & ranting rump;
 Her features had so much force,
 It raised in me remorse,
 and drew me quite off my horse;
 But when I began to doze
 She told me she would not do:
 Quoth I, pretty Whore,
 Let me show you some sport;
 She kiss me, and answered no.

My horse to a stray I ty'd,
The Beggart-wench then reply'd,
Good master get up and ride;
Yes, so I will straight (thought I)
Wish that I dy'd something nigh,
She struggled and cry'd, Hee, hee,
I am but a Beggart by breed;
Quoth I, Let me do this deed,
For he that will soon
A Beggart-wench loze.

May want a good man at need.
Then into her arms I claps,
Quoth she. Now I'm in your traps,
Why tell I do with my scraps?
I show them in the bush, said I.
No, no, he did straight reply,
There's pig and pudding, and pie,
Wile beg for better or worse,
My blessings I will not curse.
Why then, quoth I,
To run presently
And show it to wate my horse.

She then cry'd a merry bein)
Did set me back again,
To put me out of my pain,
Hee dazell'd so my sight,
That neither by day or night,
I ever had such delight,
So close to me now she clings,
And flutters abroad her wings,
but my bashful face,
asham'd of the trade,
Woke loose and away she flings.

I rise and away ran I,
The Beggart-wench then did cry,
My pig and my pudding-pie;
I run and I ewen and swoe,
Till I came to my doore,
But the horse was gone for ever.

I had the wench stay behind,
And told her I wou'd be kind;
but when I came home,
I look'd like a gnomie,
I wish'd that I had been blind.

My wife and my neighbours all
Did laugh, ye might hear 'em hawl
from Temple-bar to VVhite-hall,
My sweet-heart's probant was found,
Which lay in the watter bound,
and scatter'd upon the ground;
The sight of my wife did dave,
And make my heart prick and pout,
Sir Thomas, quoth she,
And spake merrily,
Where got you this good probant?

I thought I, it is best to bear up,
Although of it is venomous cup,
I take but a sorrowful tey;
In the twinkling of ones eyes,
I thought of a thousand lyes,
but ne'r a one word to see;
I many things had in doubt,
yet could not well bring 'em about,
As I went to begin,
The wench came in,
And so ended the story.

My Lady did laugh out-right,
As if she had much delight,
but I found it not so at night,
I gave the poor wench a price,
But wist she had been in G. ee,
to tell such a tale as this;
My Madam doth make it slight,
Nor I have got nothing by it,
for when she wants her wish,
It is thrown in my dish,
I'd better have hang'd out-right.

F. N. S.

T H E

Crafty Country Woman:

O R,

The Tailor Baker But-witted

By his Neighbour's Buxome Wife, who made him pay severely for the use of her merry Water-mill. Tune of, *The beating of the Drum*, &c.



A Baker lives in Edmonton,
that dearth loves the poor;
In a peck of wheaten-bread,
he wants a pound of more;
Needs his dear meal,
he mingles at his mill;
But the Baker counts his corn the best,
in a woman's water-mill.

In South-street lives a husband-man,
but I'll to bear his name;
He has a brisk and jovial wife,
is counted of the same;
The Baker was resolved
that she should be a mill;
And he carried her his corn
to grind in her water-mill.

He kept this woman company
full half a year or more;
Till he for bread had trust'd her
with the shilling on the score;
But wanting of his money,
he carry'd her a mill;
And then she turn'd the fast off
from her water-mill.

If you ask me for money,
you say to me, say to me,
I'll go unto a Justice,
and swear you ravish'd me,
for I will have my sole,
nobody have ground your mill;
You might have ground at home,
in your wife's water-mill.

Her talking so rashly,
put him into a fear;
He seem'd to yield unto her,
saying, Hold your tongue my dear;
If ever I do ask you more,
then use me as you will;
But now I'll grind at home,
in my wife's water-mill.

But in a short time after,
this simple fooling type
Accus'd her husband,
and then she swore a curse;
Which made him for to stamp and swear,
to see the bitter mill;
That the woman would be paid,
for his grinding in her mill.

* Note. If any Lawer makes Bread that wants but one Quince in thirty six of its due Weight,
if he be found out, he shall be amerced, but for the fourth he is to stand in the
law without Redemption. Wherefore let our Countrey Baker beware how he fetches up his
Loaves by unlawful Gain, lest he perishes of the aforesaid just Punishment, according to Law.

L O N D O N: Printed for J. Stow.

When he through perditions,
did yield for to agree,
He saw the game the Tailor's,
which is the millstone;
The debt he did forgive,
though sore against his will,
And he got her twenty shillings
for his grinding in her mill.

And so to end the quarrel,
they both did give release;
But now the Baker's wife he
let's him enjoy his peace;
For will not be contented,
let him do what he will;
But now he grind his corn,
in his Neighbour's water-mill.

Quoth he, Sweet wife be quiet,
and do not thus complain;
The I have been at charges,
I'll fetch it up again;
In every loaf of bread I make,
I'll use my wondrous skill;
Needs will I grind at home, my
in my own water-mill.

Now, now, you lusty Bakers,
that heave my song this day,
Be warned by your Brother,
and do not run astray,
Rest in a trap they catch you,
when you have had your will;
For they will have satisfaction,
for grinding in their mill.

Enter

LONDONS PLAGUE

FROM

HOLLAND,

OR

Inquiries after the Natural Causes of Her
Present Calamity.

What's *Englands Metropolis* be-
come *solorne*?
Europes late Glory, now a *Pesants*
scorne?

The *Mistress* of the Seas, She that outvi'd?
Her raising *Sister Cities*, th' *Gallick Pride*?
Rome restur'd, in her great *Ela State*?
Must she now truckle to the *Dooms of Fate*?
Will she *scorne*? 's no bold *Champion* sent
To wreath her from the rudest *Ravishment*?
Oth *Ramond's Rascall*, must he triumph thus?
And *timpanize* himself with blood of us
Poor Morale? *Democritus* at a *travol*?
Then *Bell and Dragon* in an age could steal?
Where's all the *Quixots* of our age? has none
Th' *Elixir*, the long-look'd-for *Stone*?
No *Cure* for her, whose *Tenants* made their boasts
Till now, they'd *ront* the most victorious hosts
Of all *Diseases*? Here's a *Goliath* stands
And bids defiance 'gainst th' united bands
Of *Art*: Then muster up your *Forces*, say,
Who shall command? or who begin the *Fray*?
If *Seniority* takes place, the *Galenist's*
Oblig'd in honour first to enter th' *Lists*.
What weapons must he use? a *Weavers Beane*?
Too great for him to wield, His *Apozemes*,
Eleuaries, *Julips*, *Bolus*, and the rest
Are all too gross to touch this *Spiritualist*.
More refin'd weapons (though defensive all)
Some say may shield us from this *Canniball*.
Enter *Van Helmont* then, who like another
Jacob, endeavours to supplant his *Brother*,
And with more right perhaps, take but this story.
What feats hee'd do with his *Elabratory*?
How he'll unravel *Nature*, th' causes find
By *Chimick* art what 'tis compounds the wind
Yeeh's *Aquafortis*, *Regis*, and *Calestis*,
(With choicest spirit, which esteem'd the best is)
Though elevated higher then the gross
And fixulant compofure of a *Dos*.

Are too terrene t' encounter or contest
With this invincible *Antagonist*.

Quartans no more shall *Galenists* defame,
Nor th' *Alchabest* the *Paracelsian* blame.
Here's a *Disease* so subtle (though impure)
Baffles them both to find the *Cause* or *Cure*.
Let's force *Art* to her *Zenith* then, and try
The *Virtuosoes Etimology*.

How they define, or gravely descant on
This grand invisible *Contagion*.

Malignant vagrant *Atoms* are the quaint
(say they) *Compounders* of this mortal taint,
Their *quintessences* and *mixturons* yet obscure,
Till the *Dioptricks* can discern th' impure,
Though subtle exhalations that proceeds
From the first matter, which infection breeds,
A *Quere* may be urg'd, whether they be
Not *vivid Atoms*, since we daily see
All sulphurous *Fumes* these wanderers expels,
With other *Insects* to remoter *Cells*.

What ere they be, extrinsique first they are,
And Vagrant too, why suffered then so farre
T' entrench on humane nature? cannot *Art*
Contrive a *Statue Law*, and whip this tart
Unruly *Vagabond* from mortal bounds,
Or (as the Country-man the *Stragler* pounds)
Confine him? No, This *Hoegan Mogan Lord*,
(Though wasted higher on a *Shipwrack* bord)
Takes so much *stare* upon him, (like his *Sire*,
The *Sink* of *Christendome*, *Europes Quagmire*)
That *Civil Laws* this *Gaderen* defies,
With *Arts* and *Sciences* as *Enemies*.

Is *Art* then stinted? a *non ultra* here
To her proceedings? Th' *Question* is not cleer,
The *Fountain's* muddy whence this taint first came
Why then should th' *Englsh Artist* foul his name
In puddling into th' *Cause*, thus much he say,
It *sympathetick Atomes* bear the sway,
Our *Calvenist* with his motled *Brotherhood*,
Draws *Dutch Opinions*, and his Counttyes blood.

THE

O.R.

the life of her merry Water-mill. Tune of, *The beating of the Drum*, &c.



In South-Free lives a Dutchman, man, but still father his nose.

Get the best in briefs and jockey shorts.

to control the amount of

that the results are worth waiting for.

[illegible]

When he thought perturbations,
bid piety for to agree;
And search the globe the necessities,
which is their mutual fee;
The debt he bid forgive;
though for against his will,
And he gave her these a bill
for his

And so to end the quarrel,
they both did give the release;
But now the Deafner's wife the n
let's him stop no peace;
For he will not be contented,
let him do what he will;
For thus him grind his down.

Whorh he, Subject make be quiet,
and do not thus complain;
Tho' I have been at charges,
I'll fetch it up again;
In ebery Doat of Bread I make,
I'll use my wonted skill;
Others will grind at home, my

Poul, nolt, pou lufft 25 akers,
 that heags my song this day,
 25e warned by nont 25 oider,
 and po not run affray,
 Rest in a trap they catch pou,
 When pou, 25e had your toill;
 For, 25e will have satisfaction

Corollary. If any Party makes Bread that wants but one Ounce in thirty six of its due Weight, it is not so much a fault as if he had sold it short. For Fault he may be Amerced, but for this fourth he is to stand in the loss by unlawful Gain, just by penalties of the aforesaid just Punishment, according to Law.

LONDONS PLAGUE

FROM

HOLLAND,

OR

Inquiries after the Natural Causes of Her
Present Calamity.

WHat's *Englands Metropolis* be-
come *tolerne*?
Europes late Glory, now a *Pesants*
lorne?

The *Mistress* of the Seas, She that outvi'd?
Her ranting *Sister Cities*, th' *Gallick Pride*?
Rooves resurrect, in her great *Ela State*?
Must she now truckle to the *Dooms of Fate*
With *no* a *refuge*? 's no bold *Champion* sent
To wrench her from the rudest *Ravishment*
O'th *Rambo'd Rascall*, must he triumph thus?
And *timpanize* himself with blood of us
Poor Morale? *Devour* more at a *meal*
Then *Bell and Dragon* in an age could steal?
Where's all the *Quixots* of our age? has none
Th' *Elixir*, the long-look'd-for *Stone*?
No *Cure* for her, whose *Tenants* made their boasts
Till now, they'd *ront* the most victorious hosts
Of all *Diseases*? Here's a *Goliath* stands
And bids defiance 'gainst th' united bands
Of *Art*: Then muster up your *Forces*, say,
Who shall command? or who begin the *Fray*?
If *Seniority* takes place, the *Galenist's*
Oblig'd in honour first to enter th' *Lists*.
What weapons must he use? a *Weavers Beam*?
Too great for him to wield, His *Apozemes*,
EleQuaries, *Julips*, *Bolus*, and the rest
Are all too gross to touch this *Spiritualist*.
More refin'd weapons (though defensive all)
Some say may shield us from this *Canniball*.
Enter *Van Helmont* then, who like another
Jacob, endeavours to supplant his *Brother*,
And with more right perhaps, take but this story,
What feats hee'll do with his *Elabratory*;
How hee'll unravel *Nature*, th' causes find
By *Chimick art* what 'tis compounds the wind:
Yet h's *Aquafortis*, *Regis*, and *Caelestis*,
(With choicest spirit, which esteem'd the best is)
Though elevated higher then the gross
And saculent compofure of a *Dos*,

Are too terrene t' encounter or contest
With this invincible *Antagonist*.

Quartans no more shall *Galenists* defame,
Nor th' *Alchabest* the *Paracelsian* blame.
Here's a *Disease* so subtle (though impure)
Baffles them both to find the *Cause* or *Cure*.
Let's force *Art* to her *Zenith* then, and try
The *Virtuosoes Etimology*.

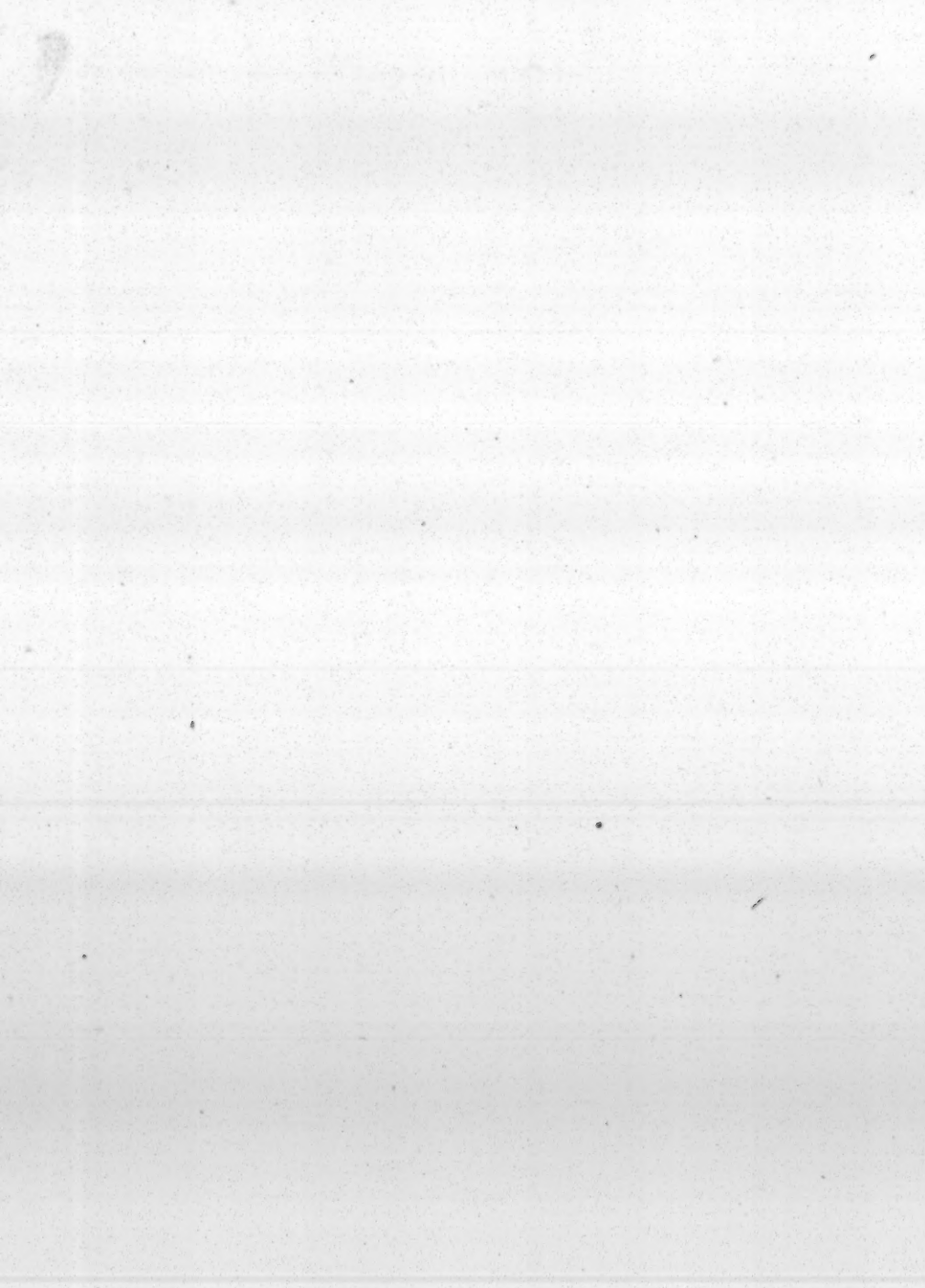
How they define, or gravely descant on
This grand invisible *Contagion*.

Malignant vagrant *Atomes* are the quaint
(say they) Compounders of this mortal taint;
Their *qualities* and *motion*'s yet obscure,

Till the *Dioptricks* can discern th' impure,
Though subtle exhalations that proceeds
From the first matter, which infection breeds,
A *Quere* may be urg'd, whether they be
Not *vivid Atoms*, since we daily see
All sulphurous *Fumes* these wanderers expels,
With other *Insects* to remoter Cells.

What ere they be, extrinsique first they are,
And Vagrant too, why suffered then so farre
T' entrench on *humane nature*? cannot *Art*
Contrive a *Statue Law*, and whip this tart
Unruly *Vagabond* from mortal bounds,
Or (as the Country-man the *Stragler* pounds)
Confine him? No, This *Hoegan Mogan Lord*,
(Though wasted higher on a *Shipwrack* bord)
Takes so much *stare* upon him, (like his *Sire*,
The *Sink* of *Christendome*, *Europes Quagmire*)
That *Civil Laws* this *Gaderen* defies,
With *Arts* and *Sciences* as *Enemies*.

Is *Art* then stinted? a *non ultra* here
To her proceedings? Th' *Question* is not cleer;
The *Fountain's* muddy whence this taint first came,
Why then should th' *English Artist* foul his name,
In pudling into th' *Cause*, thus much Ile say,
If *sympathetick Atomes* bear the sway,
Our *Calvenist* with's mottled *Brotherhood*,
Draws *Dutch Opinions*, and his *Countrys* blood.



to iudic new lines.

All flayest the heart, whom thou maist help,
A craggie Rock thy cradle was,
And Tygres milke sure was thy food:
Whereby Dame Nature brought to passe,
That like thy Nurse should be thy moode,
Wilde and unkind, cruell and fell.

To slay the heart that loues thee well.
The Crocodile with fained teares,
The Fisher not so oft beguiles:
As thou haste filld my simple eares,
To heare sweet words, full fraught with wiles
That I may say, as I doo p'proue.

Who worth the time I gan to loue.
Sith thou haste vow'd to worke my wacke,
And haste no will my wealch to way,
Farewell unkind, I will keepe backe
Such toyes as may my health decay:
And still will crie, as I haue cause,
Fie vpon loue and all his lawes.

The Louer being wounded with his Ladies
beautie, requireth mercy. To
the tune of Apelles.

The liuely sparkes of those two eyes,
My wounded heart hath set on fire:
And since I can no way deuise,
To stay the rage of my desire:
With sighes and trembling teares I craue
My deate, on me some pittie haue,
In viewing thee, I tooke such ioy,
As one that sought his quiet rest;

Untill I felt the feathered boy,
 As flickering in my captive breast:
 Since that time loe, in deep dispaire,
 All voyd of ioy, my time I weare,
 The wofull prisoner Palemon,
 And Troylus like King Priamus,
 Constraim'd by love did neuer mone,
 As I (my deare) for the haue done,
 Let pittie then requite my paines
 My life and death in thee remaines.
 If constant loue may reape his hire,
 And faith vnfained may purchase,
 Great hope I haue to my desire,
 Your gentle heart will grant me grace,
 Till then (my deare) in few words plaine,
 In pensive thoughts I shall remaine.
 The lamentation of a woman being wrongfull
 lie defamed. To the tune of Damon and
 Pythias.

YOU Ladies shall be deem'd
 of any fault or crime,
 Constraine your pensive heartes to help
 this dolefull tune of mine:
 For spitefull men there are,
 Whose faults would faine espie:
 Alas, what heart would beate their talke,
 but willing he would die:
 I waile oft times in woe,
 And curse mine houre of birth:
 Such slanderous pang's doe me oppresse,
 When others ioy in mirth,

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A use of Exhortation
TO THE
L O N D O N
A P P R E N T I C E S
O R,
A second Message after their
P E T I T I O N.



Young-men where are you now; what fast asleep?
What in a Dream? or do you keep
Close to the fire-side, because 'tis cold?
Or (as your Masters say) must you be told
Over and over; What are you blinde?

Besotted quite, or do you fear the winde?
Or has the *Gun-men* plung'd you into fears?
Or are you frighted with their *Bandileers*?
Why gaze you thus? like men distracted,
Looking at one another, and nothing acted:
Crying a *Lyon lurketh* in the way,
When 'tis but a *Lobster*, whom (men say)
Turn him but o're and o're he'll turn to you;
Then turn for shame, O *sluggards*, least you rue
When 'tis too late, be wise betimes,
Me thinks the *Countries* valour should ring *chimes*:
Unless you stop your eares, you can't but hear,
How *EXETER* and *CORNWAL* banish fear;
They help for you, to better your condition,
They hazard All, to fulfil your *Petition*;
Yet you won't help your selves, I blush to see
Such pettie places venture more then We.
Then *Prentices*, awake, awake, for shame,
Be faint no more, all *cowardize* disclaim;
Disband feamality, let courage be your Portion,
In such a case, Vallour's the best Devotion.
Petitions will not do, fare means are slighted,
You are compell'd, at least, much more invited,
To do the *Work* your selves, then since 'tis so,
Shew your selves men, about the *business* go:
Time is a precious thing, forbear delay,
Whilest the *Sun shines*, be sure to make your *Hay*.

Fear not *Cornation-coats*, they are but men,
They'd rather eat then fight, not one in ten,
But (like *self-seeking Rascals*) are so evil,
For *Six pence* more they d Lst unto the *Devil*.
Then *Blades* revive, thus far I dare aspire,
You may your selves accomplish your desire:
The Day's your own, and such is your condition,
Your selves may quickly grant your own *Petition*.
Till these things come to pass, till this We see,
Serve *Jacobs* Prentiship, you shan't be Free.
Till Men have noble hearts, till Youths grow bold,
Till Men do one anothers good uphold,
Till Valour springs, till Courage doth increase,
Till Wrong have Right, expect no settled Peace:
Here's Arguments enough, if you be wise,
Reduce your *Honour*, though you lose your Eyes,
Uphold your Trade, maintain the *Good Old Cause*,
Un-coat the *Lobsters*, take away their clawes.

Take this for all, I have no more to say,
I am the guide to put you in the way;
Here's the right Path, hang him that goes astray.

F I N I S.

J. E. App.

O X F O R D,
Printed for Carolus Adolphus.

640
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K

B O - P E E P,

OR THE

JERKING PARSON

Catechising his

M A I D;

A pleasant BALLAD to the Tune of
Notcrof's Delight.

Vhen *Oliver* that *Imo* of *Mars*
did rule the English land,
And London trembled at his force
from *Algate* to the strand;
Disorders did there
Most frequent appear,
As by this one you'l understand,

There was a Parson (so tis said)
a *Crafty one* I wot,
Who in his house a pretty maid
for exercise had got:
Vpon every fault
She did, she was brought
Coram nobis, and went to the pot.

He catechiz'd early and late,
and to her duty fir'd her,
Well could he preach, well could he prate,
for hee's an able jerker:
Before and behind
twixt water and wind
He fetcht her up (tistly, & yerkt her,

The man was a man of conscience,
and guided by the spirit
To handle the flesh of the wench,
according to her merit:
The flesh being proud,
Though sh'e were but a dowd,
He knew the way well how to curry't.

Reproof with a cudgel breakes bones,
and other weapons gash;
A rod is a tool for the nonce,
that gives the gentle flash:
The girl was but young,
And shame ties her tongue,
Whilst he brings her under the lash.

For breaking of commandments,
of which there was no lack,
She's punished to all intents
by the little man in black.
Though n'ere so demure,
Her coats fly up sure
As she hath a coat to her back.

When table was not rubbed bright
(which handkercheif did try)
Or any thing not set to right,
belongs to hufwifery;
He took up her smock,
And he lash't her nock,
And corrected her zealously.

Sabbath-neglects he's sure to pay,
though to a Sabbath breach;
For prating once whilst he did pray,
he fetcht up the poor wretch:
And he set the fool
on the penitent stool,
Whilst he a private Lecture preach't.

One time above all was very sad,
(upon some small omission.)
The custome of women then she had,
(a pitifull condition)
Yet he administers
The usuall glitters:
For hee's her ghastly physician.

Although she cry out, and lament,
though down she falls, and kneels,
Yet he knows not how to relent,
and no compassion feels:
For it was his use
To take no excuse,
Till he saw bloud run down her heels.

Some question the mans discretion
to meddle thus with's maid,
And think it a forward passion,
that put him on this trade :
It being's wifes place ;
Since *Mol, Peg, and Grace*
By Mistresses hand should be paid.

True, had his wife bin very young,
a brave and lustie pudge ,
In hand as able as in tongue,
he need not play'd the drudge.
But she's very old,
As I have been told,
Which made the man to the work trudge.

Wherefore to spare his comforts arm,
and her two paire of eyes,
Which could have done the wench no harm;
He t'execution hies.
With vigorous might
And a nimble fight
To look babies in the maides thighs.

But the wicked do fleer and mock,
and tauntingly give out,
The Parson sure is a smell-smock
now fy, ungodly rout,
Did he but hear,
Hee'd teach you to jeer,
And indite you all t'other bout.

Indeed, I confesse, were his taile
as hot as his head the while;
With a wench hee'd play truss a faile,
soon as any within a mile :
But he of all sure
Can't the smock indure,
'Bout surplisce he keeps such a coile.

If Babylon's whore her self
should come a cross his way,
Be she n'ere so gallant. the elf
would trounce her fine array.
For when he is vext
And a breech is his text,
Hee'l be sure to claw it away.

Every stroke he aim'd aright
the wench he never mist her.
He laid on blowes with all his might,
nor us'd her like a sister :
His arme had a spring,
And so frely did fling,
That every jerk rais'd a blister.

As the devil in his wild fits
hug'd the witch, so he did hug her
He stung her with unlucky hits :
I shall not speak t' in mugger,
He hath got the odds
Of westminster rods,
Though manag'd by black Jack Bugger.

He's a friend of the Kings he brags,
as back-friend to all rumps ;
Hee'd taw'd Bum politic to jags,
and put um to their trumps :
Hemsons strap, Prides sling,
Could not give the ding
As his rod, which he wore to the stumps.

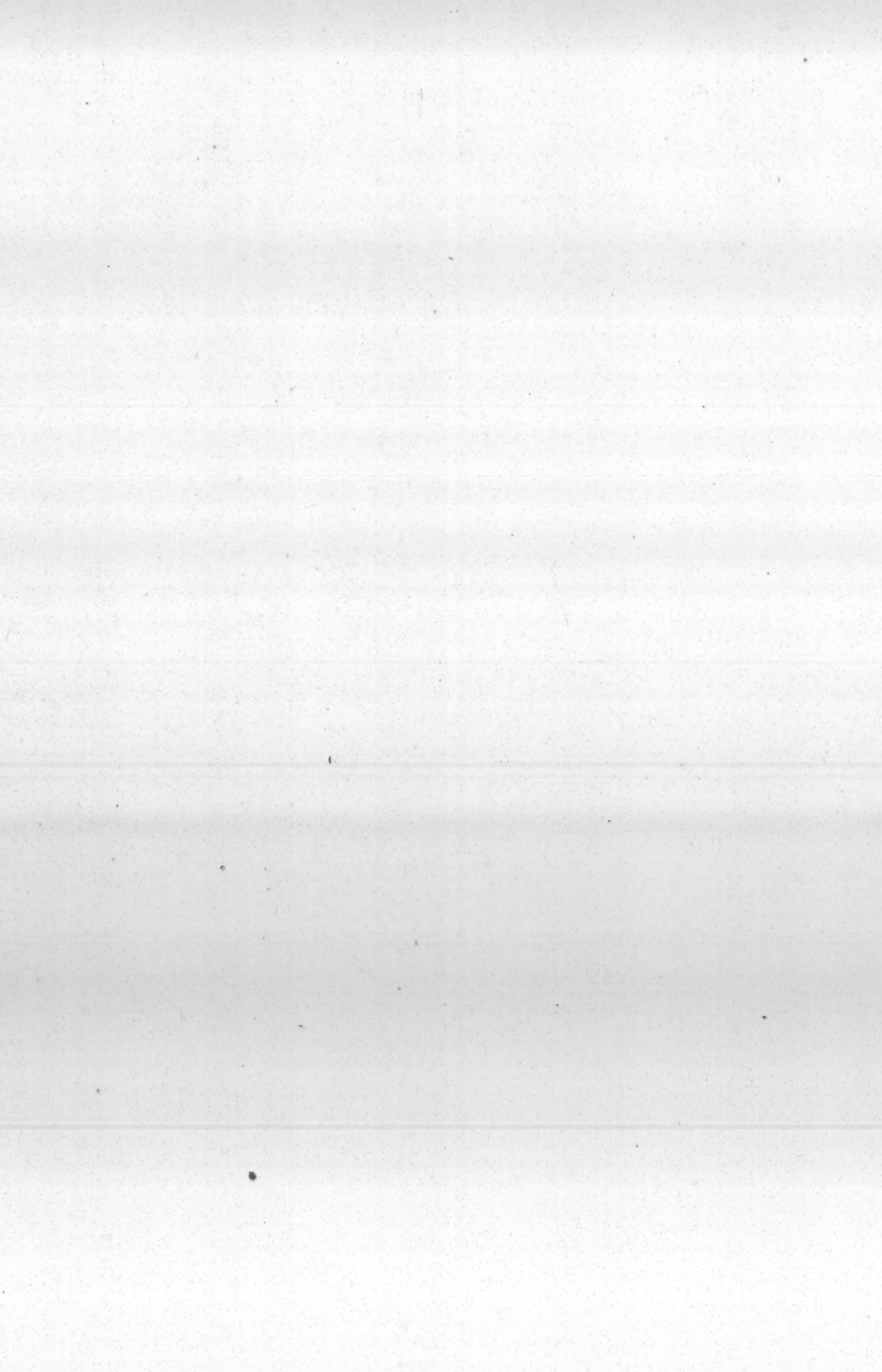
Let none doubt the truth of this story,
although it seem absurd :
Much truer it is then John Dory,
for it is upon record :
When were't not for *Pack,*
The *Presbyter Jack*
Had paid for his peeping, I heard.

A triall there was in guild-hall,
I shall not, readers, jobe ye ;
Court set, the maid swore point-blank; all
the people shouted, Ho boy !
he was in a shrape,
he could hardly scape,
For tickling th' Apocryphal Toby.

Her dying mothers oath came in,
which witnessed the same ;
His wives oath though, if not from sin,
yet sav'd him from the shame :
For the parish Pope
Can give himself scope
To cog a dy in an ill game.

One word to the vestry let me speake,
one word, I say, or twain,
Ere my discourse I off do break.
for parson whipters gain,
That you him prefer
To be Lecturer
To London-maids in Birchen-lane.

Printed for the Belman of *ALGATE* by
order of the Ward.



m. 9.
640. 86

The ESSEX

To an old Tune .

IN *Essex* much renown'd for Calves,
And giving Verdicts in by halves,
For Oylers, Agues, and for Knaves
of Faction.

One Peer, and Men of Worship four,
With Gentlemen some half a score,
Did draw in ten *Dutch* Ells of Bore
to Action

The Squire, whose Name does famous grow
As *Marcus Tullius Cicero*,
And keeps true Time with Sir A——
— A——

As freely gave himself his Hand,
As once his Voice to rule the Land,
By such as should not understand
too rashly.

The Rout that erst did roar so loud;
A M—— and a H——
Are of their Choice now grown so proud,
you'd wonder:

'And these State-Tinkers must be sent
To stop the Leaks of Government,
Grown crazy now, and almost rent
in sunder.

His Honour first set all his Hands,
Each Members next in order stands;
The Rabble, without If's or And's,
subscrach it.

The Cause, not obsolete, though old,
Like Insects lay in Winter cold,
And warm Petitions (they were told)
would hatch it.

Corn bore a price in *Cromwel's* days,
Nor did we want a vent for Bays;
Nay, even Calves were several ways
advanced:

And then we fear'd not wicked Plots;
The Godly serv'd to cut our Throats,
Though Agents for the Pope, as *Oates*
and *Prance* said.

Those Reasons did so much prevail,
That they petition'd Tooth and Nail,
To have the Sovereign strike Sail,
and stand by:

While th' Parliament had fate some years,
To drive our Pope with Presbyters,
And try the *Babylonish* Peers,
and *Danby*.

For how can Corn and Wool be dear,
Since Popish Lords drink little Beer,
Eat Fish, and very seldom wear
our Woollen?

Nay, even their Horses are afraid
Of Treason in the Manger laid;
And the King's Evidence dismay'd
their *Pullen*.

These Greivances, with others many,
(Too long for Ballad of a Penny)
Drove on a Herd of Clowns to any
adventure.

Those Brands, which in the days of *Tore*,
Umanufactur'd Parchment bore;
And when Farms left, sign'd heretofore
Indenture.

In *Hieroglyphick* rows were set
Like Oriental Alphabet;
And lest the King should quite forget
the Senate,

Their *Hinds* lay whip and whistling by,
Humbly to counsel Majesty;
And what they could not read, would try
to Pen at.

The Milk-maid hop'd old comfort's in't,
Since Bodkins once did Breeches Mint,
And straight subscrib'd their Butter-print
to Creamer:

But these were all but single gains,
And hardly worth their toyl and pains,
The Cause wants vigour, and disdains
a Dreamer.

This dallying therefore to prevent,
An Anti-popish Bull was sent,
The Emblem of the Government,
to baiting:

Where Butchers, Tinkers, Oylers go,
Tapsters and Broom-men all a row;
And Carters for the sport left Ho
and Halting.

Th' unanswerable *Scotch*-Cloth Men;
Taps, Sives, Chairs, and Coney-skin;
Beggars and Boys all throng'd, and then
Egyptians.

This Honourable Covey met,
Hedge draws the Members Setting-Net;
And gets from all, without Regret,
Subscriptions.

When this great Council was dismiss'd,
They found that several Yards of Fift
Were wanting to compleat the List,
and order'd,

Seven Elders to disperse the Deed,
To those of the *Geneva* Creed,
Brethren to such as on the *Tweed*
are border'd.

These trudg'd a Conventicling,
To pray the Lord, and beg the King;
The Congregation sign'd the thing
Sans Scruple.

Those Scholars that could write, they bribe
To prompt and proxy every side;
And these did personally subscribe
Centuple.

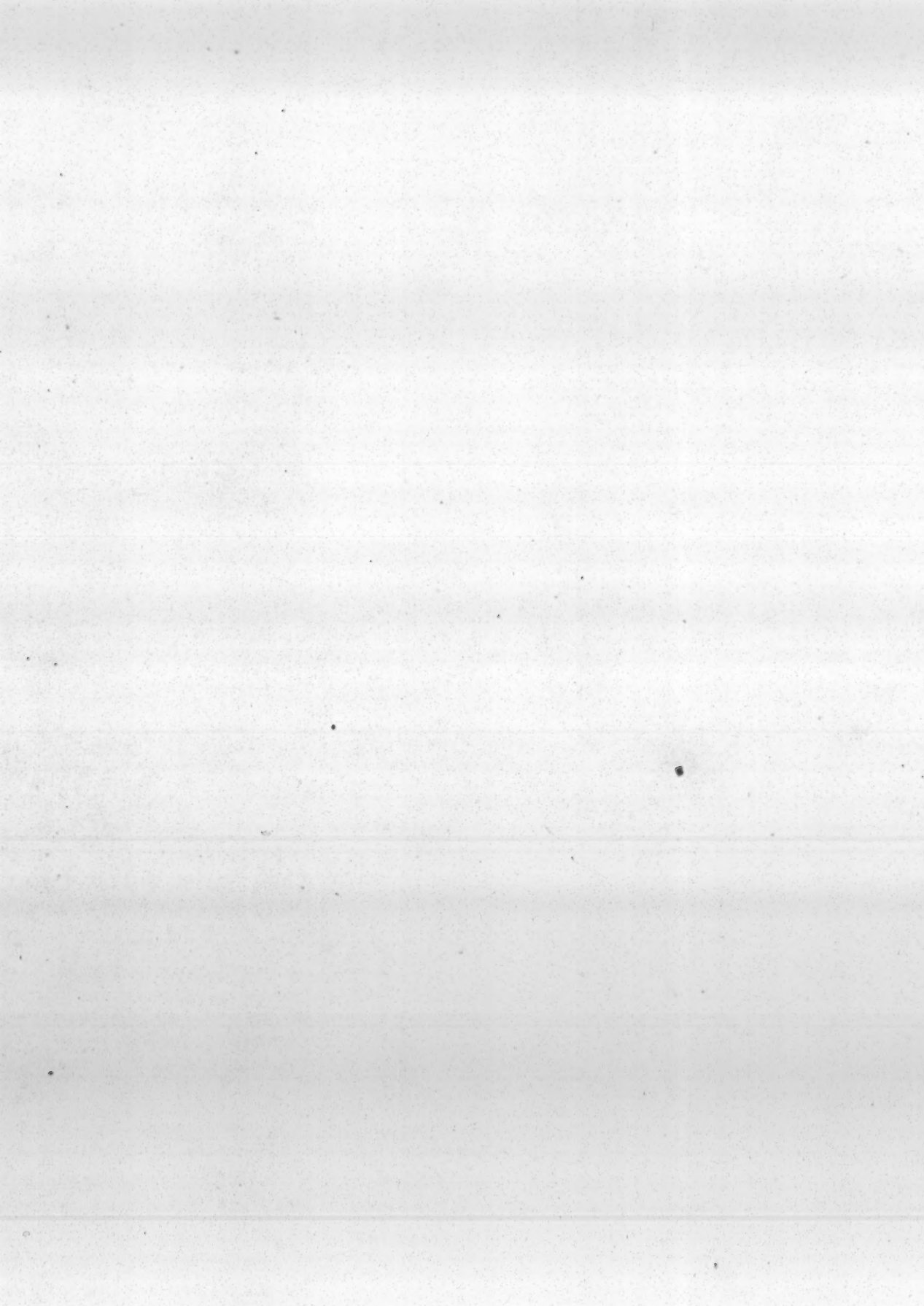
But now the time draws on apace,
And Member itches for his place,
The Knights and Gentlemen five brace
assemble:

And brought the Muster-Roll to Court;
Though *Charles* did hardly thank 'em for't,
But made 'em with a sharp retort
to tremble?

Now God preserve our King and Queen
From *Pycbald* Coats, and Ribbons green;
Let neither Knave nor Fool be seen
about 'em:

And those that will not say *Amen*,
Let 'em Petition once again,
For every one the Shire has, ten
to rout 'em.

FINIS.



FATAL LOVE

OR,

The Young Maiden's Tragedy:

Being a sad and dismal Relation, of one *Mary Low*, late Cook Maid to Esq; *Fanshaw* in *St. James's Park*, who Drowned her self in *Rosamonds Pond*, on *Wednesday Night* last, for the Love of a Young Man who was her fellow Servant.

To the Tune of, *Johnson's Farewel.*

Licenced according to Order.

YOU Maidens who intend to Wed,
pray mind this doleful Tale,
Before you think of Marriage Bed;
or hope for to prevail:
You see that young Men change their mind,
and often prove untrue,
Besides the God of Love is blind;
and takes more than his due.

For *Cupid* with his Dart so Keen,
did wound a Maiden's Heart,
In secret Love her Charms were seen;
which caus'd her fatal smart:
She Lov'd and was not Lov'd agen,
and thus began her woo,
He prov'd to her the worst of Men;
by her sad overthrow.

He who before had gain'd her Love,
by his alluring Tongue,
Such Passions now could not approve;
but said, *he'd Love too long*:
Which so perplex't this Maiden fair:
the Night and Day did Mourn,
And fell into a deep dispaire;
dejected and forlorne.

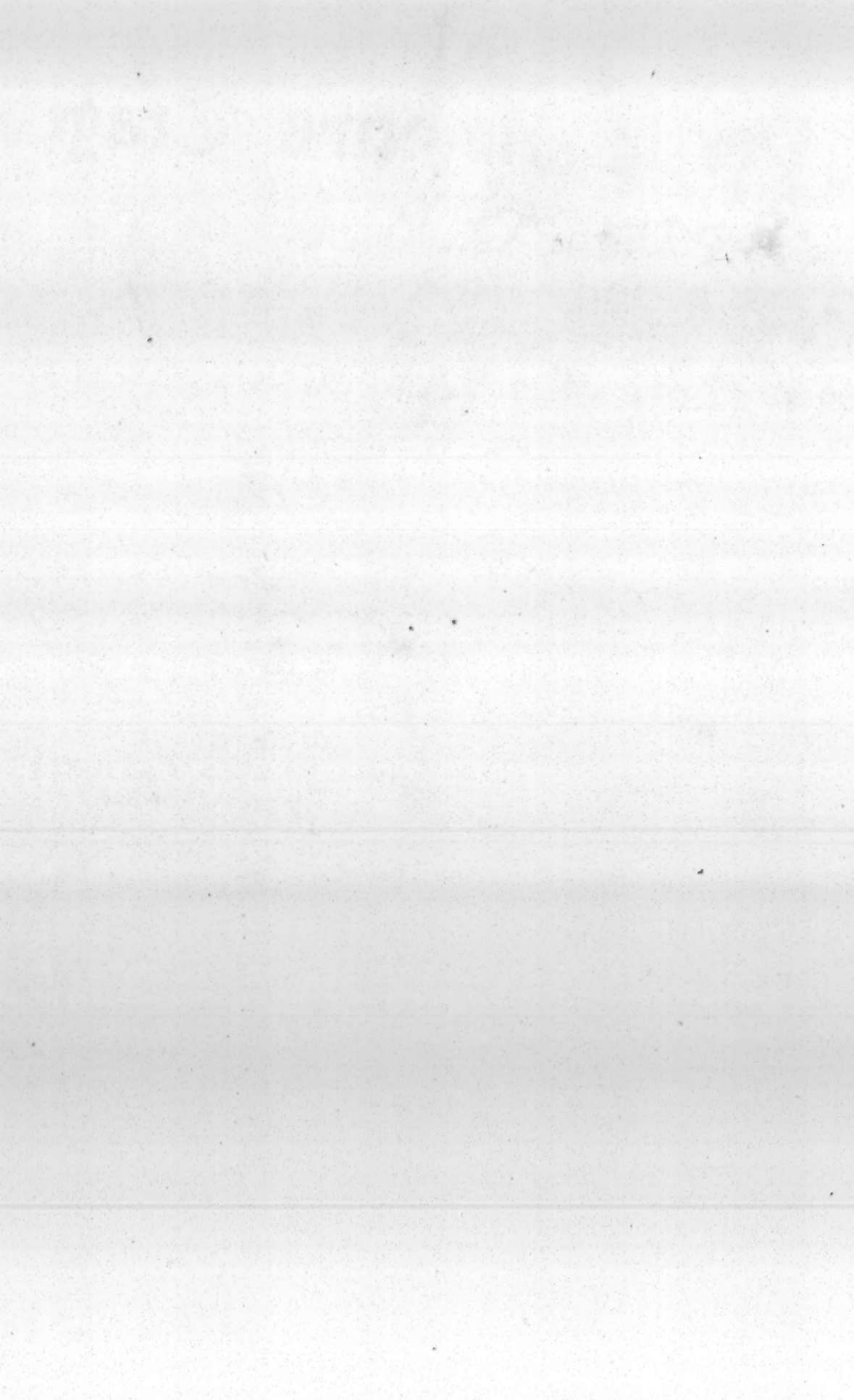
None knows what Torments Lovers feel,
whose Charms are thus controul'd,
Those Hearts which seem as hard as Steel;
are brought to softer mould:
The power of Love is so severe,
no Heart can it withstand,
All Earthly Champions far and near;
must stoop to its command.

In vain she strove to hide her flame,
that burn'd her breast within,
Nor was she willing to explain;
the Torment she was in:
But still conceal'd the cause of Grief,
which usher'd on her Fate,
And so she miss'd of all relief;
untill it prov'd too late.

For in the dark and silent Night,
among the shady Groves,
She got close to the Water-side;
where up and down she roves:
Till Sighs and Groans had *Eccho's* made,
within the glittering Waves,
As if the sounds, in answer, said
Here's Injured Lovers Graves.

With that her Body in she threw
and said, *I come I come,*
If this be Injur'd Lovers due;
I claim it as my Tomb:
For none was wronged more then I,
by Love's pretended Charms,
Which is the cause that here I Die;
To end all Earthly harms.

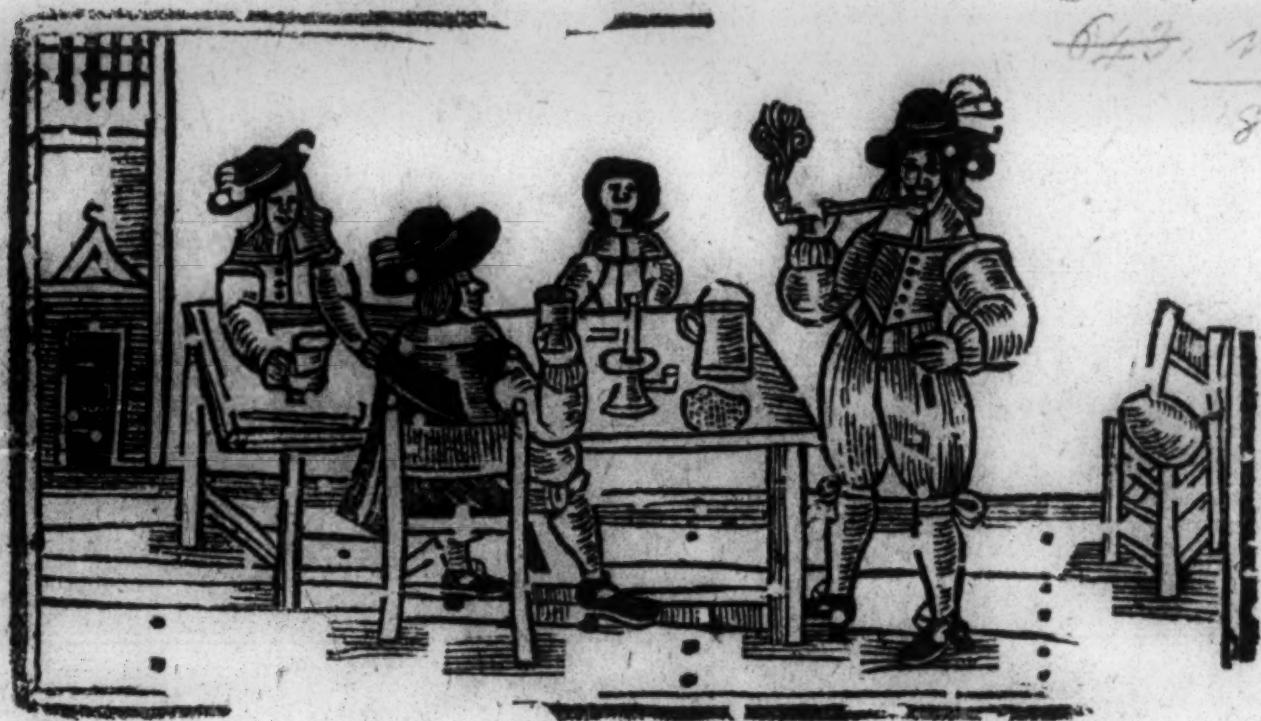
Young Maidens all pray warning take,
by this Example strange,
Be not too fond for young Men's sake;
for they their minds may change:
As this unhappy Maid has found,
most fatal to her cost,
Who when alive, in love was drown'd;
and so her Life she lost.



The Jovial Companions,

OR, THE Three Merry TRAVELLORS,

Who paid their shot where ever they came without ever a Stiver of Money.
To an Excellent North-Country-Tune. *6.40.*
443. m. 9
88



THere was three Travellers, Travellers three,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they wou'd go Travel the North Country,
without ever a stiver of Money.

They Travelled East; and they Travelled West,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Where ever they came still they drank of the best,
without ever a stiver of Money.

At length by good fortune they came to an Inn;
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they were as Merry as e're they had been,
Without ever a stiver of Money.

A Jolly young Widdow did smiling appear,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
who drest them a Banquet of delicate cheer,
without ever a stiver of Money.

Both Chickens and sparrow grafs she did provide,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
You'r Welcome kind Gentlemen, welcome (she cry'd)
without ever a stiver of Money.

They called for liquor, both Beer, Ale, and Wine,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And every thing that was curious and fine,
without ever a stiver of Money.

They drank to their Hostess a merry full bowl,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
she pledg'd them in love like a generous Soul,
Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess, her Maid, and Cousin all three,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They Kist and was merry, as merry cou'd be,
Without ever a stiver of Money.

full Bottles and Glasses replenisht the Board
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
No Liquors was wanting the house cou'd afford
without ever a stiver of Money.

When they had been Merry good part of the day,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They called their Hostess to know what's to pay,
without ever a stiver of Money.

There's Thirty good shilling, and Six pence, (she cry'd)
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
They told her that she should be soon satisfy'd,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

The Handsomest Man of the three up he got,
With a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
He laid her on her Back. and paid her the shot,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The middlemost Man to her Cousin he went,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
She being handsome, he gave her Content,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The last Man of all he took up with the Maid,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And thus the whole shot it was Lovingly paid,
without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess, the Cousin, and Servant, we find,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
made Courtesies, and thank't them for being so kind,
Without ever a stiver of Money.

The Hostess said, welcome kind Gentlemen all,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
If you chance to come this way be pleased to Call,
Without ever a stiver of Money.

Then taking their Leaves they went merrily out,
with a bye down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they'r gone for to Travel the Nation about,
without ever a stiver of Money.

F I N I S.

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Pye-Corner.

An Excellent New Copy of Verses,
BEING
The Sorrowful Lamentation

O F
Mrs. Cooke,

For the Loss of her Husband *Thomas Cooke*, the Famous Butcher
of *Gloucester*, who was Executed at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the
11th of *August* 1703.

To the Tune of, *Forgive me if your Looks I Thought.*

I.

UNto my sad Complaint give ear,
All you that hear my Story;
As Fate has been to me severe,
Set my sad Case before ye;
A Loving Husband I have lost,
One that I Lov'd most dearly,
But Fortune has our Wishes cross'd,
For which I mourn sincerely.

II.

Like one dismay'd I rove about
In Sorrow, for my Jewel;
And in sad dismal Plaints cry out,
Why were the Laws so Cruel;
To rob me of my Husband dear,
When Life was set before him,
But vain (alas!) Reflections are,
No Pity can restore him.

III.

O! how my Heart with Grief was fill'd,
To see my Love expire;
For him I'd freely have been kill'd,
Had I had my desire.
Alas! alas! my Husband kind,
If Tears thy Life could borrow,
I'd Weep and Mourn till I was Blind,
And drown my self in Sorrow.

IV.

Where shall I run to hide my Grief?
Will not kind Heaven ease me?
No pity now can bring relief,
No earthly Blessings please me:
Sorrow alone my Food shall be,
I'll spend my time in Weeping,
And pray and wish most constantly;
Heav'n has his Soul in keeping.

V.

Some little Favour it is true,
Our Gracious Queen did offer,
Which serv'd but to increase my Woe,
Since he at last must suffer:
To pleasure some my Love must Dye,
Whom he Offended never;
But O! alas, their Cruelty
Has parted us for ever.

VI.

How oft his Innocence has he
In solemn Truth declared?
Saying, *Tho' I am from Murder free,*
For Death I am prepared:
This, this is true my loving Wife!
No Sword to me belong'd,
And those that swore to take my Life,
Their Conscience much have wrong'd.

VII.

These Words my Heart with Sorrow pierc'd,
And fill'd it with Vexation,
And then in Tears I thus express
My woeful Lamentation;
O! Cruel Laws, more Cruel Men,
That did his Death endeavour;
On your hard Hearts I'll still complain,
That Ruin'd me for ever.

VIII.

Since here my Love we parted be,
And I left broken-hearted,
I hope to have thy Company,
Where we shall ne'er be parted;
But those who witness'd wrongfully,
Tho' Justice here has spar'd 'em,
Yet Heav'n if they guilty be,
Hereafter will reward 'em.

6.40.
645. m. 9
894.
A most Strange, but True

A C C O U N T

Of a Very

Large Sea-Monster,

That was found last *Saturday* in a Common-Shore in *New Fleet-Street* in *Spittle-Fields*, where at the *Black-Swan* Alehouse, thousands of People resort to see it: Herein you have the Dimensions of the said Surprizing Creature, with the various Conjectures of several able Men concerning what may be the Omen of this Creatures leaving the Sea, and to rove so far under Ground, the Common-Shore where it was found running above two Miles before it empties it self at *Blackwall*: The occasion of this Creature's coming hither being likewise hinted on by *P—ge* in his Monthly Prognostications for this Year 1704.

PRelaging the several Mutations which are approaching to Kingdoms, States, and Common-wealths, something appears wond'rous in the Heavens, Earth, or watry Element, by frightful Blazing Comets, monstrous Births, or strange Fishes leaving their deep Habitations of the Sea to swim in Brooks and Rivers: and as to strange Omens foretelling Alterations in this Kingdom, our Chronicles give an Account that when King *Ethelred* ascended the Throne by his Mother's murdering his Brother *Edward*, upon his Coronation-Day, a Cloud was seen throughout *England*, half resembling Blood, and half Fire; which Prodigy was the forerunner of the *Danes* Landing here three Years after, and committing great Outrages in divers parts of the Kingdom. Before *William Rufus* was kill'd by *Sir Walter Tyrrel* in *New Forest*, two Blazing Stars appeared; and at *Finchamstead*, near *Swinging* in *Berkshire*, a Well of Bloody Colour'd Water sprung up for fifteen Days, and then ceased. Before *Henry the Second* dyed it rained Blood in the Isle of *Wight*, for the space of two Hours; a Dragon of marvellous Bigness was discovered at *Saint Osyth* in *Essex*; an Earthquake rent in pieces the Cathedral at *Lincoln*; and in *Orford* in *Suffex*, certain Fisher-men drew up in their Net a Hairy Creature out of the Sea, in all Proportions like a Man, which was exposed to the Sight of Thousands, living upon Flesh, but in the end stole from his Keepers, and got to Sea again. In the Reign of *Henry the Third*, four *Suns* appeared from the Rising to the Setting, after which followed a great Famine. Before *Richard's* Resignation of his Crown, to *Henry the Fourth*, the Bay and Laurel Trees withered throughout *England*. In the time of *Henry the Sixth*, whilst a great Fight was at *Ludlow* betwixt the two Houses of *York* and *Lancaster* Three *Suns* appeared in the Firmament, which immediately united into one, and the next Reign began the Union of the Families. And so when *Oliver Cromwel's* Usurpation was at end, the Members of the *Calves-head-Club* Confederate the Devil fetcht him away in a terrible Whirlwind. But now as strange a Wonder ensues, which take as follows.

On *Saturday* last, being the 20th of this instant *May*, something of a strange unusual Shape was perceived to be a Common-Shore in *New-Fleet-Street* in *Spittle-Fields*, which incited their Curiosity who saw it, to make a further search into the Matter, and accordingly going into the Common-Shore (which runs above two Miles under Ground before it empties it self at *Blackwall*) they draged the Creature out, which was a dead *Porpoise* of a very large Size, it being above Four Foot in Length, and Three Foot about, which now is to be seen at the Sign of the *Black-Swan*, an Alehouse, in *New-Fleet-Street* in *Spittle-Fields*, as aforelaid, to which thousands of People daily resorts to view it: Now as to the Nature of this Fish, which is vulgarly called a *Sea-Hog*, from its being like a Swine both in Shape and Flesh, its Residence is in the Sea, and appear in multitudes against an approaching Storm, tumbling after a strange manner with their Bellies upwards about Ships that are on their several Voyages; and that it should leave the Deep to rove up into fresh Water Rivers, and more especially to crawl so far up a Common-Shore, it seems somewhat amazing among the Curious; there is now great turning over of *Partridge*, whose Prognostications are much admired by the Mob, but they find he has took no more Notice in this year's Almanack of this *Porpoise's* untimely Death in a Common-Shore, than of the Thunder which we had last Week, he taking no notice that we shall have any at all this Year; but to make amends for this Fault, I believe it wou'd be very acceptable to the Fools under *Crispin's* Meridian, if in his next year's Almanack he would oblige them with the Hyleg of this poor Fish: but the general Conjecture of this Creature's rambling so far up a sh—n Concavity under Ground, is, that it either came from the *French* Coasts, and signifies *Lewis* is ready to behit himself, for fear the Affairs will not go as they shou'd do in *Spain*; or else it came from the *Spanish* Coasts, and intimates by his Obicority, that the Duke of *Anjou* had rather hide his Head than fight: and the last Conjecture I believe to be most probable, because *Partridge* says in his Prognostications in this Month, *The Gingerbread King* of *Spain* full of Fears and Fatigue, it belongs to the Family. Moreover it is thought this strange Fish came of some good Family, because the Possessors of it talk of having R—l in L—street empty it against they shew it at *Green Goose-Fair*.

Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N, Printed for R. Smith, near *Spittle-Fields-Market*. 1704.

Sept. 9.
6.40 90

The Somersetshire Wonder, Or,

Late Dreadful Judgments which hath hapened upon the Family of Mr. Pope, of *Wotton*, near *Glastenbury* in the said Country.

To the Tune of, the Bleeding heart.



GOOD People all that round about me stand,
Pray mind the strange afflictions in this Land,
Such wonders scarce before has ever been,
In *Somerſetſhire* at *Wotton* they are ſeen.

One Mr. Pope, who did at *Wotton* dwell,
Near *Glaſtenbury*, where thouſands can tell,
The diſmal fate which lately did befall,
Upon the farmer by diſtroying all.

Now to begin, if you the truth would know,
One Sunday Mr. Pope to Church did go,
his only Son at home he left behind,
who was to play and other things inclin'd.

During Church time this Lad did run about,
Looking for Hens neſt and to find Eggs out,
For to buy Eggs it was his main deſire,
When he came in three Eggs were on the fire.

one of the ſame he took and ſtraight did eat,
Which quickly put the Lad into a ſweat,
And quickly fell to vomiting ſtrange things,
As bits of Glaſs, ſtump Nails and crooked Pins.

A Pear ſtick full of Thorns brought up likewiſe,
And now like one bewitch'd this young Man lies,
The Father laid the other two Eggs by,
Which chang'd to Nails and Glaſs immediately.

Besides this great miſfortune there does fall,
Out ſtranger Wonders ſtill among them all,
A Neighbouring Woman happen'd to be there
Who ſaw this lad depriv'd of all his hair.

Tho neither hand nor Sizzars could ſhe ſee,
Yet this lad's hair was clip'd immediately.
And plainly ſeen to move out of the room,
So with the fright ſhe fell into a ſwound.

There's other ſtrange and various wonders more,
Stones Day and Night are thrown within the Door,
And the Windows which the Glaſs doth break,
With ſtreaks of blood would make ones heart to ake

Some ſtones are cold, and other ſtones are hot,
They're croſt with blood but Heavens knows not what,
They riſe out of the Ground and nought is ſeen,
To touch them, yet they ſwiftly do fly in.

And if they take theſe ſtones and throw them out,
They ſtraight rebound and make a fearful rout,
And when the troubled did begin to ceaſe,
Then more vexatious plagues came on apace.

For in the Orchard, there the Apple Trees,
Were ſplit from top to bottom with great eaſe,
As to ones ſight, for one could ſcarce turn round,
But they were ſplit and tumbled to the Ground.

And while the Son by the Fire ſide did ſeek,
Straight up the chimney ſomething pull'd with ſpeed
The father and the ſervant ſcarce ſay,
Could hold the ſon from being drawn away.

And when the Doors were ſhut and bolted too,
they would burſt open without more to do,
Nay locks nor Bars could no ways them ſecure,
Tho nothing ſeen yet open flies a Door.

None of the Family at night can reſt
But each with ſome affliction ſore oppreſt,
Sometimes the cords are cut and down they fall,
Sometimes out of the Beds too they are hall'd.

A Parſon near to *Wotton* coming in,
Receiv'd a deadly blow yet nothing ſe'en.
to ſtrik, ſo ſtrange theſe ſtories are and true,
their Reaping Hooks twiſted like to a ſcrew.

the Son when in a fit did thus delrae,
Oh Father, of your houſe take ſpecial care,
Or this ſame Night by fire 'twill be conſum'd,
Your houſe and Barns will be burnt to the Gound.

If nothing this Night, ith Morning it will be,
therefore now in the Barn go ſearch and ſee,
the Father and a Servant ſtraightways ſought,
And from the Barn they lighted touchwood broug

For all their care and diligence that Night,
Their Barn next Morning was in fire light,
which quckly to the Dwelling houſe did blow,
And that by fire was conſum'd alſo.

the Farmer to another houſe i'th Town,
Did go to Dwell when his own was burnt down,
And as the Son ſat by the ſide,
Out of his Breeches flames of Fire fly'd.

The Family with all that they could ſtrive,
Had much ado to ſave the Boy alive,
And ſince this both his Wheat Mows & his Hay,
By Flames of Fire are conſum'd away.

Some Neighbours helping to remove the Wheat,
The very ſheaves which they remov'd did ſweat,
With Crimson blood the Ears run truckling down
Some on their Cloath and likewiſe on the Ground.

Thus ſhall and Oxen, Barns, and Houſes there,
By ſeal Fire, come from, none knows where,
Have been conſum'd and what amuſes more,
Blood often dropped at the very Door.

And thus theſe dreadful Judgments ſtill go on,
Altho the Man alſo is quite undone,
Yet day nor Night he cannot quiet be,
Oh, Heavens, Mercy ſend in ſpeed.

6. 10.
643. m. 9
80.
A most Strange, but True

A C C O U N T

Of a Very

Large Sea-Monster,

That was found last *Saturday* in a Common-Shore in *New Fleet-Street* in *Spittle-Fields*, where at the *Black-Swan* Alehouse, thousands of People resort to see it: Herein you have the Dimensions of the said Surprising Creature, with the various Conjectures of several able Men concerning what may be the Omen of this Creatures leaving the Sea, and to rove so far under Ground, the Common-Shore where it was found running above two Miles before it empties it self at *Blackwall*: The occasion of this Creature's coming hither being likewise hinted on by *P—ge* in his Monthly Prognostications for this Year 1704.

PResaging the several Mutations which are approaching to Kingdoms, States, and Common-wealths, something appears wond'rous in the Heavens, Earth, or watry Element, by frightful Blazing Comets, monstrous Births, or strange Fishes leaving their deep Habitations of the Sea to swim in Brooks and Rivers: and as to strange Omens foretelling Alterations in this Kingdom, our Chronicles give an Account that when King *Edhelred* ascended the Throne by his Mother's murdering his Brother *Edward*, upon his Coronation-Day, a Cloud was seen throughout *England*, half resembling Blood, and half Fire; which Prodigy was the forerunner of the *Danes* Landing here three Years after, and committing great Outrages in divers parts of the Kingdom. Before *William Rufus* was kill'd by *Sir Walter Tyrrel* in *New Forest*, two Blazing Stars appeared; and at *Finchamstead*, near *Swington* in *Berkshire*, a Well of Bloody Colour'd Water sprung up for fifteen Days, and then ceased. Before *Henry the Second* dyed it rained Blood in the Isle of *Wight*, for the space of two Hours; a Dragon of marvellous Bigness was discovered at *Saint Osyph* in *Essex*; an Earthquake rent in pieces the Cathedral at *Lincoln*; and in *Orford* in *Suffex*, certain Fisher-men drew up in their Net a Hairy Creature out of the Sea, in all Proportions like a Man, which was exposed to the Sight of Thousands, living upon Flesh, but in the end stole from his Keepers, and got to Sea again. In the Reign of *Henry the Third*, four Suns appeared from the Rising to the Setting, after which followed a great Famine. Before *Richard's* Resignation of his Crown, to *Henry the Fourth*, the Bay and Lawrel Trees withered throughout *England*. In the time of *Henry the Sixth*, whilst a great Fight was at *Ludlow* betwixt the two Houses of *Tork* and *Lancaster* Three Suns appeared in the Firmament, which immediately united into one, and the next Reign began the Union of the Families. And so when *Oliver Cromwel's* Usurpation was at end, the Members of the *Calves head-Club* Confederate the Devil fetcht him away in a terrible Whirlwind. But now as strange a Wonder ensues, which take as follows.

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Licensed according to Order

L O N D O N, Printed for R. Smith, near St. Pauls Church.

The Somersetshire Wonder, &c.

Late Dreadful Judgments which hath hapened upon the Family of Mr. Pope, of *Wotton*, near *Glastenbury* in the said Country.

To the Tune of, the Bleeding heart.



GOOD People all that round about me stand,
Pray mind the strange afflictions in this Land,
Such wonders scarce before has ever been,
In *Somersetshire* at *Wotton* they are seen.

One Mr. Pope, who did at *Wotton* dwell,
Near *Glastenbury*, where thousands can tell,
The dismal fate which lately did befall,
Upon the farmer by destroying all.

Now to begin, if you the truth would know,
One Sunday Mr. Pope to Church did go,
his only Son at home he left behind,
who was to play and other things inclin'd.

During Church time this Lad did run about,
Looking for Hens nest and to find Eggs out,
For to buy Eggs it was his main desire,
When he came in three Eggs were on the fire.

one of the same he took and straight did eat,
Which quickly put the Lad into a sweat,
And quickly fell to vomiting strange things,
As bits of Glass, stump Nails and crooked Pins.

A Pear such full of Thorns brought up likewise,
And now like one bewitch'd this young Man lies,
The Father laid the other two Eggs by,
Which chang'd to Nails and Glass immediately.

Besides this great misfortune there does fall,
Out stranger Wonders still among them all,
A Neighbouring Woman happen'd to be there
Who saw this lad depriv'd of all his hair.

The neither hand nor Sizzars could she see,
Yet this lad's hair was clip'd immediately.
And plainly seen to move out of the room,
So with the fright she fell into a swoond.

There's other strange and various wonders more,
Stones Day and Night are thrown within the Door,
And the Windows which the Glass doth break,
With streaks of blood would make ones heart to ake

Some stones are cold, and other stones are hot,
They're crost with blood but Heavens knows not what,
They rise out of the Ground and nought is seen,
To touch them, yet they swiftly do fly in.

And if they take these stones and throw them out,
They straight rebound and make a fearful rout,
And when the troubled did begin to cease,
Then more vexatious plagues came on apace.

For in the Orchard, there the Apple Trees,
Where split from top to bottom with great ease,
As to ones sight, for one could scarce turn round,
But they were split and tumbled to the Ground.

And while the Son by the Fire-side did read,
Straight up the chimney something pull'd with speed
The father and the servant scarce I say,
Could hold the son from being drawn away.

And when the Doors were shut and bolted too,
they would burst open without more to do,
Nay locks nor Bars could no ways them secure,
Tho nothing seen yet open flies a Door.

None of the Family at night can rest
But each with some affliction sore oppress'd,
Sometimes the cords are cut and down they fall,
Sometimes out of the Beds too they are hall'd.

A Parson near to *Wotton* coming in,
Receiv'd a deadly blow yet nothing se'en.
to strik, so strange these stories are and true,
their Reaping Hooks twisted like to a screw.

the Son when in a fit did thus delrae,
Oh Father, of your house take special care,
Or this same Night by fire 'twill be consum'd,
Your house and Barns will be burnt to the Gound.

If nothing this Night, ith Morning it will be,
therefore now in the Barn go search and see,
the Father and a Servant straightways sought,
And from the Barn they lighted touchwood brount

For all their care and diligence that Nigt,
Their Barn next Morning was in fire light,
which quickly to the Dwelling house did blow,
And that by fire was consum'd also.

the Farmer to another house i'th Town,
Did go to Dwell when his own was burnt down,
And as the Son sat by the side,
Out of his Breeches flames of Fire fly'd.

The Family with all that they could strive,
Had much ado to save the Boy alive,
And since this both his Wheat Mows & his Hay,
By Flames of Fire are consum'd away.

Some Neighbours helping to remove the Wheat,
The very Sheaves which they remov'd did sweat,
With Crimson blood the Ears run truckling down
Some on their Cloath and likewise on the Ground.

Thus stall and Oxen, Barns, and Houses there,
By fatal Fire, come from, none knows where,
Have been consum'd and what a useless more,
Blood often dropped at the very Door.

And thus these dreadful Judgments still go on,
Altho the Man aforesaid quite agoniz'd,
Yet day nor Night he cannot quite be
Oh, Heavens, Mercy send on all.

6.40 91

A New DIALOGUE between
ALICE & BETRICE,

As they met at the Market one Morning Early.

To the Tune of *Mopsaphil.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



I.

Alice. **G**ood Neighbour whyd'ye look awry? you're grown a wondrous Stranger
You walk about, you Huff and Pout, as tho' you'd burst with Anger;
If its for that your Fortune's great; or you so Wealthy are,
Or else so High, there's none so nigh, that with you can compare:
But t'other day I heard one say, your Husband durst not shew his Ears,
But like a Lout he walks about, so full of Sighs and Fears.

Betrice, Good Mistress Tart, I care not a Fa---t for you nor all your Jeers.

II.

My Husband's known for to be one that is most Chaste and Pure,
And would be, continually, but for such Jades as you are:
You smack, you smick, you wash you lick, you smirk, you swear, you grin,
You nod, you wink, and in your Drink, you strive for to draw him in.

Alice, You Lye you Punk, you're almost Drunk, and now you Scold and m ke
(a Strife,

With ruuning in the Score, and playing the VVh--- you lead him a weary Life.

Bet. Tell me so once again, you Dirty Quean, and I'll pull you by the Coif.

III.

Go dress your Rats, those nasty Brats, that are always Sleep and Drowse,
VVith Vermin spread, they're almost dead, they're kept so wondrous Lousie.

Al. Pray hold you there, and do not Swear, yours are not half so sweet,
You feed them up with bit and sup, then give 'em a dirty Teat.

Bet. My Girls and Boys, my only Joys, they're better taught and fed than yours.

Al. Tell me so once more, you dirty VVh---, and I'll kick you out of doors.

Bet. 'Tis a very good Jest, pray do your best, and Ifaith I'll quit the Scores.

IV.

Go, go, you are a silly Bear, your Husband can't away with't,
A stinking Quean a e'er was seen, your Neighbours all will say it:
A fullsome Trot, and good for naught, unless it be for that
You stole a Spoon out of the Room, the last Christening you were at.

Al. You lye you VVi---, you have got the Itch, the Parish knows you are not
See how she claws with ugly Paws, and I'll sell you to the Ground: (Cried:

You have stole my Hood, and shall make it good, if it cost me forty Pound,

Betrice, Take your Course.

92

The Bebtford Plumb Cake, O R, The Four merry VVives.

Tune of, *An Old Woman poor and blind.*

Licensed according to Order.



Come all you sweet lips, round me stand
and hear a pleasant tale,
With each some Plumb Cake in her hand
and Cup of good napping Ale,
Then you might all as merry be
as lately was four good Wives,
Who take their Glasses of free,
and jollyly lead their lives.

Carpenters Wives were two of them,
and another a Smiths Wife prov'd,
The fourth a Seaman's for the Game,
these four did a young Man love,
He was a Mealman's Servant to
and often would frisk and play
At heave and set as others do,
let it be by Night or Day.

But one time among all the rest,
they wanted a good Plumb Cake,
And this the young Meal-Man did Protest,
he would have a good one bak'd,
A Peck and a half of Flower stright
he sent the good Wives to kneed,
Of Plumbs he sent eleven Pound weight,
to make up the Cake with speed.

Seven pound of Butter to also,
he sent when he sent the Plumbs,
With Sugar for to make it so
they might sweetly lick their Thumbs,

And when 'twas bak'd, then ore a Glass
they merry were all to be
But mark I pray what came to pass,
which spoiled their jollitry,

For when the Cake was made and bak'd
one of the good Wives did say,
Come Neighbours here shall we it take
and have our young Ned to day,
You know that he's a Lad so free,
and willing to serve us all,
I swear I love him heartily,
I'll venture with him one fall.

What if we to the Fountain go,
and there have our merry bout,
Fie, Fie, one of the Wives did cry,
our Husbands will find us out,
What think you of the Greenwich blood,
they say it is Liquor rare,
A maich we all do think it good
and our Plumb Cake we'll not spare.

So the four wives with brisk young Ned,
met over some Liquor stout,
Each thinking on the Cake to feed,
but Unkle had found them out,
And with his Hammer in his hand,
he foundly the Cake did maul,
Yet Ned did all the Wives command,
and play'd Boys at up tails all.

London, printed for T. Jackson, near Fleet street.

A New DIALOGUE between
ALICE & BETRICE,

As they met at the Market one Morning Early.

To the Tune of *Mopsabil.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



I.

Alice. **G**OOD Neighbour whyd'ye look awry? you're grown a wondrous Stranger
You walk about, you Huff and Pout, as tho' you'd burnt with Anger,
If its for that your Fortune's great; or you so Wealthy are,
Or else so High, there's none so nigh, that with you can compare:
But t'other day I heard one say, your Husband durst not shew his Ears,
But like a Lout he walks about, so full of Sighs and Fears.

Betrice, Good Mistress Tart, I care not a Fa---t for you nor all your Jeers.

II.

My Husband's known for to be one that is most Chaste and Pure,
And would be, continually, but for such Jades as you are:
You smack, you smick, you wash you lick, you smirk, you swear, you grin,
You nod, you wink, and in your Drink, you strive for to draw him in.

Alice, You Lye you Punk, you're almost Drunk, and now you Scold and make
(a Srite,

With ruaning in the Score, and playing the VVh--- you lead him a weary Life

Bet. Tell me so once again, you Dirty Quean, and I'll pull you by the Coat.

III.

Go dress your Rats, those nasty Brats, that are always Sleep and Drowse
VVith Vermin spread, they're almost dead, they're kept so wondrous Foul.

Al. Pray hold you there, and do not Swear, yours are not half so sweet,
You feed them up with bit and sup, then give 'em a dirty Teat.

Br. My Girls and Boys, my only Joys, they're better taught and fed than yours.

Al. Tell me so once more, you dirty VVh---, and I'll kick you out of doors.

Br. 'Tis a very good Jest, pray do your best, and I'll quit the Score.

IV.

Al. You are a silly Bear, your Husband can't away with you,

A filthy Quean as e'er was seen, your Neighbours all will say.

A filthy Trut, and good for naught, unless it be for that

You rub a Spoon out of the Room, the last Christmas you were at.

Al. You lie you VVh---, you have got the Bell, the P. rill know you are not
Sneaking away with ugly Paws, and I'll tell you to the Grounds.

Br. You lie you VVh---, and shall make it good, if it come to my Prand,
our Course.

The Bebtford Plumb Cake, O R, The Four merry VVives.

Tune of, *An Old Woman poor and blind.*

Licensed according to Order.



Come all you sweet lips, round me stand
and hear a pleasant tale,
With each some Plumb Cake in her hand
and Cup of good napping Ale,
Then you might all as merry be
as lately was four good Wives,
Who take their Glasses of free,
and jollyly lead their lives.

Carpenters Wives were two of them,
and another a Smiths Wife prov'd,
The fourth a Seaman's for the Game,
these four did a young Man love,
He was a Mealman's Servant to
and often would frisk and play
At heave and set as others do,
let it be by Night or Day.

But one time among all the rest,
they wanted a good Plumb Cake,
And this the young Meal-Man did Protest,
he would have a good one bak'd,
A Peck and a half of Flower stright
he sent *the* good Wives to kneed,
Of Plumbs *he* sent eleven Pound weight,
to make up the Cake with speed.

Seven pound of Butter to also,
he sent when *he* sent the Plumbs,
With Sugar for to make it so
they might sweetly lick their Thumbs,

And when 'twas bak'd, then ore a Glass
they merry were all to be
But mark I pray what came to pass,
which spoiled their jollitry,

For when the Cake was made and bak'd
one of the good Wives did say,
Come Neighbours here shall we it take
and have our young Ned to day,
You know that he's a Lad so free,
and willing to serve us all,
I swear I love him heartily,
i'll venture with him one fall.

What f we to the Fountaingo,
and there have our merry bout,
Fie, Fie, one of the Wives did cry,
our Husbands will find us out,
What think you of the Greenwich blood,
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A maich we all do think it good
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So the four wives with brisk young Ned,
met over some Liquor flour,
Each thinking on *the* tale to feed,
but *Unkle* had found them out,
And with his Hammer in his hand,
he foundly *the* Cake did maul,
Let Ned did all *the* Wives command,
and play'd Boxes at up tails all.

93
The new Irish Christmas Box

OR, THE
Female Dear Joy trick'd ont of her
Maiden Head.

To an Excellent new Teagueland Tune.

1.

AS I went to *Mondeer*,
With my Barrel of Beer,
There I met with young *Peggy*
Whose Beauty was Clear;
Sing rattoo a roo,
Rattoo a roo-re-roo, re-roo-re-roo,
Rattoo a roo-re-roo, re-roo-re-roo,
Far ro rance,
Sing far-re-a-roo-rance,
Sing hay-bou bance,
Sing rattoo a roo.

2.

Says he my dear *Peggy*,
If with me you'll go,
A Bottle of Clarret
On thee I'll bestow,
sing rattoo a roo, &c.

3.

I'll give the fine Rigging,
And Top-knots to wear,
And a pair of new Gloves,
at *Nottingham Fair*
Sing rattoo a roo, &c.

4.

I tip't her the *Wink*
And backwards she fell,
And *Twenty Weeks* after,
Her Belly did swell
Sing rattoo a roo, &c.

5.

When *Twenty Weeks* after,
she sat down and Cry'd
Oh! this have I gotten,
By being thus try'd,
sing rattoo a roo &c.

6.

Oh stay my dear *Peggy*,
and be not unkind,
For we will be Married,
When the Devil is Blind,
Sing rattoo a roo!
Rattoo a roo-re-roo, re-roo-re-roo,
rattoo a roo-re-roo, re-roo-re-roo,
Far ro rance,
sing far-re-a-roo-rance,
sing ha-bou bance,
sing rattoo a roo.

74

The CALL to the RACES At New-Market.

To the Tune of, To Horse, Brave Boys.

Licensed according to Order.

I.

TO Horse brave boys to *New-Market* to horse,
you'll lose the Match by longer delaying,
The Gelding just now was led over the Coast,
I think the Devils in you for staying,
Run and endeavour to bubble the sporters,
Bets may be recover'd lost at the Groom-Porters;
follow, follow, follow, led down by the ditch,
Then take the Odds, and then you'll be rich,
For I will have *Brown-Bay* if *Blew-Bonnet* Ride,
I'll hold a Thousand pound on his side Sir,
Dragon could scower it, but *Dragon* is old,
He cannot endure it, he cannot he will not,
now run it as lately he could,
Age, age hath hindr'd his speed Sir,
Now, now, now see they come on,
see, see, the Horse leads the way,
Full three lengths before at the turn of the land,
Five Hundred pound upon the *Brown-Bay*,
But a Pox of the Devil I fear we have lost,
The Dog the *Blew-Bonnet*, has run it,
(a Murrain light on it)
the wrong side the Post,
Odds-Bobs was ever such fortune.

II.

Make halt, make halt, to *New-Market* away,
you idly leave your sport by delaying,
The Race will be run e'er the heat of the day,
we shall loose all our bets by our staying,
Run, Run, and freely your Guineas now venter
Upon the Brisk *Brown-Bay*, whene'er she do's enter
Follow, Follow, follow on this side the Ditch,
And take most odds if you will be rich,
As for me i'll have *Sorrel*, if *Blew-Bonnet* ride,
And lay you fifty pound on his side, Sir,
Sorrel runs swiftest since *Dragons* grown old,
You'll find by and by that he cannot endure it,

nor run it as lately he could
Years, Years doth hinder his speed, Sir,
Now, now, now see they come on,
see *Sorrel* still leads the way,
A full furlong before at the Turn of the land,
Five Hundred pound 'tis that gets the Day.
But fie on that Jockey, I fear I have lost,
With ease he had won it, had won it, if he had but
On this side the Post, (run it,
No Man had ever such fortune.

III.

To Horse, we must not of Fortune complain,
nor loose our time in Jockeys dispraising,
The Geldings are galloping over the plain,
while we stand idle prating and gazing,
Run and attempt to retrieve all our losses,
And never stand railing at fortune and crosses,
Follow, Follow, follow, I'll lead on this side,
And see if I can once be a guide,
'Tis the *Brown-Bay* I fancy the trouls it apace,
I'll hold an hundred on the Race, Sir,
Dragon does scour it, but *Brown-Bay's* before,
And holds it, and holds it, and wins it and wins it
He runs it, so merrily o'er,
I'll hold you now five hundred pound more,
But now were undone and our Guineas are lost,
The Rogue the *Blew-Bonnet*, ha run it,
(a Vengeance light on it)
the wrong side the post,
I never had such ill fortune.

F I N I S.

Printed for C. Bates, at the *Sam and Bible*
in *Pye-Corner*.

The Stormy Judgments

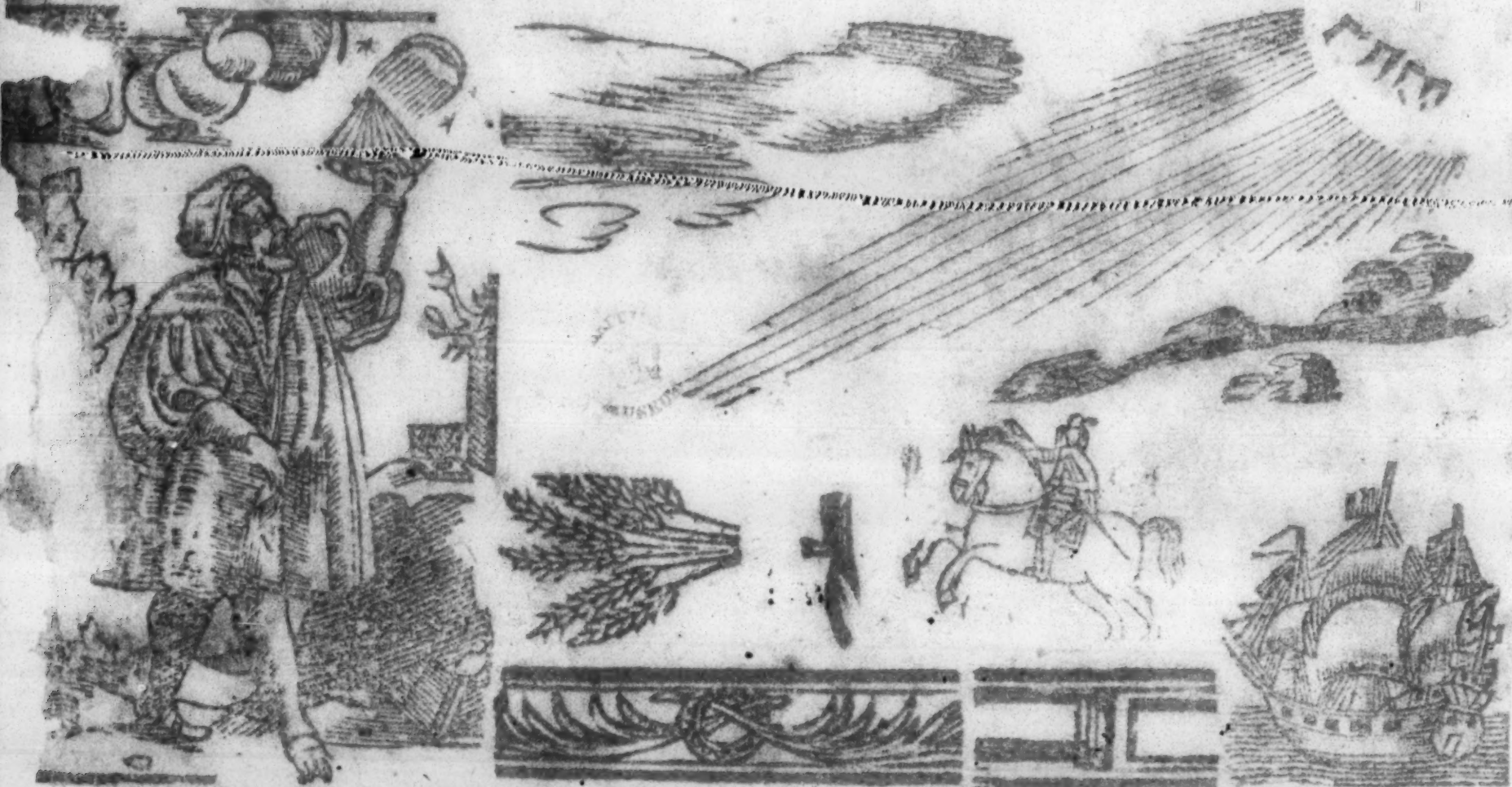
1703
O. R.

The Tempestuous Wind.

With an Account of the great Damage done by the High Winds, both by Sea and Land; on Friday Night and Saturday Morning, being November the 26th. 1703.

Tune of, Our Saviours Birth,

Licensed according to Order.



A Wake awake ye drowsy Sinners all,
and hear the stormy Winds that on you call,
Here's blustering Boreous thro' the Land did fly,
Which frighted thousands that on Beds did lye.

This storm about one of the Clock began,
With thundering Noises ore our Heads did run,
Whilst women screaming in their Beds with fear
Cry'd Husband rise and save our Children dear.

From one till Daylight did this storm Remain,
Sometimes with gulls upon the Houses came
That like to Cradles they rock'd to and fro,
whilst wretched Sinners knew not where to go.

The Houses of their Tyles the VVind did strip
The Lead from Churches to the VVinds did rip
Nay ruffled up & many yards was blown,
Such winds before in England nere was known.

Trees of vast bigness were blown down likewise
And many hundred on the Ground now lies,
So furious were the stormy VVinds that night
They all by Land or VVater did affright,

There was an East India Ship lay near Black-wall,
In these boisterous VVinds were ruin'd all
The Ship turn'd so the Keel was upward found,
And all the Seamen to alas were Drown'd.

Nay several Ships are cast away pray mind,
And several shatter'd by this blustering VVind,
And many Seamen on the VVaves did float
And could have no relief by Ship or Boat.

This Hurricane more damage to has done
Then all the Battle since the War began,
Besides the loss of Coliers as they say
There's many of them likewise cast away.

And that which further doe's our grief renew,
Our Royal Queen was in great danger too,
For by the blustering winds the Bricks did fall,
But Heaven preserv'd Her from those dangers all.

Tho by the fall of Chimneys up and down
There's many one was killed in this Town
Husbands & Wives, Child enghat suck'd the breast
were knock'd ith Head as they were taking rest.

A VVatchman at St. Clements did declare,
Sure Evil Spirits then were in the Air,
For ore the Houses he a Hoole did spy,
Cross Blackamore Street in the Air to fly.

That we may be from future Judgments free,
Pray let each Christian fall upon his knee,
And Pardon beg for all Offences done
which may prevent great Judgments for to come.

For without doubt tis for our Sins therefore
Let us Repent that we may never more
Have Judgments on our selves thus for to fall,
Lea! Vengeance should in time destroy us all.

Therefore let us for Mercy beg and Grace,
That we at length may see what Heavens Face
That's free from all the troubles here below,
So Heavens grant at length it may be so.

THE HAPPY LOVER:

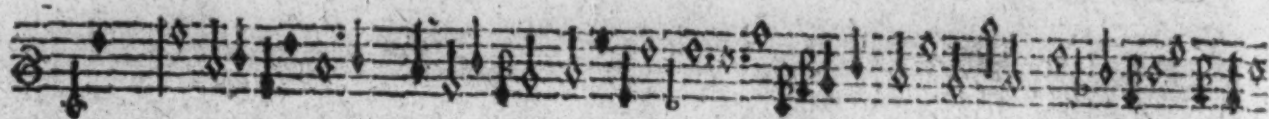
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Celia won by Aminta's Loyalty.

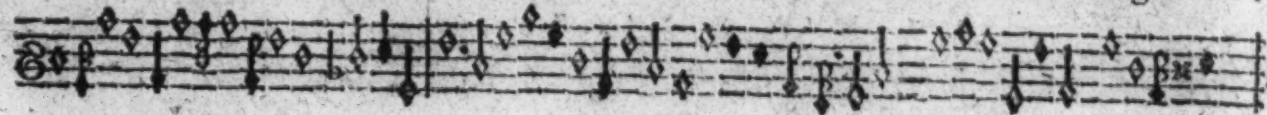
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To an Excellent New Tune: Or, *Why are my Eyes, &c.*

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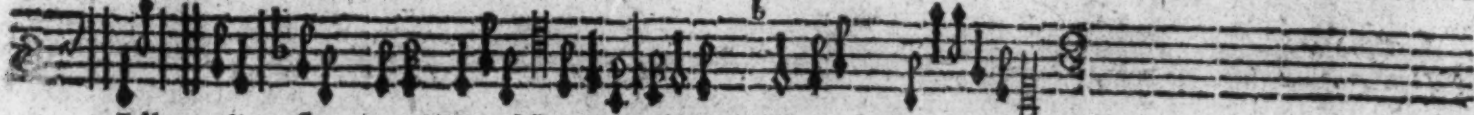
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II.

Tell me no more of Glo — — ry,
to Courts Ambition I've resign'd,
But tell a long long Sto — — ry,
of *Celia's* Shape, her Face, and Mind:
Speak too of Raptures that will Life destroy,
to En — — joy,
Had I a Diadem, Scepter, and Ball,
For that dear Minute I'd part with them all.

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Give, give me favour in thy sight again,
Or kill me quite to ease my pain.

Her ANSWER.

V.

HOW can I seek to co — — ver
a flaming Heart o'erwhelm'd with grief?
See, see a constant Lo — — ver,
thus fainting, plead for some Relief!
No, no, *Aminta*, cease now to implore,
sigh — — no more:
Had I then Ten thousand Hearts in my Breast,
I'd part with all, to give my Love rest.

VI.

Why do's *Aminta* sigh — — ing,
think I will coyly Love deface?
But can there be deny — — ing,
to such a Person, such a Grace?
Ah! such becoming Boldness too is found,
to — — be Crown'd,
That no fair Nymph that lives upon the Plain,
Can have a Heart to give my Dear pain.

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Fly hence all heart-annoy — — ing,
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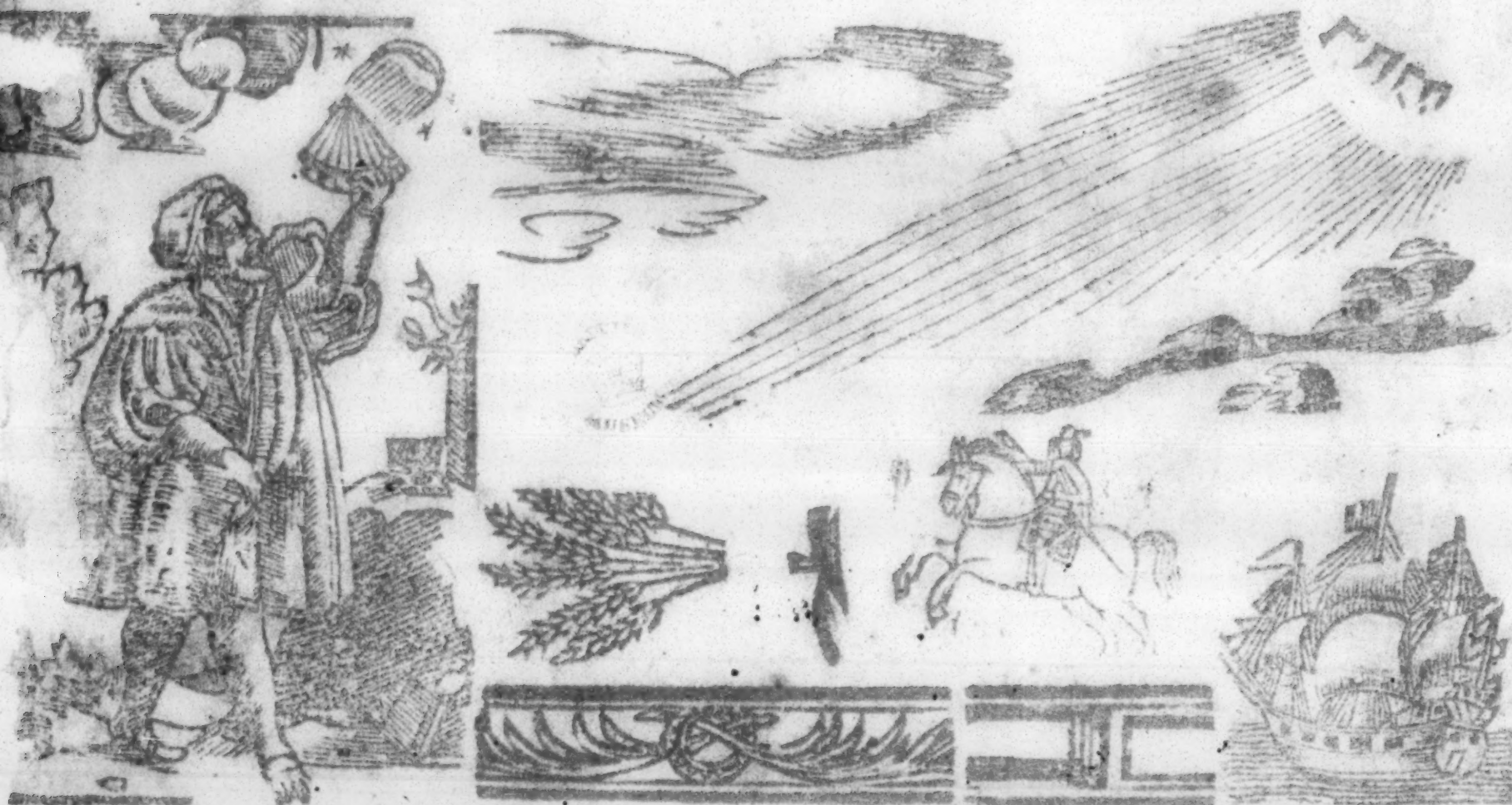
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For without doubt tis for our Sins, therefore
Let us Repent that we may never more
Have Judgments on our selves thus far to fall,
Least Vengeance should in time destroy us all.

Therefore let us for Mercy beg and Grace,
That we at length may see that Heavens Face
That's free from all the troubles here below,
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Printed and Sold by T. M. 1703

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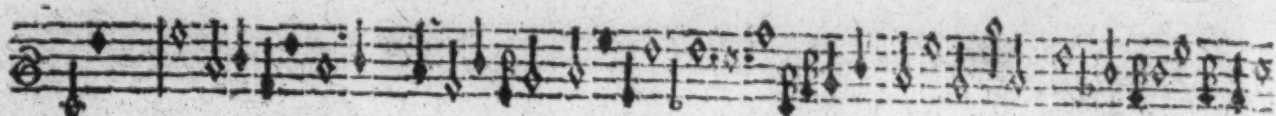
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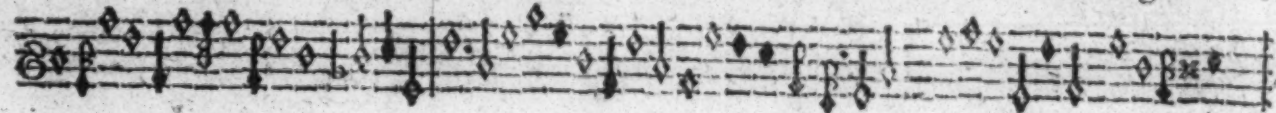
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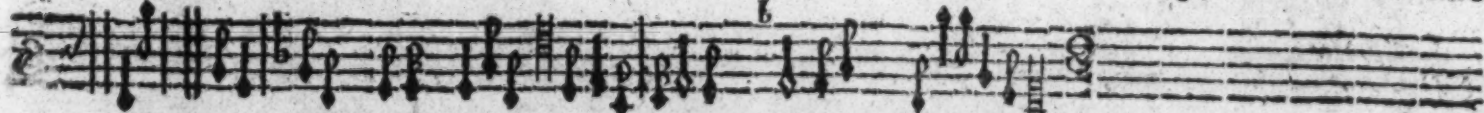
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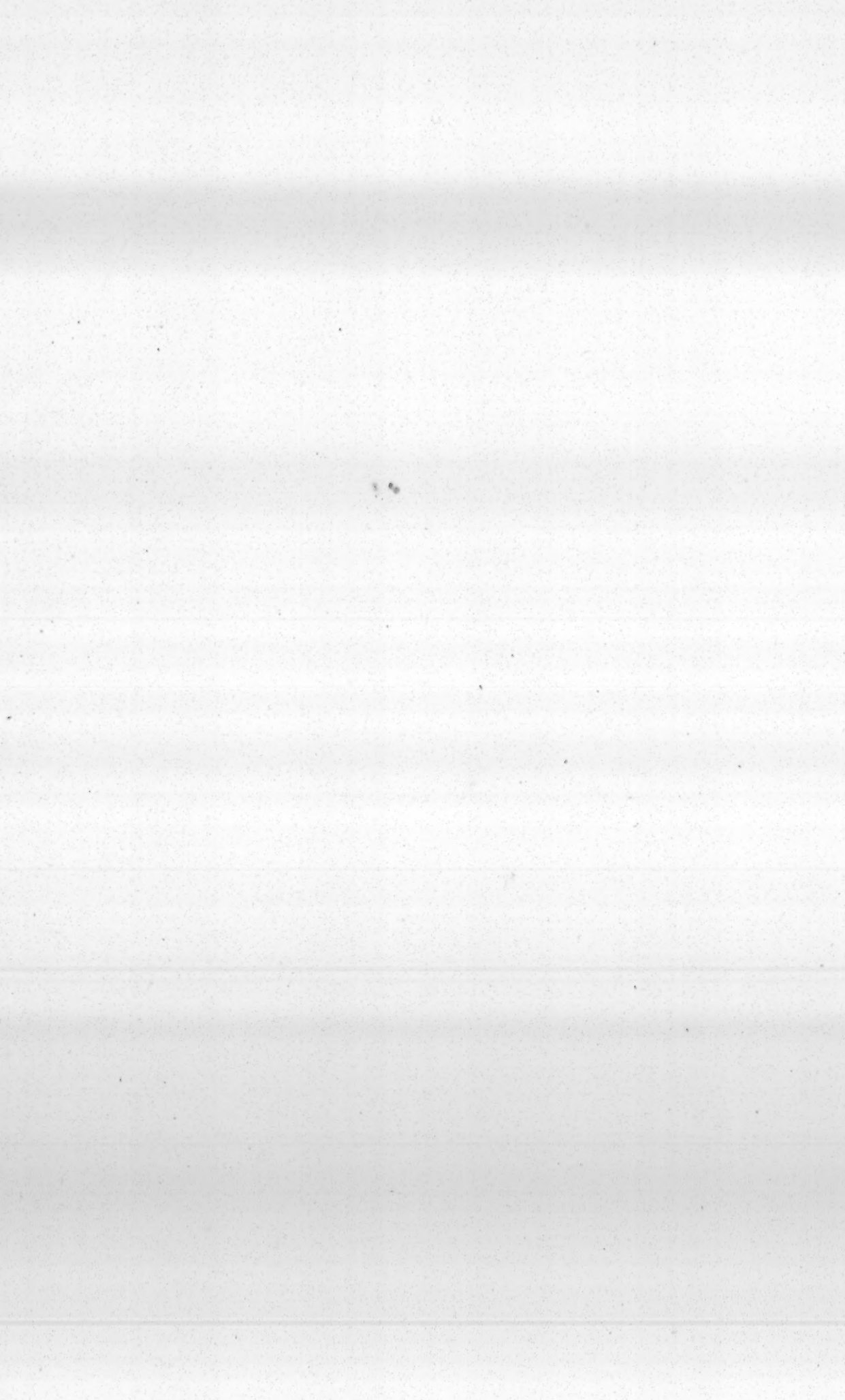
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Ah! such becoming Boldness too is found,
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Come then dear *Celia*, let us now enjoy,
Cel.] Ay, dear — — est, Ay:
While we have Breath, let Mortals wonder this,
Envy they may, but not spoil our Bliss.



The Frantick Mother:

O R,

Cupid in Captivity.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



I.

AS Cupid roguishly one day,
Had all alone stole out to play,
The Muses caught the little, little, little Knave,
And Captive Love to Beauty gave,
The Muses caught the little, little, little Knave,
And Captive Love to Beauty gave:
The laughing Dame soon mist her Son,
And here and there, and here and there,
and here & there, and here & there distracted run,
Distracted run, and here and there,
and here & there, and here & there distracted run:
And still his Liberty to gain,
And still his Liberty to gain,
offers his Ransom:
But in vain, in vain, in vain,
The willing, willing Prisoner still hugs his Chain,
And vows he'll ne'er be free,
And vows he'll ne'er be free,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.

II.

Tho' he in Fetter lies confin'd,
So pleasant is it to his Mind,
That ever while he waited, waited, waited still,
His Heart with Joys the Nymph did fill,
That ever while he waited, waited, waited still,
His Heart with Joys the Nymph did fill,
So that the pleasing pain he bore,
And would not wish, and would not wish,
and would not wish for Freedom more,
For Freedom more, and would not wish, (more:
and would not wish & would not wish for Freedom

Because that charming Beauty bright,
Because that charming Beauty bright,
still he must adore;
For she's fair, she's fair, she's fair,
And never, never can he avoid the snare,
But must be still confin'd,
But must be still confin'd,
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,
Now, now, now, now, now, she is so charming fair,
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,
Now, now, now, now, now, she's so charming fair.

III.

The smiling Mother when she found
Her Son was so encompass'd round,
She needs would help her little, little, little Boy,
And all the Charms of Love destroy;
She needs would help her little, little, little, Boy,
And all the Charms of Love destroy;
In vain she strove; for Beauty Bright,
Was evermore, was evermore,
Was evermore his Heart's delight;
His Heart's delight, was evermore,
Was evermore, was evermore his Heart's delight.
To the fair Saint on Wings of Love,
To the fair Saint on Wings of Love,
Oft he takes his flight,
Where his thrall, his thrall, his thrall,
Is sweeter to him than the rich Honey fall;
There will he still reside,
There will he still reside,
For Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love,
Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, do's Conquer one and all,
For Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love,
Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, does Conquer one and all.

FINIS.

640 98

The Loyal SWAIN:

OR,

The HAPPY PAIR.

Sung before Her MAJESTY.

To a New Play-House Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



I.

I *Anthe* the Lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;
Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care:
No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
still the fonder they grew.

II.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain;
Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other was made:
But all, all consented that none ever knew,
A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
or a Shepherd so true.

III.

Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care
Of the Faithful, the Tender, the Innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to Love;
Said, 'twas all that to bless 'em his Godhead cou'd doe,
That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
and they still might be true.

IV.

That both may be constant, and constant remain,
First, he to his Nymph, then the Nymph to her Swain;
That innocent Pleasure, and innocent Love,
Might make them as free as the innocent Dove,
In all the Delights and the Sweetness of the Grove,
That they still may have Joy, that they still may have Joy,
still where-ever they rove.

V.

Who loves for an hour, and flights for a year,
Gives hopes of that Blessing which ends with a Tear;
They make the Heart heavy, and Beauty decay,
A Tribute too great for kind Lovers to pay:
Then let us implore the kind Powers above,
That they still may unite, that they still may unite,
and be crowned with Love.

VI.

When *Cupid* shall wound, and the Wound shall be made
So deep that the Life of the Lover's betray'd,
And falls a sad Victim to Scorn and Disdain;
The Nymphs of the Valleys will mourn, tho' in vain:
But it was not so here, for *Iantbe* was true,
She was just to her Swain, she was just to her Swain,
and he loved her too.

VII.

With their Hearts full of Joy, and their Joy full of Bliss,
Still they feast upon Pleasures which never can miss
Of making their Happiness others excell,
Iantbe loves *Iphis*, he loves her as well;
The Nymphs of the Valleys shall set forth their Fame,
For to him she is just, for to him she is just,
and to her he's the same,

VIII.

With Garlands of Roses he crowned his Dear,
And fair *Venus* the Goddess of Love did appear
With Cupids and Nymphs in a sweet rural Dress,
Their Triumphs was great, and their Joy was no less,
On Lutes they did play, and these Notes they did strike,
She was true to her Love, she was true to her Love,
and her Love was the like.

*A Scotch SONG sung at Tunbridge. Set to Musick by
M^r Ackroyd and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*



Wully and Georgy now beath ore gean to see their lovly Flocks a feeding

Jenny and Mogggy too follow'd them for fear they shoud be won a breeding

out of London Town they aw did trip it down to play at new hopeer at Tunbridge Well but

how they play'd or what they said the De'el his sell can only tell .

II .

Mogggy had bearns Four Five or Six but Jenny was a young beginner
Sure to her trading now She will fix the Kirke has made her a young Sinner
To London Town they're gean each with a muckle wean
And Georgy now to Scotland he mun run
Fare him weel ene take him De'el poor Jenny now is quite undone .

For the Flute .



PARAPHRASE

On the *Third* PSALM,

ENTITLED,

A Psalm of DAVID, *when he fled*
from ABSALOM *his Son.*

ETernal Monarch, you who are
The Shield of injured *Kings*, and bear
For all *Crown'd* Heads more than a *Common* Care,

Behold how they increase who joyn
To ruine me, how they combine
'Gainst *Law* *Paternal*, *Regal*, and *Divine*.

So low, so lost, to them I seem,
That now they impiously blaspheme,
And dare to say, *his God can't rescue him.*

False, and *Prophane*! he can redress;
He can, He will, 'tis questionless:
He sees, and will revenge their *Wickedness*.

On you, my *God*, I ne'er did call
In vain, what e'er did yet befall;
And I am well assured I never shall.

Safe in this *Confidence*, my *Breast*
Shall with no *Terrour* be oppress'd,
Asleep, or wake, th' *Almighty* guards my rest.

A Hundred Thousand Rebel Foes
My mind shall never discompose,
For my *One God* is Millions more than those.

Arise *O Lord*, and let them see
That you have been, and still will be
My *inexpugnable* *Security*.

FINIS

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A
NEW SONG,
ON THE
Strange and Wonderful
GROANING BOARD.

I.

WHat Fate inspired thee with Groans,
To fill *Phanatick Brains*?
What is't thou sadly thus bemoans,
In thy Prophetick Strains?

II.

Art thou the Ghost of *William Pryn*,
Or some Old Politician?
Who long tormented for his Sin,
Laments his sad Condition?

III.

Or must we now believe in thee,
Th' Old Cheat Transmigration?
And that thou now art come to be
A Call to Reformation?

IV.

The giddy Vulgar to thee run,
Amaz'd with Fear and Wonder;
Some dare affirm, that hear thee groan,
Thy Noise is petty Thunder.

V.

One says and Swears, you do foretell
A Change in Church and State;
Another says, you like not well
Your Master *Stephens* Fate.

VI.

Some say, you Groan much like a *Whigg*,
Or rather like a *Ranter*;
Some say as loud, and full as big
As *Conventicle Canter*.

VII.

Some say, you do Petition,
And think you represent
The Woe, and sad Condition
Of Old *Rump Parliament*.

VIII.

The wisest say, you are a Cheat;
Another Politician
Say's, 'tis a Mystery as great
And true, as *Hatfield Vision*.

IX.

Some say, 'tis a *New Evidence*,
Or Witness of the *Plot*;
And can Discover many things,
Which are the Lord knows what.

X.

And least you should the *Plot* Disgrace,
For wanting of a Name,
Narrative Board henceforth we'll place
In Registers of *Fame*.

640
The m 9
102

The Scotch Lover's Lamentation:

O R,

GILDEROY's Last FAREWE.

To an excellent new Tune, much in request. Licensed according to Order.

Gilderoy was a bonny Boy,
Had roses tull his shun,
His Stockings made of the finest silk,
his Garters hanging down:
It was a comely sight to see,
he were so trim a Boy;
He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,
my handsom Gilderoy.

Oh, like a charming Even he had,
a breath as sweet as Rose,
He never wore a Highland plaid,
but costly Silken Cloaths:
He gain'd the love of Ladies gay,
there's none to him was coy;
Ah! way's me, I'll mourn this Day
for my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I was born
both in one Town together,
Not passing seven Years ago,
since one did love each other:
Our Daddies and our Mammies both,
were clout'd with mickle joy,
To think upon the Bridal-day,
betwixt I and my Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that Love of mine,
gued forth he freely bought
A wedding mark of Holland fine,
with Silken flowers wrought;
And he gave me a wedding-ring,
which I receiv'd with joy;
No Lads or Lasses e're could sing,
like my sweet Gilderoy.

In mickle joy we spent our time,
till we was both fifteen,
Then gently he did lay me down,
amongst the leaves so green;
When he had done what he could do,
he rose and gang'd his way,
But ever since I lov'd the Man,
my handsom Gilderoy

While we did both together play,
he kiss'd me o'er and o'er;
Gued faith it was as blith a day,
as e're I saw before;
He fill'd my heart in e'ry vein,
with love and mickle joy;
But when shall I behold again,
mine own sweet Gilderoy?

'Tis pity Men should e're be hang'd,
that takes up Women's geer,
Or for their pelfering sheep or calves,
or stealing coe or mare;
Had not our laws been made so strict,
I'd never lost my Joy,
Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,
my handsom Gilderoy.

'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss,
must he be punish'd then?
What kind of cruelty is this,
to hang such handsom Men?
The Flower of the Scotch Land,
a sweet and lively Boy,
He likewise had a Lady's hand,
my handsom Gilderoy.

At Leith they took my Gilderoy,
and there, God wot, they bang'd him,
Carry'd him to fair Edinburgh,
and there, God wot, they hang'd him,
They hang'd him up above the rest,
he was so trim a Boy,
My only Love and Heart's Delight,
my handsom Gilderoy.

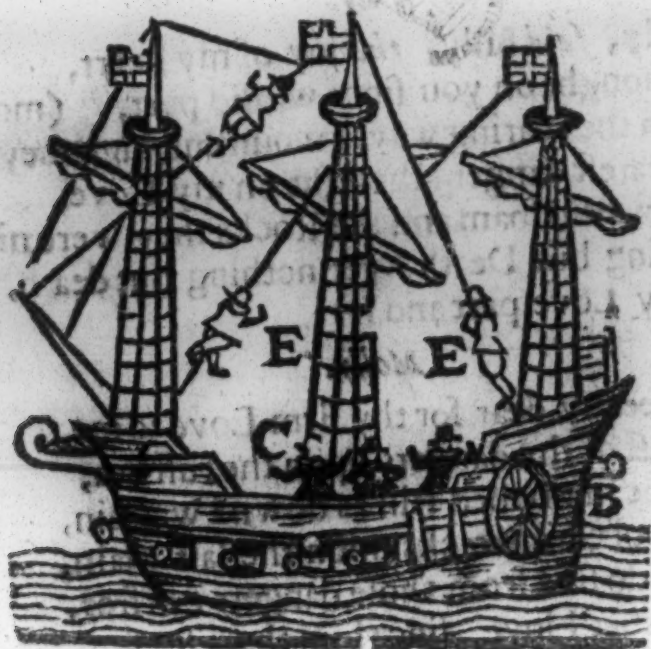
Thus having yielded up his breath,
in cyprus he was laid,
Then for my Dearest, after death,
a funeral I made,
Over his grave a marble stone,
I fixed for my Joy,
Now I am left to weep alone,
for my dear Gilderoy.

L O N D O N: Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Pye-corner.



The Midship-Man's
GARLAND.
Containing Three New
SONGS.

- 1st. A new Dialogue Call'd, *Billy*, the Midship-man's Welcome home to his Sweet-heart *Molly*.
- 2^d. The Traders Medley: or the Cry's of London.
- 3^d. *Admiral Russel's* Scouring the French fleet: or, the Battle at Sea.



Printed for J. Walter, at the Hand and Pen in high
Holbourn.

The Midship-Mans Garland, &c.

2d. *A new Dialogue Call'd Billy, the Midship man's
Welcome home. Tune of, I am he, &c.*

Molly.

You're welcome my *Billy* to the English shore,
I hope you'll not cross the ruff Seas any more,
Many a day too, and many a night,
My heart grieved sore cause you were out of sight,
But now to my comfort I see you again,
Oh never dear *Billy*, Oh never dear *Billy*,
Sail more on the Main.

Billy.

Dear Molly, said Billy, the joy of my heart,
Daily I thought on you since we did part, (move,
And when the roaring waves mounting high they did
In the greatest danger i thought on my Love,
The billows did foam and the Rocks they were nigh,
Yet nothing but Death, yet nothing but death,
shall my Love part and I.

Molly.

I thank thee my dear for thy firm Love to me,
In the midst of thy dangers upon the ruff Sea,
Each Night in my Bed still as down i was lain,
I dreamed of Shipwracks upon the salt Main,
But now I do find from those dangers i'm free,
Since him that I love, since him that i love,
is come safe unto me.

indeed

Billy.

Indeed my dear *Molly*, the Powers above,
 Preserv'd me from dangers for thy tender love,
 For I have been where thundering Cannons did roar,
 Their Bullets like Footballs flying from the Shoar,
 The danger of Tempest and Cannon balls too,
 I have undergone, I have undergone.
 for *the sake Love* of you.

Molly.

My dearest its true, for the fault is in me,
 for thou would'st have Wed, but i said go to Sea,
 But when thou wert gone, how my heart was oppress'd
 I scarce had a Minute of pleasure and rest,
 for by Day all my fear was of danger to thee,
 And by night i did dream, & by night i did dream
 Still of Storms on the Sea.

Billy.

My Dear thou dream'st right, for e're we got home,
 for *several* Days we had Storm after Storm,
 we lost all our Masts and our Tackle to boot,
 in Tempestuous nights on the Ocean did float.
 But thanks unto Heaven we had no Men lost,
 And the brave Royal *Sou'rain*, the brave Royal *Sou'*
 come safe to our Coast. *(rain,*

Molly.

Oh my dear precious, my *Billy* my joy,
 There's nothing my happiness now can destroy,

for since thou art from all Cannon and Storms,
 Thy person to me has a Million of Charms,
 Oh stay then on Shore never venture again
 Upon the ruff Seas upon the ruff Seas
but with me love remain.

Billy.

*Thy love unto me now is dearer then life,
 And happie am i since thou wilt be my Wife,
 And while i'm on Shore still with thee i will stay,
 Embracing thy charms love by Night and by Day,
 Till our Admiral doth Sail with the Fleet on the main,
 Yet kind Providence i hope, yet kind Providence I hope
 brings me safe back again.*

2d. *The Traders Medy: or the Cry of LONDON:*
being a pleasant Copy of Verses on the Daily Cries in
London, from Billingsgate to VWhite-Chapple
Mount, and from thence to Tuttle-street in West-
minster, relating all sorts of Hawkers and Petty
Chapmen.

To the tune of, When Cold Winter storms are past.

Holly and Ivy or Missleto,
 do you want any Greens Your Houses to strow;
 Old Cloaths to Sell, or Change for Earthen-ware,
 do you want any damsons or Burgume Pare,
 Buy my Oranges or Lemmons,
 With dainty Ropes of Onions,
 Come Buy my sweet Williams,
 Have you got any Kitchen Stuff Maids.

Four pair for a Shilling, Holland Socks,
 Your Knives for to Grind, buy my ripe Apricocks ;
 Here's your sharp Vinegar three pence a Quart,
 Also new fresh Herrings, here's 8 for a Groat ;
 Ends of Gold and Silver,
 Ribbons or Garters,
 buy my new well Fleet Oysters,
 Old Bellows, *old Bellows to mend.*

buy my Cucumbers fit for the Pickle,
 Any *Cony-Skins* Maids be they never so little ;
 Here's your Ripe Strawberries six pence a Pottle,
 Any old Chairs to mend, any broken Glas bottle,
 Curds and VVhay,
 VVill yo've any thing to day,
 If You must come away,
 A Pot or a Kettle to mend.

Knives, or Scissars, Buckles, or Caps,
 here's an excellent way to *Kill* all your Ratts,
 hot Custards hot, for two pence a piece,
 Will you buy any Walnuts, or old rotten Cheese ;
 Spectacles for your Noses,
 Will you buy any Poses,
 Of Curnations and Roses ;
 do You want any *Butter* or *Eggs*.

Old shoes or boots, will You buy any brooms,
 Maids, here's your fine brushes to scrub out Your
 A Cock or a Pullet, a Capon or Hen, (Rooms ;
 And here's Your old Pin Man, a coming agen ;
 My Basket and Voider,
 Rare Patches and Powder,

Come buy my sweet Flounder,
From *Holland* here's a new Express;

Ripe *Kentish* Cherries for three pence a Pound,
Figg Figg it away for i tell *You* they'r lound;
hot Pudding Pies, here is two for a pennie;
Come buy my Card Matches, as long as i've anie:
flowers for *Your* Gardens,
Come buy my bak'd Wardens,
here's two for a Farthing,
Will you buy any Fucheloe Pears.

Hot Spice Ginger-bread, Taffety Tarts;
here's a dram of the bottle, to comfort your hearts
dainty fine Ink, you will lik't when you see't,
here's very good trotters, with tripe and Neetsfeet
Come, come away Sir,
buy a pen Knife, or a Razor,
VWhile i am at Leasure;
have *You* got any Lanthorns to mend,

buy a sheet Almanack, hot Grey Pease;
come see what *You* lack and buy what you please:
A brush for *Your* Shooes, and combs for *Your* hair;
here's diddle diddle diddle dumplings, and Ladie
Old Rags for money, (fine ware;
if *You*'ve never so many,
I buy more than any;
here's *Milk* for pennie Quart.

3d. *Admiral Russel's Scurving the French-Fleet, Or,
The Battle at Sea.*

THursday in the Morn the Ides of *May*
Recorded for ever the famous *Ninety two*,
brave *Russel* did discern by dawn of Day,
the lofty Sails of *France* advancing: Now
All hands aloft, aloft, Let *English* Valour shine;
Let fly a Culvering, the Signal of the Line,
Let ev'ry hand supply his Gun,
Follow me and You'll see,
that the battle will be soon begun.

Turvil o'er the main triumphant rowl'd,
to meet the gallant *Russel* in Combat on the deep
He led the noble train of Heroes bold,
to sink the *English* Admiral at his feet,
Now every Valiant mind to Victory does aspire
the bloody Fights began, the Sea it felt on fire,
and mighty Fate stood looking on,
whilst a flood all of blood
fill'd the port holes of the *Royal Sun*.

sulphur, smook and Fire disturbed the air,
with *hunder & wonder* to fright the *gallick-shore*,
Their Regulated bands stood trembling near,
to see their lofty streamers now no more:
At six a Clock the Red, the smiling Victor *Led*,
to give a second blow, their total overthrow;
now death and horror equal Reign,
how they Cry, Run or Dye,
brittish Colours ride the Vanquish'd main.

see they run amaz'd thro' Rocks on sands:

One danger they grasp at, to shun a greater fate,
in vain they crie for aid to weeping *Lands*,

the *Nymphs* & *Sea Gods* mourn their *Lost* estate,
for ever more adieu thou dazling Royal sun,
from thy untimely end thy Masters fate begun
enough thou mighty God of war :

Now we sing, bleis the Queen,

Let us drink to ev'ry English Tar.

Come Jolly seamen all with *Russel* go,

to sail on the main proud *Monsieur* for to greet
and give our Enemy a second blow,

and fight *Turvil* if that he dare to meet,

Come brother Tar what chier? Let each supp'y,

And thump 'em off this Tear or make Monsieur to fly,

while we do range the Ocean Round,

Day or Night we will fight,

when our Enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that English boys

should e'er stay behind when their admiral goes
but *Let each honest Lad* crie with one voice,

brave *Russel* Lead us on to fight the foes, (burn
we'll give them gun for gun, some sink and others

Broad-sides we'll give 'em too, till *Monsieur* crys mor-

Dés Entereer vill Kill us all ;

whilst they scower we will Pour,

thick as hail amongst them Cannon-ball.

Licensed according to Order.

